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George Bancroft

AN
(Ward, R. P.)
Phipps

MEMOIRS

OF THE

POLITICAL AND LITERARY LIFE

OF

ROBERT PLUMER WARD, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE LAW OF NATIONS," "TREMAINE,"
"DE VERE," ETC. ETC.

WITH SELECTIONS FROM

HIS CORRESPONDENCE, DIARIES, AND UNPUBLISHED LITERARY REMAINS.

"Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant; secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."—CICERO, *Orat. pro Archid.*

BY

THE HONOURABLE EDMUND PHIPPS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS

OF

ROBERT PLUMER WARD, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

MR. WARD ON THE ORDNANCE ESTIMATES. — PERSONAL ALTERCATION WITH WHITBREAD. — DEBATE ON THE LATE TREATIES. — UNITED SERVICE CLUB. — TOUR OF INSPECTION IN IRELAND. — DITTO IN SOUTH OF ENGLAND. — LETTERS TO LORD KENYON. — THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON SUCCEEDS LORD MULGRAVE AT THE HEAD OF THE ORDNANCE. — LETTERS FROM MR. W. W. POLE, LORDS BATHURST AND MULGRAVE THEREON.

For a considerable period Mr. Ward, fully occupied with the business of his office, which was greatly increased for the next three or four years by alternate prospects of peace and war, and by the labours of determining upon the very sweeping reductions which were to take effect when peace was finally reestablished, took very little part in the House, except to bring forward officially the Ordnance Estimates. In these he upon the whole managed either to avoid all opposition, or alternately to disarm it by his good-humour, and to check it by the spirit with which he

met undeserved attack. Upon one of these occasions, however, namely, in 1815, he got into a somewhat warm personal altercation with Mr. Whitbread, who attacked him for having just a week before the battle of Waterloo, called Bonaparte the "ablest captain in the world." "It was to have been expected," said Mr. Whitbread, "that at least a rival should share that name with Bonaparte; and that even if the honourable gentleman was desirous of ranking him as the first captain of the world, he would associate the Duke of Wellington with him in the title, and so make out two first captains in the world!" If Mr. Whitbread had been satisfied with his triumph at this slip of the tongue in one who had no undisguised enthusiasm in favour of the Duke, all would have been well; but he next proceeded upon the old fallacy which flourishes even to the present day, viz. that because any one has written a book he can be fit for nothing else, and at once ceases to be qualified to give an opinion upon any other point. He thought fit to allude to Mr. Ward as one "whose time had principally been devoted to the study of the law of nations, to the investigation of that which ought to prevent war." Mr. Ward's reply was calm and cutting,—"The hon. gentleman had," he said, "(as his custom was), mixed up a great number of matters in his speech which had nothing to do with the question before the House. In every speech he made, the hon. gentleman was in the habit of indulging in personal allusion and attack. With all the respect he felt for the hon. gentleman out of the House, he

must inform him that these attacks, whether arising from the feebleness of the public grounds on which he opposed Ministers, or arising from rashness of character, or impetuosity of temper, were perfectly unimportant to him, and were heard with the utmost indifference; knowing that the hon. gentleman was in the habit of making attacks on all sides, recollecting how egregiously he had failed in all his attempts this Session, he almost felicitated himself on becoming the object of his animadversions on this occasion." Mr. Whitbread's rejoinder (after some prefatory remarks still less ceremonious) was, that "He wished to make no observation that was not founded in good humour and sincerity; and however he might respect the hon. gentleman, he was really of opinion that persons might be found more fit to fill the situation he at present held than he was." Mr. Ward contented himself with again repeating, "that the attack of the hon. gentleman, who was so fond of making charges, did not offend him." Later in the evening some further angry expressions were interchanged, which it is not necessary, nor, at this distance of time, seemly to revive, the whole matter being put an end to by the usual interference on the part of other members and the Chairman of Committees; not, however, until after a vague threat on the part of Mr. Whitbread, that the hon. gentleman, who was desirous of being attacked, would, from the manner in which the estimates were brought forward, be pretty sure to be gratified; as he, Mr. Whitbread, should find it very inconsistent with his feelings or principles to

sink, like some hon. gentlemen, into perfect silence with a good grace. Notwithstanding this, it does not appear that Mr. Ward's estimates were exposed to any further attack from the same quarter.

In the year 1816, before the period for bringing forward the Ordnance Estimates, which were this year postponed for the purpose of affording time to model them with reference to a peace establishment, he took part in the debates on a subject less alien from his former studies, viz., on an amendment moved by Lord Milton condemnatory of the late treaties with foreign powers. On the second evening to which the debate had been adjourned, Mr. Ward was the first to undertake, on the Ministerial side, the defence of these treaties in reply to a clever speech by the present Lord Ellenborough, then Mr. Law. There followed one of the most interesting debates of that period, in which Mr. Horner and the present Lord Glenelg particularly distinguished themselves.

It may, perhaps, cause a smile if I allude to a debate, in which Mr. Ward took part, a few days afterwards, upon the formidable danger to the constitution arising from the establishment of what is now called the Old United Service Club. So great was the jealousy of opposition lest the military enthusiasm, generated by the late victory, should jeopardise the liberties of this country, that extreme apprehension was manifested at the establishment of, what subsequent experience has shown to be, a very harmless association for enjoying over temperate repasts, the society of old comrades. A formal

petition was presented against it from the wiseacres of the town of Leominster, lately so famous for their discriminating doubts on the merits of rival candidates; and although General Gascoigne explained, that it was merely "an Institution to which half-pay and other officers, when in town, could resort — where they might be provided with a cheap ordinary, and have an opportunity of associating with genteel company," Mr. Brougham "regretted that any thing like ridicule was attempted to be thrown on those who felt jealous on the subject, because he felt considerable jealousy himself; acting on a maxim of ancient prudence he wished to withstand beginnings;" Mr. Western "thought it a fair subject for constitutional jealousy;" Ld. Milton asserted "that the military spirit that must be unavoidably excited, was an object of *terror* in this case;" while Col. Foley stated that his constituents had petitioned against the club, not on account of *any ill that had hitherto resulted from it*, but in order that the House might *watch against any danger* that might arise!! The conversation appears to have here dropped, without any substantive steps being taken, or any Parliamentary Inspector of the United Service Club being appointed.

On the 8th of April, Mr. Ward, in bringing forward the Ordance Estimates, had the pleasure of announcing that the peace establishment admitted of a reduction of 3,000,000*l.* upon the average estimates of past years, and that even since these estimates were presented to the House in the early part of the session,

a reduction to the extent of 137,000*l.* had been effected. Unluckily, however, that great event, the rejection of the income tax, had occurred in the intermediate period, and this farther reduction was, by the opposition, ascribed to necessity and not choice, and was received with about the same amount of gratitude as even similar reductions in the year 1848, after a similar refusal to furnish, through the income tax, the increased means required. In vain did Mr. Ward announce the fact, that the increased reductions were only in pursuance of an original intention; his opponents refused to be convinced, and reductions which had been the result of continual labour and a real desire for economy, were grudgingly received as forced on by the hard necessities of opposition triumphs. It would not be interesting to the general reader to pursue in detail Mr. Ward's personal share in the discussions in Parliament, consisting, as it generally did, of matters connected with his own particular department. To the Finance Committee that sat in 1817 he presented, by order of the Master-General, a very able and compendious memoir upon the accumulation of stores at the conclusion of the war. A much more elaborate work, however, was his report upon the state of the Ordnance Department in Ireland, addressed to the Right Honourable Robert Peel, on the 9th of November, 1816. In order to prepare this report he had visited personally, and made an extensive survey of, all the different establishments under the control of the Ordnance in Ireland, having passed three

months upon this tour of inspection and travelled 1,700 miles. The object of his mission could not be a very pleasant one to those whom he was going to visit, as it was to discover what reductions could be made in their several departments; but his brilliant conversation and hearty kindness made his tour of inspection a tour of triumph, and procured for his name a lasting popularity in Ireland, notwithstanding the formidable list of reductions which he thought it his duty to recommend.*

A mission of a similar nature to the eastern coast of England, is alluded to in the following extracts of letters from Mr. Ward to his old friend Ld. Kenyon, under date of Tunbridge Wells, whither he had taken Mrs. Ward, whose state of health had already excited apprehensions in his mind.

In a letter, dated Tunbridge Wells, August 17, 1817, after deploring the little benefit his invalid appeared to be deriving from the change, he says,—

"I cannot say a very great deal for this place. It is not *un*pretty, the neighbourhood has some lovely rides, and if a *very keen air* will give health, it is healthy. But to me it is by far the coldest and least genial climate I ever was in, and this always benumbs

* Some Irish wag celebrated his popularity in the following doggerel:—

"The Ordnance Board, on economy bent,
Sent an envoy across to affright us;
But, so charming his talk, that wherever he went,
He managed to cheer and delight us."

That they had no *substantial* cause for delight, may be inferred from the formidable list of snug places of which he recommended the reduction or abolition.

my heart in all its feelings, and my genius in all its pursuits. Of gaiety too (another to me very freezing want) there is absolutely none, either as to company or amusement. Yet we did not come to such a place for retirement, *Cælum non animum muto*, and therefore, when I tell you there are no men to entertain one with conversation, and no women to attract together beauty or fashion, that so many of them squint that we are afraid to drink the waters, and so many have thick legs, that the only thing to make up for a cold blowing wind is wanting; when I add that the water is brackish, the butter salt, and the donkies bad, you will not wonder that I sometimes agree with Captain Morris's song on the delights of the country, and if I must have a villa, wish for the shady side of Pall-Mall. I would beg even here, though in August, to make a correction,—for shady read sunny. In short, my blood is what blood used to be thought before Dr. Hervey looked at the flea in the candle, without circulation. I wish my money was so too; not that this is an expensive watering-place. There are rooms indeed, but nobody goes to them; plays, but not fit to be seen; ponies, but not fit to be rode; libraries, but no books to read. If the place will suit you, pray come away directly, for I shall go (no wonder) in a few days and try if I can find amusement by endeavouring to save a few thousands, perhaps only hundreds (but the smallest donations will be thankfully received) at Harwich, Tilbury, Chatham, Sheerness, Dover, Martello Towers, and Portsmouth. I go on horseback, so hope to have

a warmer circulation and a little better humour than at present."

A month later he writes, —

"I am just returned from a five-and-twenty days' inspectional tour, spending a little of the nation's money in endeavouring to save a great deal. *That* is a great deal to say after last year's savings; but as both the House and the Treasury ordered us to make a survey with this view without delay, I have been *obedient* in taking to my share the eastern coast, from the Thames to Cromer, and am proceeding to the southern from Dover to Portsmouth. I have done something, though not a very great deal, at least have the conviction that more cannot be done; and having performed the whole tour on horseback, have also done much for myself, for my health is astonishingly improved. My mental health has also been much gratified by the sight of the improving condition of all ranks of people, and an agricultural district in this most glorious of agricultural weather which I had never happened before to have visited, for never had I before been in Norfolk or Suffolk. I must say they have richly repaid me, for never did I see more quiet or contented, yet obvious usefulness than every where seemed to belong to all I did see. There is nothing grand or striking in the face of the country, nothing like your Wales, but every where a succession of pleasant villages and farms, exhibiting comfortable, if not happy, industry in a year blest by Providence with unusual plenty.

"At Norwich there was not a single loom unemployed. Throughout where I have been, what struck me most was the great civility and subordination of the people; and though party ran high in Norfolk, it was from mere county politics."

The importance of giving employment at home in the public service to the active mind of the Duke of Wellington appears to have occurred to Lord Mulgrave, and the office he himself held seemed to him that to which the attention of the Duke might be most naturally transferred. It was that with which during the operations of the war he had been in constant communication, and on which the success of his operations had often materially depended. Without a suggestion, therefore, from any quarter, did Lord Mulgrave offer to the Earl of Liverpool that the appointment to the office which he himself held should be tendered to the Duke; an arrangement to be completed whenever the exigencies of the public service should admit of his coming home. This arrangement was ultimately carried out with this modification, that by the express desire of the Prince Regent, Lord Mulgrave still continued to hold a seat in the Cabinet. The opinion formed at the time of Lord Mulgrave's conduct, will be best seen by the following extracts from letters addressed to him when his determination was first known.—

While the Duke of Wellington was still at Aix la Chapelle, on the 1st of November, 1818, Lord Mulgrave received his assent to the proposed arrangement, with the assurance that he was "thoroughly

sensible of the kindness towards him" which had dictated Lord Mulgrave's conduct, and that he was "too well aware of the benefits which the Ordnance Department has derived from his superintendence, and had himself received too much benefit from it to think of altering any thing of which the course of time may not render an alteration necessary."

The Duke's brother, the Right Hon. W. W. Pole, spoke still more warmly as an old friend, adding — "Your conduct has been upon the present occasion what I have always found it, most romantically honourable, and full of consideration for others and contempt for your own interests. I enter into all the delicacy of your feelings towards the Duke of Wellington, which must strike every man for their magnanimity, and much as I must naturally rejoice at the Duke's coming into the Cabinet of which I am a member, yet I own I cannot but regret your retiring from office. It is some consolation that you remain of the Cabinet."

A letter from Lord Bathurst to Lord Mulgrave, in which, after saying, "We are two of the oldest of Mr. Pitt's friends now belonging to the Cabinet, and when I recollect the time which we passed with him at Bath, when we were all out of office," he had added, "I cannot bring myself to allow your resignation to pass by, without lamenting on the one hand that your health should have rendered this measure advisable, and without, on the other, expressing my very sincere delight in finding that you have consented not to withdraw from us altogether, but that I may still consider you a colleague, and united in

the same political engagements," called forth from Lord Mulgrave the following explanation of his feelings:—

The Earl of Mulgrave to Lord Bathurst.

"Mulgrave Castle, Nov. 2.

"My dear Bathurst,

"Few circumstances in my life have given me more satisfaction than the uniform friendship which I have experienced from you, manifested in very substantial proofs when the Government was forming in 1807, and now manifested in the very kind tenor of your letter just received. It is no small addition to that satisfaction that it connects itself with the remembrance of the admiration and affection with which we both estimated all the qualities of the heart and understanding which endeared Mr. Pitt to those who had the happiness of enjoying his society and regard. You will, I am sure, be glad to know that my resignation of the Ordnance has not arisen from any consideration of health, but originated in my persuasion that it would be of important advantage to the Government that the Duke of Wellington should hold an efficient office in the Cabinet, and from a conviction that such an arrangement would meet with the approbation of the public. With these impressions on my mind I did not hesitate in resigning my department, at the same time accepting with satisfaction a seat in the Cabinet, that ill health, or still less any

difference of opinion with my colleagues, might not be considered as the ground of my resignation.

" Believe me, with great regard,
" Ever, my dear Bathurst,
" Yours most sincerely,
" MULGRAVE."

R. Ward to Lord Mulgrave.

" Pall Mall, Nov. 26. 1818.

" My dear Lord,

" The great wish I have had to prevent the intrusion of business upon you not of the first consequence, has kept me silent since you left London. Not the less have I been mindful, however, of every thing concerning you here or at Mulgrave. At the latter I hear with pleasure that you have enjoyed yourself with amended health. Here I have often heard your name and the late transaction mentioned in various quarters, and always with honour. Though I abstained from glancing at the subject myself, yet of course it was known to many, those of the Cabinet, and at the door of the Cabinet, at Carlton House, and at the Horse Guards, and I at least had the satisfaction of witnessing the universal and uniform impression which your disinterestedness had made. Pole's prophecy that you would not be thanked, but be soon forgotten, has, in truth, failed; for you are both praised and remembered. I understand that the Duke of York has expressed himself most flatteringly about it; and Sir B. Bloomfield, to whom I went on

business, told me before we began any thing, that the Regent was full of admiration and full of regret. It was he who told me too, that you were invited not to quit the council (as I understood him) at the Prince's express desire. This last arrangement I think must be the more agreeable to you, because it must prove to the world what your true motive has been. To myself personally it is at least a consolation, but your leaving the office I shall never cease to deplore. Of the Duke we hear nothing, but that he will be here in the middle of next month. The news of the offer and his acceptance was first bruited from the people about him. Lord Beresford told Chapman yesterday, that he some time ago said to him the Ordnance was the only office he would accept, if ever it was vacant. The news of the actual arrangement came from his staff, and in particular was promulgated at Woolwich by Lord George Lennox. It is now nowhere a secret, though we do not talk of it."

After alluding to some official arrangements *en attendant* the Duke's arrival, he continues: —

"While writing I learn that the Duke was to leave Paris for London yesterday, and not being to stop, may be expected the beginning of next week. This is in a letter from Sir John Campbell to his brother. You will be sorry to hear that Croker is most seriously taken down, and that Baillie has a very bad opinion of him.

"I am ever

"Your Lordship's affectionate and grateful,

"R. WARD."

It is fortunately at this interesting moment, and probably on that account, when the change in his department we have just noticed had brought him in contact with the hero of the day, that Mr. Ward recommenced his Diary. He was fond of relating that soon after the Duke's appointment, he was leaving his office at the usual hour, when, on coming out at the Park entrance, he perceived his new *chef* just in the act of getting on horseback. He went up to the Duke and mentioned that there were some matters connected with the department on which he would like to communicate with him when he had time. "No time like the present," said the Duke, and at once dismissing his horse, returned with Mr. Ward into the Ordnance Office. There, then, he remained closeted with the Duke till past eight, listening to and answering his pertinent queries upon manifold points connected with the department; from that moment the Duke appeared to be *au fait* of the business in hand, and ready to cope with the details as they from time to presented themselves.

CHAP. II.

TOUR OF INSPECTION TO NORTHERN DISTRICT.—RECOMMENCEMENT OF DIARY.—CONVERSATION WITH LORD SIDMOUTH.—EXPECTED RIOTS.—MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.—PRINCE REGENT INSULTED.—APATHY OF ENGLISH PEOPLE—TOO GREAT RELIANCE ON THE EXERTIONS OF THEIR GOVERNMENT.

IN the year 1819, while the movements of the Radicals (as the Chartists of those days were called) were exciting considerable uneasiness in the Government, Mr. Ward was again sent on a tour of inspection to the northern parts of England. His duties were, of course, not to report upon them in a military point of view, but to inquire into the state of their stores, the additional votes that might be necessary for those that had been neglected, and the money that might be saved upon others. It was soon after his return from this tour, that he called at the Home Office, and held the interesting dialogue with Lord Sidmouth, with which the Diary is again resumed.

Oct. 27th, 1819.—Called upon Ld. Sidmouth. He admitted me directly, though up to the eyes in papers, thinking I had business, I told him I had none, and would leave him as he was so occupied; but he desired me to stay, and we immediately fell upon affairs. The designs of the Radicals of course. I told him I had just been through their country, as well as all over the north; which for the most part I found very

peaceable, and even civil, and very *anti-Radical.* He shook his head, and pointing to volumes of papers, said, if I knew their contents I would not say so, for the pictures were frightful. I told him what I had done at Carlisle Castle, and what I meant to propose for Hull and Chester. He said they were most important points; and from all I told him of the depôts in general, my tour must have been very useful as well as interesting. I said the spirit was good, except among the lowest mob; but that as to the measures for which Parliament was called, I thought there was a feeling against the *Habeas Corpus* suspension; not because, if necessary, it ought not to be carried, but because (though it would equally irritate) it would not accomplish the object which would require something stronger. He quickly replied, I was right, and that he was glad to tell me the measure was not in contemplation. I said I hoped the Seditious Meeting Bill of Mr. Pitt in 1795, was equally out of the question, for that it was mere milk and water. He said that was very true; and that such meetings, and the power to call them, must absolutely be put down.* What was doubtful must be put out of doubt; and what was not law, be made law. As to Mr. Pitt's Bill, having been Speaker at the time, he remembered all the violence of the debates upon it; and said we must expect something very wicked from the Whig opposition, who would so far join the Radicals as to make their resistance an instrument of party. This made

* The bill introduced required a requisition from seven householders, and forbade the attendance of persons not actually inhabiting the place.

me observe upon Ld. Fitzwilliam's dismissal, which I told him seemed to me to have given great satisfaction to our own friends, as indicating proper vigour on the part of Government. He seemed interested, and with some solemnity of manner asked if he could have done otherwise? I said I thought not; and that, not because the measure was one of punishment or intimidation, as is foolishly argued, but from the mere natural course of things, because in a situation where confidence was necessary, all confidence was destroyed. It was obvious, I added, that Ld. F. had a right to maintain what opinions he pleased; but if they militated against those measures of police, which he was bound to support, not destroy, the natural course was to resign or be dismissed. The head of the police in a county had in a perilous time done what all must agree *might* have endangered the peace of that county in an eminent degree. Ld. S. said, that was the true way of putting it, and was glad to think that Ld. F. had received the dismissal in a handsome manner—he had asked no reasons, and entered into no explanations, but said he received the intimation with proper submission. This brought us to the Manchester transaction; on which he said, I should be glad to hear that the Chancellor, and all the law-officers without exception, had, from the very first, been of the clearest opinion that all was legal, and that the assembly itself was unlawful. I asked if I was right in my understanding of the facts stated by the magistrates to Government, that the police could not execute the warrant, had called in the

military, who had made no attack till they themselves were assailed? He said, yes; that Nadin, the Head-Constable, who was one of the most resolute men alive, had been ordered to serve the warrant, confessed he could not venture it without assistance; upon which the magistrates ordered Col. L'Estrange, who commanded that day, to furnish help; I forget whether Ld. S. said distinctly from the regulars; but Col. L'Estrange, after deliberating which description of force to supply himself, and without communications with the magistrates, made choice of the yeomanry as the most eligible. These advanced first in single file, which the D. of Wellington had pointed out to the Cabinet proved they had no intention then to attack; but they were themselves assailed, not only with stones and brickbats, but by *four shots* fired; upon which, and not before, they formed, and began the attack. This was the case upon which he, as the proper Minister, went to the Prince with a report, and requested him to sanction a communication of his approbation to the magistrates. From this it should seem, that these thanks were not originally a measure of Cabinet. He went on to say, that the information as to the assembly showed it to be of a treasonable nature in the opinion of the Chancellor, whose authority no one disputes; and that he had had the pleasure of learning that many of the most determined Whigs thought the Government case was better than people were aware of, and that it had so been stated at a dinner some days ago. I asked if it was fair to inquire who was to succeed Ld. Fitzwilliam. He said it was not quite settled;

but he had no scruple to tell me, the compliment would be paid Ld. Harewood, who, from his age, would probably decline it, in which case it would be given to * * * *. I observed I had feared it, for I was sorry for it. He looked a little surprised; upon which I said it was not because any one would doubt Ld. * * * *'s attachment to the Constitution, and as little his personal courage or determination to check these rascals, but we all knew that he was politically timid; and that he saw every thing in the worst light. Ld. S. immediately agreed; and said it was true he viewed every thing in the gloomiest colours his apprehension could supply, and shrunk from responsibility, as many excellent and high couraged people, friends of his, had done before,—such as Charles Yorke and the first Ld. Gardener. Charles Yorke's personal courage, he said, was remarkable; that he believed no one would sooner, if *ordered*, march to the mouth of a cannon, but that give him responsibility and he shrank: that he remembered in his (Ld. S.'s) Administration, he took him from the War Office and made him Home Secretary, he said, there you have spoiled a good Secretary-at-War, and made a damned bad Secretary of State; and that as to Ld. Gardener, one year more of the Channel Fleet would have killed him outright, and just so it was with * * * *; but that, from property and consequence, he was the fittest man.

Nov. 15*th*, 1819.—As I was about to leave the office at half past five, the Duke sent for me. He said he had been applied to by Ld. Buckingham to order car-

riages to be made for two field pieces which he had of his own, and which he designed for the militia, and asked if it could be done. I told him, yes, upon paying for them, which the Duke said he would allow. He then said he had just seen Ld. Sidmouth on the subject of the militia arms, upon which he had had different reports from the Lds.-Lieutenants; some saying they were satisfied with the security, some not. Upon inquiring, said the Duke, I was anything but satisfied, for those even that were supposed secure, were placed only in a strong house with the locks taken off, and concealed under the care of the Militia Staff. Now if a mob got possession of a town, the staff could not defend the arms; and if threatened with their throats being cut, they would soon discover the locks. I therefore urged the necessity of the locks and bayonets being taken into our stores; and promised to send him a disposition for them, upon which I wish to consult you, as I mean to send as much as I can of it to Ld. Sidmouth to-night. He then fell upon the general subject; said the Radicals no longer concealed their true object and opinions, that the gentry had possessed their estates long enough, and it was now their turn. This object they might carry had they arms, which we know, said the Duke, they have not, and must take care to prevent their getting them. He said public opinion was every thing*; and

* *Note by Mr. Ward.*—This was Bonaparte's maxim also, "*C'est l'opinion qui fait tout.*" He applied this to the D. of V., who abused a cuirass at which B. himself and his generals were firing, by way of experiment, and which his ball had penetrated.

if a piece of cannon, or 1500 stand of arms were once taken by the mob, no matter with how little exertion, it would go far to produce a revolution at once. I said I thought so too, if the public opinion was really against us; but there seemed a great reaction, and people were everywhere crying for strong measures. Yes! said he quickly, strong measures which they won't support. What signifies it to propose strong measures, when one says, I am for them, but don't touch the liberty of the press; another, don't pretend to keep people from meeting?

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He then sat down, took a pen and drew up a distribution of the counties, according to the position of the depôts which I marshalled from the map, and said he would send it that evening to Ld. Sidmouth. We only went over the English counties. Asking about the Scotch castles, I owned I was ignorant of their state, and he said he was too. I got him a map, and proposed Stirling and Dumbarton castles. He appointed to-morrow to consider them, and desired Gen. Mann to be sent for to inform him of their state of security. He said Ld. Sidmouth was more afraid of the Scotch mob than the English. I am more than ever desirous about Weedon, and shall entreat him to-morrow to order some defences for it.

Nov. 16*th*, 1819.—Saw the Duke again with Gen. Mann. He was more than ever impressed with the necessity of taking measures of defence; said the time was impending, nay, fast approaching, that a few days even would determine whether this insurrectionary

spirit was to subside, or that we were to fight for it; that he should not wonder if there were to be great rioting in London on the 24th, after the Regent's speech was known; that the meeting of the Radicals might have been fixed on that day for that very purpose. We then proceeded to business, and Gen. M. reporting the security of Dumbarton, Sterling, and Edinburgh castles, and the Scotch forts, we went through the distribution of Scotland. He afterwards asked me about Ireland, as I had been all over the country, and we settled a distribution for that kingdom also. He wished the depôts there in general to be considered, many not being fortified, which he thought ought to be suppressed, and settled to consider them with me to-morrow. We entered fully upon Weedon, and I was pleased to find he ordered decisive measures for its security, by planting cannon and raising field-works, to be instantly taken. His promptitude, decision, intelligence, and manner, were charming.

Nov. 19*th*, 1819.—Met old Fleming. He said the Whigs had not yet determined what line to pursue. You will be very strong, added he, you will have all us neutrals, all the Grenvilles, perhaps some of the Whigs, the Hamiltonians, &c., but use your power moderately. Unless the power of meeting is regulated every thing is gone. H e said, Finlay had been elected Ld. Rector of Glasgow, but wrote full of uneasiness and fear.

Nov. 20*th*.—Dined at Wharton's—a small and agreeable party. Ld. Westmoreland and Lady Geor-

giana (Ld. W.'s daughter), Becket (Judge Advocate General), and Lady Ann (formerly Lady A. Lowther), Ld. Beauchamp, and Dr. Ainslie. The discourse chiefly about the Radicals. Ld. W. said the advices from Manchester were of a better complexion, and that things had so subsided that the magistrates had been able to collect evidence. Becket said, one of his former scouts (when he was Under-secretary in the Home Department) had called upon him to tell him how things were going on, that London was least to be depended upon of all the Radical places; that some delegates from the North had been just seen here, having only left town a day or two ago disgusted and angry at their little success; that they could not count upon more than a thousand men here. The Ld. Register (Colquhoun) writes from Glasgow that things had had the very worst aspect, but people were a little more assured from their having been able to set up a volunteer force. The D. of Hamilton frightened out of his wits and full of sorrow for his foolish compromising letter. The answer to it by the Radicals was, to survey his park, and to ascertain, that shared among them, it would give the weavers nine acres apiece.

Nov. 21*st*, 1819.—Walked with Peel. He asked, how I thought we were as to strength in the House. I said, very strong. But, added he, shall we have any of the Whigs? They mean, I understand, to rally on the dismissal of Ld. Fitzwilliam; I said, I thought that signified little; that there seemed a great reaction, and the loyal population preponderated

ten to one. True, said he, but don't you think the public opinion among the lower orders has undergone a change within these few years, as to the constitution of Parliament? I said, that could not be denied, but still, they wished not an invasion of property, by fellows with no property. He asked about the Duke of Wellington, and said, he heard he took a very gloomy view of things; I answered, he was on the alert, but not gloomy; and told him what we had been doing as to the depôts and militia arms. He approved it very much. He was in high spirits, and seemed to think we should do very well on Tuesday (the 23rd, when Parliament was to open); that the Whigs had a difficult card to play; all the Grenvilles would be with us. I mentioned * * * He laughed, and said, he was not a Whig. No! said I, he is himself, for he finds fault with everybody and everything, but is afraid of his acres. P. said, *that* would fix him; but he remembered when he was so strongly disposed to Government, that Perceval was going to send to him to move or second the address. Peel thought Hunt a clever fellow. Not so I.

Called on Ld. Mulgrave, who is only just arrived. Grieved to find him so feeble. He, however, walked with me to Sir Thomas Liddel's (Ld. Normanby had married Sir T.'s eldest daughter); bad accounts from the north. The miners about Ravensworth, to the number of fifteen hundred, all ready to rise. Their gardener had met some of them, who said, "Ah! we know where you come from, we shall soon pay

Ravensworth a visit." This looks like *guerre aux châteaux*. The lower orders at Newcastle had withdrawn all the silver they could lay their hands on, all that belonged to them in the Benefit Clubs, so that there was not a shilling in the shops. Wooler, it seems, had told them, that after the 24th no paper would be of any value.

Went home with Ld. Mulgrave, who was so weak as to want my support. He said there could be no doubt things were critical, from the extraordinary organisation of the disaffected; that if there was the same spirit in other parts of the country, it could not stand for a moment. I asked, as much as I could, of the measures. He said, they were general, and he thought not strong enough. I mentioned what Ld. Sidmouth had said to me, that he wished he could get Ld. Liverpool to consent to *local* measures of severity and power, such as there were in Ireland. Then he has not succeeded, said Ld. M., for it was my wish too, and I said so to Ld. Liverpool on my arrival, but he replied, that, though he agreed in the wish, there were obstacles. Ld. M. lamented more than ever the having lowered the army, and complained again of the niggardly narrow system pursued. A volunteer force, he said, which might give play to a military spirit on the right side, would alone save the country; but ministers ought not to allow the expense of it to fall upon the loyal or private individuals; they should make it a public burthen.

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Nov. 22*nd*, 1819. — Ld. Kenyon called upon me. He had just arrived from Gridlington; of course full of politics. He had been most active in his anti-Radical labours, and very instrumental in setting on foot the volunteer and yeomanry force of Flint, Denbighshire, and Cheshire.

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I told Ld. K. what Ld. M. had said of the expense not falling upon individuals; he said, he thought him right, and that his exertions had already cost him (Ld. K.) 500*l.* We canvassed the expected measures. He agreed with me as to the necessity for summary powers in the disturbed districts, but it will not be. He wished that a certain number of magistrates (a very large number) might have the power of proclaiming districts, as in Ireland. I told him what Ld. Sidmouth had hinted, of having been ready to resign, previous to this storm breaking out. He said, in that case, he supposed Peel would be the new Secretary, which would be an immense step for him, but nobody so fit for it. I agreed, for his best years had been given to the domestic peace in Ireland. Ld. K. thought Ld. Sidmouth very stout. Ld. Grenville, it seems, is at Fife House, in communication with Ld. Liverpool as to the measures, which he is to state to Ld. Lansdowne, who, it is supposed, will not support, on account of Ld. Fitzwilliam.

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Dined at Ld. Castlereagh's. A numerous and brilliant party. The Speaker, Cocks, and Cust (the one

son of Ld. Somers, the other brother of Ld. Brownlow,) who move and second the address; all the Ministers in the H. of Commons (except Canning), Lds. Fitzroy Somerset, G. Beresford, Palmerston, Clive, Lowther, Binning, Ancrum, and a long *et cætera* of office people, Privy Counsellors, Heads of Departments, and Law Officers, the only persons out of office, besides the mover and seconder, being Ld. Clive, Peel, Halford, and Col. Wood, Ld. Castlereagh's brother-in-law. The dinner magnificent, but badly served; *horribly* profuse, yet not comfortable. I observed to Ld. Clive, to whom I sat next, that a mob was an uncomfortable thing, whether Radical or noble. He agreed, and said, he wondered what thing in the world could tempt him to be a Minister, forced one moment to give such a dinner as this, and the next to be slandered, abused, and condemned by wilful and ignorant blackguards. Ld. Castlereagh, however, looked remarkably well, and was in gay spirits. In the few words I had with him, I thanked him for sending my son * to Wellesley, at Madrid. He expressed himself very handsomely about it, and I think (for there was much noise) added, that Wellesley had written to him, that he was satisfied with him. I observed we should have a warm struggle. He said, it would be fuller of interest, and that it was always much better to have a great object to fight for, than to be lingering on

* Henry G. Ward, late Secretary of the Admiralty, and now Governor of the Ionian Islands. In the diplomatic career with which he commenced public life he was at Stockholm, Madrid, and Mexico, in which latter place he particularly distinguished himself.

mere general business. Nothing can be more true; Canning was fatigued and could not come. He has rattled home from Italy to attend the meeting of Parliament, and having been up the three last nights, was reposing. He is right. We must meet this storm, but, I own, I feel out of humour with this sudden break up of the calm, happy, domestic life, I was leading. In fact, I suppose I am tired with seventeen years' politics.

The speech was read before dinner, and very interesting. It will speak for itself. Ld. Castlereagh did not tell us the exact measures, but said they would come forward in the shape of five Bills — three in the Commons, and two in the Lds.; that information would be laid on the table and printed on Wednesday, and on Friday the Bills moved; that all must see the propriety of never leaving the subject till finished; there must, therefore, be no recess, except a couple of days at Christmas, otherwise the meetings would go on with fresh violence during the interval. He begged we would impress this upon all our friends, and if this was followed up he hoped we might adjourn about the 6th of January till the 1st of February. All this is wise. I was introduced to the new Ld. Advocate of Scotland (Rae). He said the D. of Hamilton was frightened out of his wits, and now regretted his letter; that he was active in arming, and Glasgow might now be thought secure. They had enrolled 5000 names for a volunteer force, of which 3000 were regimented, and there were the yeomanry cavalry besides. The Radicals, indeed, seem every-

where to have missed the opportunity of doing the mischief they could by seizing arms, &c., and perhaps were as wise to do so, for they have neither money nor leaders, or they would have been up long before. They must have been crushed in detail. I talked with the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals. We agreed some of the measures were not strong enough, particularly as to the press, which, they told me, was merely to lay a tax upon the cheap political publications.* The summary power to seize arms is, however, good, as well as the limitation of the right of meeting to meetings under magistrates, who might also put an end to them.

Mr. Bathurst (Chancellor of the Duchy) thanked me for some official attentions I had shown him. I asked if he had taken the hint I had ventured to give him in my letter, and turned Colonel Williams, the Radical Justice of the Peace, out of the commission. He said, "No, for that the Chancellor could not turn out Sir Chs. Wolseley, which he much wished to do." I asked, why not? He said, "*leaving* out, and *turning* out, were very different;" that if there was a new commission they might be *left* out, but the Chancellor thought that to turn them out would be too strong. This provokes me; for is not every thing too strong for us, and must we not meet strength with strength? Ld. Fitzwilliam is *turned* out, who recommends *all* the magistrates of his district, and yet to dismiss one of *them* is too strong. Wolseley accepts an illegal ap-

* It also punished with *transportation* a second conviction for seditious libels.

pointment, of Parliamentary Agent from a place that has no right to send one, in the very teeth of the Constitution*—he is under indictment for sedition—openly professes himself an advocate for revolution—yet he is allowed to remain in the commission of that peace he is doing all he can to overturn. If this is not cowardice I don't know what is.

Nov. 23*rd*, 1819.—The D. of Wellington passed me in Pall Mall going to the H. of Lds. to the speech. He stopped his coach, and asked me if he should take me. When I got in, I saw him busy about the doors, which he was locking with a key in the inside. I asked what that meant. He said, that ever since he had been shot at in Paris he had used that precaution. I knew, said he, the conspiracy was pretty extended, and thought they might be at me again in a less bungling way. Their way *ought* to have been to have killed my coachman, and then, if my doors could have been opened, what should I have done? Now they are secure, and by leaning back you may fight a window better than a parapet wall. This he accompanied with the appropriate action. As we were in the midst of a very Radical-looking mob, I only hoped, I said, we should not be tried. He said, there was no danger of that to-day, or any thing happening to the Prince; it might happen the next day, after the speech was known, particularly as there was a Smithfield meeting. The mob, however, looked better, and we found the Prince had been much cheered in the Park, all the women waving their

* He was elected for unrepresented Birmingham.

handkerchiefs; but there were some hisses. The Duke then asked me if I had heard the speech at Ld. Castlereagh's, and what I thought of it. We agreed it was very stout, and what it ought to be; but I expressed a fear that the measures would not be strong enough. He said they would, however, do good; and mentioned particularly the confinement of all meetings called by individuals to *parishes*, and the increasing the punishment to transportation for the second offence. The publishers of cheap political works are also to give security to answer for any illegal matter. In this conversation we arrived at the H. of Lds. He was much observed by the people, who looked with interest at him, but there was no cheering.

The House was very brilliant and numerous; the Court and Ladies looked well; and the speech exceedingly well delivered. The interest, however, seemed more as to out of doors than within. Ld. Fitzroy Somerset said, he would rather watch the Park than attend the House; and going home I met Ld. Bridgewater, who had been mixing with the mob the whole time, and was quite satisfied. He asked if I had heard whether there was to be any amendment, I said, yes, but it was to be a very mild one. He made a face and a sarcastic bow, repeating "a mild one;" we are much obliged to them.

Saw Ld. Erskine at dinner; he was very anti-Radical, but not the less anti-Government. Said as to the mob, he had stood within the Temple gates in 1780 with a field-piece, and a match in his hand, re-

solved to blow the mob to the devil, and would again if necessary; but was against all changes giving more power to Government. From what he knew of the amendment to be proposed, he added, he was sure there must be a long debate. He then talked of my brother, for whom he expressed the highest regard, and wished him happy in his beautiful place, Northwood House, Isle of Wight. The Prince was insulted in returning through the Park, the lower orders having got head, but still not so much as has often been, and there was also much applause. How ridiculously eager we all are about a thing which all affect to despise, and which is in reality despicable — the "fond many!"

The debate was high Tory in both Houses, and the spirit pronounced anti-Radical on all sides. The Address was therefore not opposed; only an amendment attempted, which was pure Whig, and agreed upon at Burlington House, in compliment to Ld. Fitzwilliam, as well as with a view to embarrass Government. They were, however, outnumbered and outspoken. I never remember Government to have put themselves so high, or show so high game. The amendment, moved by Grey in the Lds. and Tierney with us, so as to give all possible importance to it, changed nothing in the Address to support the Throne, but only added the propriety of an inquiry as to the Manchester transaction. This was met manfully by Ministers, who broadly stated the meeting of the people then to have been illegal, upon which the Chancellor said he would stake his reputation. They also asserted the fact, be-

yond contradiction, that the attack was *commenced* by the mob, and all that was done by the yeomanry was in self-defence. Wortley, in our House, particularly distinguished himself by a bold and manly declaration of principles which it was impossible to beat down. The Opposition lawyers carefully eluded both law and fact, and (particularly Mackintosh) wrapt themselves in general ethics. The boldest thing was said by Castlereagh, who, after speaking politely of Ld. Fitzwilliam, affirmed that, however respectable, he (Ld. C.) was bound to say "that by the conduct of the noble Ld. in lending himself to a Radical mob, and, for the sake of a temporary advantage over political antagonists, rejecting the offers of a great body of loyal and honourable men, and joining or countenancing the opposers of all loyalty, he had made it impossible to go on with him — he had therefore been justly dismissed, and he hoped it would be a lesson to great men how they kept bad company." The House rung with applause at this, so as to be decisive of the future measures. An adjournment was proposed at three o'clock, which was rejected by 453 against 65; it was, however, afterwards wished by both sides, and agreed to. Many of the Opposition voted with us against adjourning. From the want of argument, Tierney said that the answer of the D. of Wellington and Ld. Malmsbury to the Sheriff of Hampshire, that to summon a meeting to petition the Regent to assemble Parliament was trenching upon his prerogative, was a breach of privilege of that House. In the Lds. the amendment was rejected by 159 to 34. I heard Ld. Liverpool, who was

particularly good. Ld. Sidmouth was firm and clear, and the Chancellor remarkably able. So great was the interest, that several ladies stood squeezed behind the throne and against the wall the whole night. Ld. Binning, who called upon me, said it must be owned, our old friend the Doctor (alluding to our having opposed Ld. Sidmouth so much under that name) has been very stout throughout the whole affair.

Nov. 24th, 1819. — Talked to the Duke of Tierney's imputation. He said Pole had told him, and treated it *de haut en bas*. He was full of business, having five Cabinet boxes before him, yet stopped to talk of a long report I had made him upon shells (only the day before), all which he had read, though so busy a day. He talked of the debate, and thought the Chancellor's speech very able.

The debate in our House resumed, and lasted till half-past five in the morning. Canning spoke at great length (two hours and three quarters), though feeble from indisposition, and with extreme ability. Brougham answered him also at great length, but heavy for *him*. He made, however, very good fun of Wynne, of whom he spoke as a man so devoted to the forms of the House, that it was supposed he came down every morning at ten, because it was the hour to which we adjourned, though nobody met till four; that he consumed the light of day and the midnight oil in studying the Journals; nay it was actually said, so great was his zeal, that he had got them all by heart, emulating in this one of his ancestors of the

same taste (we supposed G. Grenville), of whom it was said, that, when he had fainted from fatigue of business, and somebody proposed a smelling-bottle, another, who knew him better, said, "Bring him an Act of Parliament, and let him smell to that, that will revive him sooner."

The speaking and the impression all with us, and Tierney's amendment finally rejected by 381 to 150.

Sir Wm. Scott, who is a terrible alarmist, shook his head, and said they had too many.

Nov. 25th, 1819.—The Duke talked much of the debate, part of which he had heard. He thought Canning's speech remarkably good in every point but length. I said it was very eloquent, particularly in the eulogy on the constitution of the magistracy of England. He agreed, but said it would have been better had he finished three quarters of an hour sooner. It was, however, he said, an excellent debate for the Government; and as to the Manchester case, I told you, he added, it would be all set right the moment Parliament met. I observed, I thought Radicalism had received its death-blow. He looked significantly but doubtingly, laying an emphasis on the words "Do you?" I could not help thinking of his reception by the mob in going to Guildhall on the Ld. Mayor's day. It seems, at the same time, that these insults were confined to a particular set, the rest having applauded Ministers; but this set stopped every carriage, obliging those within to pull down glasses, and say who they were. The Duke told them they were very polite, and drove on. His brother, Pole, on giving his

name, was greeted with, "Then you are a damned rascal, and ought to be ashamed to show your face among an honest public." The D. of York was reproached for his 10,000*l.* a year. One of the mob laid his hand on the carriage-door, upon which a footman behind said he would break his arm if he did not let go. The mob called out, "Kill him!" and were proceeding to violence when the police came up. I was amused with a characteristic account of Ld. Harrowby. Being asked his name, he answered very firmly, Ld. Harrowby. The assailants did not seem to know any thing about him and were puzzled, so they contented themselves with saying, "Are you not ashamed of being Ld. Harrowby?" to which he answered with stoutness, but also with his usual precision of voice, "Not at all."

Nov. 26th, 1819. — In a note from Ld. Kenyon, who said he would dine with me to-morrow, he adds a wish that I would get my "great chief" (the D. of Wellington) to infuse a little spirit into his colleagues, in hastening the Bills, particularly as to the seizure of arms. This, he says, after the public assertion of Watson to the people in Smithfield, that there were 800,000 Radicals armed, Mr. Pitt would have passed in a day.

Nov. 27th. — Lowndes, member for Bucks, showed me a letter from Ld. Buckingham, who said, that, as he was going up with the Oxford Address, Ld. Kenyon had told him, he had heard with great concern that there were doubts of the loyalty of the Buckinghamshire yeomanry, they were supposed

to be tainted. Ld. B. asked his authority, which Ld. K. very readily gave him. It was Stockdale, the bookseller. Ld. B. immediately sent for S., who confirmed what he had said to Ld. K. Ld. B. said it was absolutely false, and asked his authority. S. refused to give it, upon which Ld. B. said, "Then the responsibility lies upon yourself, and I tell you, Mr. S., you are circulating scandalous falsehoods." My regard for the reputation of the corps, adds Ld. B., makes me acquaint you with these circumstances, as a member of the corps, in order that its honour may be vindicated; and you are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter. Lowndes said, he meant to send the letter to various officers of the corps, and then print it with their answers, and asked my opinion. I said, Stockdale was so known to be a gossiping, talking man, that I wondered Ld. B. should give him any authority; nevertheless, if it would kindle a little zeal, and proper indignation on the right side, I thought the agitation of it might do good; that indifference was what we had most to dread. The corps is one thousand strong.

Nov. 30*th*, 1819. — Ld. Lansdowne's motion in the H. of Lds., and Ld. Althorpe's in the Commons, to consider the state of the country. In the first, Lds. Wellesley and Grenville particularly distinguished themselves on our side. This the great feature of the night. Ld. Grey, in answer, never to my mind spoke so ill. The House was crowded, and many ladies behind the throne.

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Ld. Grenville extremely impressive in vindication of the Manchester magistrates, lofty and convincing from beginning to end. Several peers in passing through us, in and out of the House, observed this to us.

In our House, Ld. Lascelles (the new Ld. Lieutenant for the West Riding) spoke better upon Yorkshire affairs than ever I remember him upon any subject. He had no uncouthness of language, and what was better, no hesitation as to opinions, in short spoke out.

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Dec. 1*st*, 1819.— Saw the Duke, who immediately began upon general affairs. He said Ld. Grenville's was the finest speech he had ever heard in the House of Lds., and had put the Manchester case much higher than it was put by the Government. I observed upon Ld. Wellesley's, which he said was very good too. He seemed, however, more to lean to practical arguments, than generals, especially as to effect, and hence to me his preference, or rather his dwelling on the one more than the other. He said the case had now been put out of all doubt with every one, there would still be a great deal of barking, but the thing was done.

Dec. 2*nd*.—At the House on the second reading of the Seditious Meetings Bill. New ground, and an attempt to make a stand on its duration; many of the Opposition promising to vote for it if only for a time. This overruled by an immense majority

of 351 to 128. In the debate, Peel, who had been ill and could not attend before, was remarkably good, particularly in the *detail* of the proofs, and convinced many. Several of the Whigs joined us. Lyttelton of Worcestershire, Grenfell, Lds. A. Hamilton and Stanley, W. Lamb (just returned for Hertfordshire), &c.

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In the evening Ld. Harrowby drank his tea with me at the same table, and nobody being by we had some talk. He fell upon Ld. Grenville's speech, which he praised as a model of high and dignified argument, and said Ld. Grey had in vain attempted to answer it. I said I had never heard Ld. Grey so weak before, that he did not grapple with the question. He observed that was exactly so, he did not *grapple*, but went beside it picking holes where he could. I said I thought Radicalism had received its quietus; he feared not, or at least that there would be a rising in the north among the colliers before the Bills were passed. He asked about our Ordnance measures, and seemed satisfied. We then talked of Sandon (Ld. Harrowby's village), which I had visited in the summer, and he seemed pleased with what I said of it. I was very sincere, for I think that whole country, though not so magnificent, perhaps not so beautiful as some parts, is yet very picturesque and, as a calm, happy, agricultural landscape, unequalled almost in England.

Dec. 3*rd*, 1819. — The Duke sent for me and showed a letter from the Marquis of Salisbury,

pointing out the danger of allowing large guns to lie upon the beach near Aldborough, with no guard but a single invalid, and asked if it was so. I told him it was strictly correct, not only at Aldborough but all along the south and east coasts. He asked where the carriages were. I said, In safety; but I wished he would consider the subject of these cannon which had been left there skidded on account of the expense of moving them, and proposed going to that expense though it might cost 5000*l.*; that I had just been with Mr. Vansittart, and obtained from him a promise of 30,000*l.* more than last year's estimate; and proposed he should allot part of it, say 5000*l.*, to this service. He assented, and said he would not for 5000*l.* the Radicals should possess themselves of any of these cannons, for though from their weight they could not easily manage them, especially without carriages, and though they might only pick them up unresisted, yet the possession of them would give occasion to a triumph, as if they had taken them from the King's troops, and do incalculable mischief. So much is there in opinion. I said it would be like the effect produced in Mexico, when the head of the first of the Spaniards that had been killed was sent round the empire to prove they were not immortal. He assented, and added with quickness that it was not at all clear that they could not and would not use these cannon, if they knew how to set about it. He said it might be done by means of a strong cart, and that he himself had had recourse to such means in Spain,

that at Burgos he had used a heavy gun with but one trunnion which on that account they had called the Nelson, alluding to his one arm. He then asked opinions out of doors, and the nature of Brougham's attack upon him for having signed the Counter Requisition in Hampshire, advising the Sheriff not to call a meeting to petition the Regent to assemble Parliament. "I am a peer," said he, "as well as Ld. Caernarvon, who set the Requisition on foot, and my being a Minister does not take away my rights as a subject." The notion of Tierney, that it was a breach of privilege of the House was, he said, ridiculous. Speaking of the chances of a partial rising before the Bills passed, I mentioned the speculations of some men, that perhaps it might lead to good, as it would be suppressed, and with it much of the spirit of insurrection, he said he was by no means one of those who wished this; . . . . that for his part he could not even hope that a great deal of mischief, and the ruin of thousands, would not be effected before it was suppressed; that this ruin, particularly of manufacturers, who would be the first victims, would affect much of the innocent population, which would spread the discontent; that the nation would be put to the double expense of losing much in taxes and replacing the losses, which latter, however, would never restore the suffering to their primitive situation; that much blood would at any rate be spilt, and that though the rebels themselves might

deserve this, yet the friends of the rebels would not fail to profit by it elsewhere, by inquiries in Parliament, inquests, and attacks upon magistrates and officers, and every sort of inflammatory topic, in short, that we should have the Manchester and Oldham inquest over again, only multiplied tenfold, and who could foresee the discontent this might spread, with proper colouring, even among those who were at present peaceable. He said if the rising broke out anywhere, it would be at Glasgow and Paisley, where many rich merchants and all they supported would be sure to suffer, while no one could certainly foretell how soon it might be put down. This led him to his favourite notion, that the loyal should be taught to rely more upon themselves, and less upon the Government, in their own defence against the disloyal. It was this he thought that formed and kept up a national character; while every one was accustomed to rely upon the Government, upon a sort of commutation for what they paid to it, personal energy went to sleep and the end was lost; that in England, he observed, every man who had the commonest independence, one, two, five, or six hundred, or a thousand a year, had his own little plan of comfort — his favourite personal pursuit, whether his library, his garden, his hunting, or his farm, which he was unwilling to allow any thing (even his own defence) to disturb; he therefore deceived himself into a notion, that if there was a storm it would not reach him, and went on his own train till it was actually broke in upon by

force. This led to supineness and apathy as to public *exertion*, which would in the end ruin us; the disposition, therefore, must be changed, by forcing them to exert themselves, which would not be if Government did every thing in civil war, they nothing: hence his wish for a volunteer force. All this was exceedingly sound, and showed the reach of his reflecting mind as an observer of human nature, as well as a statesman and soldier, more than any thing I have yet seen.

CHAP. III.

ILLNESS OF MRS. WARD.—DIARY CONTINUED.—THE DUKE'S KINDNESS.—FORTIFICATIONS AT HULL.—DEATH OF THE KING.—PROGRESS OF THE QUEEN'S TRIAL.—CONCLUSION OF DIARY.

ANXIETY about the health of Mrs. Ward interrupted, for a time, not only his Diary, but his attendance in Parliament or even at the office. She had been long in very delicate health, but the insidious complaint which was to rob him in succession of so many of the nearest and dearest to him had now begun to pronounce itself most decidedly. Change of air, under the advice of the most distinguished physicians, was tried in vain, and every means adopted to ward off that blow which was so soon to fall on him. He alludes to his sad trial on recommencing his Diary at the beginning of the year 1820.

January 8th, 1820.—From the 9th of December to this day, it has pleased God to chasten me with the visitation of the dangerous illness of my nearest and dearest friend, which has kept me from all intercourse with everybody and thing. I have been excused from Parliament, and was for some time little at the office. The Duke once began talking of business when she was at the worst, but I told him I was overset, and begged off. I shall not soon forget the kindness

of his look and manner, when getting up from his chair he squeezed my hand with friendliness, and postponed the subject. Since that I saw him but once. I was obliged, however, at the beginning, to move a vote of credit of 250,000*l.* in the Committee of Supply, upon which Mr. Hume, who seems to spend his time in conning over figures without sense to apply them, asked why the estimates, which this year are above 1,310,000*l.* were not brought down to the scale of 1792 before the French war, when he had made the discovery that they were sometimes under 400,000*l.* I told him to look at the half-pay, the consequence of five and twenty years' war, and he would find the answer, for it amounted to the whole sum. I could have easily added to the exposure of a man who, though he troubles the House perpetually with his figures, knows so little of common sense as to have proposed to reduce the pay of the army to one half per man, but was not in spirits. All the measures against the Radicals passed by great and increasing majorities; and I learn from my nephew, the Bank Director (William Ward, Esq.), that Ministers have got great credit among all ranks in the City, except the Radicals themselves, and the vain and vulgar coxcomb, Waithman, for their firm, wise, and moderate conduct.

Called upon Wellesley Pole, who had been confined a week with a cold. I found him in his library—candles lighted, a roaring fire, and his reading-desk, most like a statesman, but his book was "Ivanhoe" (a popular romance of Scott's). We laughed, but im-

mediately fell upon other business. As Master of the Mint he talked of the Bullion question, and said, if the Ministry only continued as steady upon it as they had been, the prosperity of commerce was insured, and the Bank might command the gold market. He agreed that Radicalism had been already put to flight, merely by Parliament's showing itself, that Ministers had much gained, and the Opposition lost. The latter, he thought, had been greater fools than ever in playing their own cards, which is true. The Grenvilles, he said, wanted to come in, which I could have told him; not, indeed, Ld. Grenville, but the Marquis of Buckingham: there was, however, no room. I mentioned to him Ld. Sidmouth's hint of his willingness to retire when it might be thought advantageous to his colleagues; but added his feeling that he was bound in honour to go through with the Radical measures. Pole said, laughing, "That will at least give him five years, if he pleases" (the duration of the principal measure). He added that he had heard the same of Bragge Bathurst; and that, as Vansittart had come in for 100,000*l.* by the death of his mother, he might probably not be anxious to remain. I said, I did not think that would operate, for Vansittart's heart and pleasure seemed to be in office. He replied, he was afraid he was doing ill, and was not much approved by the moneyed interest; but whether they made room or not, he observed, Peel was first to be provided for, and probably Canning would look to a change before new people came in. He thought Peel had done ill in quitting Ireland as he did, when he

had such a following. I said, I believed what he had told me, that he was tired of it. He answered that might be, but he should not have risked what had happened — the falling off of the Irish Members. Thinking he only quitted Ireland to become a greater Minister, they all addressed and flattered him with their regrets and professions; but, his promotion being delayed, he now could not command a vote among them, and was reduced, as a leader of party, to the few votes of his own family and Fitzgerald; in short, it was a foolish thing to think of influence without office, let the ability be ever so great. I said Ld. Bath had found it so, when he thought the whole kingdom had been at his heels. As to Fitzgerald, Pole said he had put himself too high, and was therefore nothing, nor would he allow him much merit as Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland. I thought there was here a little bias against his successor, even with *his* high and honourable mind. When I asked why more was not done for him, he replied, that having refused the Vice-Treasurership, Ministers thought they had done enough in offering it, and were not bound to do more; the reduction of it by the H. of Commons from 3000*l.* to 2000*l.* a year, was not their fault. N. B. Fitzgerald was supposed to have been designated Clerk of the Pleas in the room of Ld. Buckinghamshire, with a regulated salary from the fees of three or four thousand a year. It is now rendered an *efficient* office, and its purpose as a sinecure recompense service done away, and this by Ministers themselves. Yet the senseless, and in some

people wicked, cry of corruption in the times continues. The times *never* were so pure.

January 28th, 1820.—The Duke arrived from Norfolk, and sent for General Mann and me about Hull. He was very vehement against giving up the ditch of the citadel to the corporation, to which they claimed a right under the Hull Dock Act. But he denied the right, observing that the citadel *must* mean the defences of the citadel too, the chief of which was the ditch. He was very eager upon this. I told him I had held the same argument a week together, but was beaten out of it from this, that the act gave the corporation a specific number of acres of land, and land covered with water, which could not be done unless the ditch was counted in it, and that, accordingly, our predecessors had so admitted it by actually surrendering the ditch to them, and afterwards resuming only a part of it under the threat of the Defence Act. This altered him, but he deplored the false policy of diminishing the few secure places in England, so necessary in times like the present. I said that was true, but that Mr. Pitt, who approved the bargain in 1804, could not then dream of insurrection. He admitted this, but said the present time so much demanded strong places, that he would speak to Ld. Liverpool to ascertain whether it would not be worth while to purchase the ditch again before we parted with it; desired General Mann to prepare plans for fortifying the blockhouses within the walls, in case we give up the ditch. General Mann went away, and the Duke fell upon the situation of the

King. He said he could not survive above a day or two. I feared that might occasion much disturbance at such a time, from the necessity of assembling a new Parliament within the six months. He differed, and said he thought if it was to happen, the sooner a new Parliament was summoned the better; that Radicalism was for a time completely got under, that the public were pleased with Ministers for it, and were in tolerable humour, and as there was nothing on the score of finance to detain us, the present Parliament might be dissolved as soon as the Meeting Bill could pass. That, said he, with an air of decision, is my opinion, and as he had just, I believe, come from a Cabinet, I concluded he had been giving it there; it certainly seemed sound. He was very alert, talked of his shooting at Gunton, but that Ld. Castlereagh was a good shot and had beaten him. He is a good shot, I said, with a pistol as well as gun. His eye sparkled, and he laughed. Seeing he was hurried and covered with mud (for he had rode many miles), I left him with a promise from him that he would write to me from Strathfieldsaye, whither he was going for ten days. Never was a more active person.

January 29*th*, 1820.—At half-past eight this evening the King died.

30*th*.—The sensation is beyond all expectation, considering how much and how long this death has been looked for, and how entirely withdrawn from public observation his Majesty has lived for years.

31*st*.—The whole town and country seem moved with regret and a feeling amounting almost to grief.

All this is owing to his just, amiable, and virtuous character, without a spot on his virtue or goodness during the long life of nearly eighty-two years. All the discontents of his reign (we know how many and great) seem forgotten. The reason is they were not really well-founded, but for much the most part excited and fomented by *faction*, for which the democratic press of our constitution gives ample opportunities. On the other hand his firmness and genuine principle show themselves without alloy, now that faction in regard to *him* has so long been forgotten. There seems but one opinion and one feeling about him from the peer to the lowest tradesman. After all there is a great deal of loyalty innate in the nation, which will, I trust, always keep it right. Though Sunday, all the members that could went down to the House and met the Speaker the day after he died; but, the Ld. Steward being out of town, nobody could be sworn in, and nothing was done.

February 1st, 1820.—Sworn in and took my seat. No business done, but all expect adjournment till after the funeral. Calcraft asked me if we meant to hurry the Meeting Bill; if we did before the funeral, he said, it would be scandalously indecorous. I was glad to see so violent an opposer so fond of decorum, and told him he might be easy, as no such thing would be attempted. He said the report of it was strong.

3rd.—The House adjourned till after the funeral. Dined at Ld. Mulgrave's, a family party; Captain Maling, Sir Richard Jackson, just made Dep. Quartermaster-General, Col. Vigoreux.

9th.—Dined at Ld. Westmoreland's, almost *en famille;* Lady Georgiana Becket and Lady Anne, Mrs. Wharton and Cray Grant. Some politics, chiefly on the elections, and of those chiefly the Northumberland.

February 10th, 1820.—Pole called and asked me to walk with him through the Park. He was going to a Cabinet on the dissolution, which it seems is not yet decided, but is to be to-day. I saw Pole was for the speediest dissolution possible.

Dined at Ld. Mulgrave's.

11th.—I had not seen the Duke to have any conversation with him some days; I had said to him three days ago, I supposed he could not have talked to Ld. Liverpool of Hull or other departmental business. No, said he, with a serious air, yet half smiling, we have had enough to do to take care of the nation at large. He, perhaps, alluded to the King's critical situation, the financial measures, and perhaps to something concerning the Queen still more important. I now spoke to him on a request of Ld. Mt. Edgecumb's, which he granted, and was going away when he stopped me and asked what I heard out of doors. I observed it seemed to me that Government never were better, and that they would gain by immediate dissolution. He said he thought so too, but asked if I heard anything about the Princess (meaning the Queen). I replied, her misconduct seemed admitted by everybody, but nevertheless I thought she would be made a strong instrument by many of the opposition.

May 4th, 1820.—Dined with Wellesley Pole *en*

famille. Nobody but Mrs. Pole; an easy chat. After she was withdrawn we fell on politics. Pole as usual complained of the want of warmth in Ld. Liverpool, that power of mixing himself with others so necessary to every public man. He said he shut himself up with clerks, was very honest and very able in his way, but was totally ignorant of the arts of party government; all were left to themselves or to chance. This reminded me of his brother's (the Duke's) opinion that we were a Government of Departments. Pole said our only strength was our antagonists' weakness; they could not form an Administration if they would, if they could he doubted the King, who *hated* Liverpool, but could not get rid of him without losing the rest. He agreed with me that Ld. L. could not exist out of office, and never would resign; but even if he were willing, and were to state to his colleagues that he thought the King would be more inclined to them without him, they would not permit it, and would all think it right to follow him. He added that the King was fond of Castlereagh.

Some time after this, seeing Vansittart on business, and conversing on finance and the House of Commons, he used the remarkable expression, we shall do very well if we can but keep *Brighton* in order. This alluded both to finance and * * *.

May 16*th*, 1820.—Dined with the Duke, who never was so pleasant.

19*th*.—At the House. The Civil List Bill passed without an observation. Tierney had, a few evenings before, said, that finding the sense of the House was

against him, he never meant to open his lips upon it again. He is not usually so moderate, there had been only one great division, the majority only ninety, and previous to our meeting the storm ran high against all those who would not vote for diminishing the Civil List. It is easy to see the reason of all this; they are coquetting with the King, and afraid to shut the door by offending him. They use * * * as their go-between, and, knowing that Ld. Liverpool is disliked by the King, are quiescent in the hope that their turn is coming.

May 27th, 1820.—Dined with Mr. Alexander. A pleasant party and entertainment. Present, the D. of Montrose, Ld. Graham, and Lady Caroline, Ld. * * *, Ld. and Lady Caledon, the Bishop of Down (A.'s brother), his wife, a mild Irish woman, Sir H. Montgomery, Charles Grant (Secretary for Ireland), Irving Dashwood, and his handsome sister; the conversation easy, jocose, and social, the Duke particularly so. A little politics, high praises of Ld. Liverpool's and Ld. Lansdowne's speeches last night, and the whole debate as one of statesmen, men of principle and moderation, seeking truth, just as it should be. We soon, however, talked of Ireland, Edgeworth's life by himself and daughter, just published; afterwards of Scott and Rob Roy, particularly interesting to a Montrose. The women joined and were pleasant, and we staid late.

Summoned to a meeting at Ld. Castlereagh's, on the Queen's business; after which Ld. Cranbourn took me aside and said he had a message for me from

his sister, Lady Georgiana Wellesley, who was just arrived from Madrid. It regarded my son (attached to that embassy), and whom they had had the kindness to take into the house with them. The message was of the most flattering kind, regarding his abilities, temper, conduct, and popularity, and rejoiced my very heart. It concluded with a kind message from Sir Henry, that he was glad to have the son of an old friend with him. Some days before this I met Giles (of Hertfordshire, formerly member for St. Alban's), who brought me the same sort of message from Lady Georgiana, upon the strength of all which I thought it right to wait upon her, and was most graciously received. She spoke of my son before Ld. Sefton, who was there, in the pleasantest manner, and said both she and Sir Henry thought him all I could wish. If ever he sees this he may suppose my pleasure.

July 6th, 1820. — Rode with the Duke in the Park. He entered upon the conduct of the Guards, and said the hurrahs from the party on Saturday proceeded from a few *recruits* just off drill, who had never seen the Queen, and joined the mob merely to get a sight of her. They then, as was not unnatural, joined in the cry. He seemed to mean that the old soldiers would not have done it However, said he, I do not disguise that in the whole constitution of Guard discipline there is something awkward.

Met Ld. * * * coming out of the House of Lds. and we walked home through the Park together.

Sebright joined us; none of us spared the Queen, if, indeed, all were not abusive, they were more so than myself; to such is Majesty reduced. Sebright said he blamed us for the previous conduct towards her, but there was now nothing to do but proceed. She was * * * * * and wanted to raise a rebellion, and those who made such speeches and motions in the House (alluding to Creevy, Bennet and Fergusson) would play into her hands. He would never support them. Ld. * * * (whom I always look upon as a most honest man) said it was rather hard upon him to have to present her petitions, but he could not refuse, being so intimate with Brougham. But they were brought to him at a minute's notice, and he knew nothing about, consequently could not support, them. In the present instance, he thought she was taken in, in pressing for trial within four and twenty hours. She thought we would not take her at her word, and might bully as she had done before; that she was a bold, dangerous, impudent woman, as full of revenge as careless of crime, and that if we did not take care might play the part of Catherine the second, who, by means of the Guards, murdered her husband and usurped the throne. I was struck with this coincidence between him and myself. He went on to say he hoped the coronation would be put off, for he feared the mob would bring down the Queen during the ceremony; that she would certainly come and a tumult would ensue, in which probably the Guards would not act. He said, Don't be too sure of the Guards; and then

talked of what Tyrwhitt had said of them before Carlton House. He added that his brother, Col. * * * (of the Guards), had written him word from Brighton, that the serjeants of the 51st had given a dinner to celebrate the anniversary of Waterloo, and had invited a serjeant of the Guards, who, after the King's health had been drunk, proposed the Queen, with three times three, upon which the serjeants of the 51st turned him out of the room; that he returned with a mob and assailed the 51st and beat them out of the house in his turn. This last, he said, was not told him by his brother, but all looked ill. Alluding to the report of the Q.'s defence as to Bergami, he thought it a hoax. We then turned upon the character of the H. of Lds. in contrast with the Commons. He said it was totally different, there was a want of impetus, and from attention to the decencies and civilities of debate there could be no play for such men as Creevy and Bennet. Nobody could bite as in the Commons, and that it was dull. It is certainly true nobody can call rogue and blackguard in terms there as with us. He observed, however, that the gentlemen of dignity in their ribbons were the most manœuvring of the set. Talking of Ld. Liverpool, he said he was very able, and the honestest man that could be dealt with. You may always trust him, he stated, and though he may be going to answer you after a speech, you may go out and leave your words in his hands and he will never misrepresent you; he owned he had quite got the better of Ld. Grey.

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Oct. 14*th*, 1820. — Dined with the Speaker *en famille*. We had more murders and ghost stories than politics. He thought Ministers in a bad way, that the popular clamour prevailed, and that the upper orders were panic struck. Had no doubt of the Queen's guilt, and that it was morally proved. He was much amused with an account he had had of the conversation of two women in the Park, on the Wednesday before, when they seemed to have been up with the Address to the Queen. Lord! said one to the other, what do you think? Lord! I don't know! Why only think of Mrs. Simmons, she went up without a wail (veil). Why you don't say so! why if I had been Mrs. Simmons, if I had put a tablecloth round my head, I would have gone up with a wail! This is a pretty fair specimen of the accomplishments of the addressers.

Oct. 15*th*, 1820. — Called upon Ld. Lonsdale. He was vehement as to the *proved* guilt of the Queen, and thought the Bill *must* pass the Lds.

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Oct. 16*th*. — Walked with Sir * * * * *. He said he had no doubt that the Queen was guilty, but would never vote for the Bill, as unconstitutional. At the same time ready to admit that Ministers had proved such a case as perfectly justified them in bringing it forward. From so determined an opposition man I thought this a great deal, but asked if he would say this on his legs? That, he said, was a different thing; but added, that some of the most violent friends of

the Queen and enemies of the Government felt the proof sufficiently to say, that if the Bill could be modified into a divorce, *a mensa et thoro*, leaving out the degradation from title, &c., they would support it; and, if carried, whatever allowance was granted she would accept it and leave the country. He went so far as to inform me that he had been requested to hint this in proper quarters, in order that it might be acted upon. I asked if it was with this view he mentioned it to me, and whether I was at liberty to relate this conversation to any of my friends in Government. He said, "Yes," and begged me to do so. I told him I would; but before we parted, I gathered that his principal friend was Sir * * * * *, which, as to value, very much alters the authority.

Saw Wellesley Pole and the Duke at the office, to whom I related this conversation. P. thought it ought to be entertained: the D. who was just come from the H. of Lds., and tired and disgusted, if not resentful, at all the factious and insolent spirit that showed itself there, doubted whether it could be worthy of notice, but said he would mention it.

Dined afterwards with Lord Mulgrave, who thought the thing worth pursuing, as was any honourable mode of terminating the business.

Oct. 17*th.*— House met in pursuance of the adjournment. Going to the House, met James M'Donald. He said he had not a doubt of the Queen's guilt, and never had, but he thought the legal proof had failed. I asked what he thought of Brougham's own opinion of the facts. He said he would tell me what he had

said (I think) two evenings before that: at first, he did not think it possible that she *could* be innocent; but the more the case had opened, the more had her innocence appeared, and that now, in his conscience, he believed her guiltless. I said he might think himself sincere, but was so vehement and rash in every thing he said, that he spoke generally with a perverted mind. His incorrectness on a thousand points had been manifest. As to the Bill, he (M.) felt quite sure it would not pass the House of Lds., and that many of our best friends thought so too, witness his uncle the Archbishop of York (Vernon), who had told him he had written to his son that he need not come to Parliament, for he was sure the Bill would never go through the Upper House. I mentioned * * * notion. He said, perhaps Brougham might advise such a thing, but he had in fact very little influence with the Queen.

Oct. 18*th*, 1820.— Sat a long time with Pole, and discussed many things confidentially. He complained strongly of Canning, not for standing neuter, if he had a reason and had mentioned, but for having gone the whole length with the Cabinet in all the measures against the Queen up to the very first speech he made upon the subject, and then to make that speech, that she was * the ornament and pride of society, and

* Mr. Canning's speech does not appear to accord with Mr. Pole's recollections of it. With respect to the Queen and the reasons why he had wished her to continue abroad he says, " Of fascinating manners, of easy access, of an open, generous, and unsuspecting disposition, she would in-

that he never would be either her accuser or her judge. That his offer to resign after this was nothing; he should have made his sentiments known and resigned beforehand. As to the Queen's case, he (Pole) thought there was nothing left for it but to go through and show her infamy; which done, it did not signify what became of the Bill. He was about to leave town, and begged me to write to him.

Went to the House of Lds., where all had gone off to a collateral point,—the conduct of the Milan Commission. This, if pursued, will detain them six months before the Bill can come to us.

The opinion seems to gain ground that a resolution of guilt might be come to, and the Bill then given up as inexpedient. Lord Kenyon came out to me, and invited himself to dine with me on Monday. We are as wide as ever as to the Queen. Had some conversation with Tierney, who looked serious and down. He said every thing was worse and worse out of doors, and he saw no remedy. I observed, the only remedy, the only possibility of things returning to their former state, was a rebellion, and the troops' standing by us and quelling it with a high hand. He replied, that was the disease. I said, neither he nor I should live to see society where it had been and ought to be; to

sensibly have become the rallying point of disaffection and of political intrigue;" while of himself, while adopting to the full the responsibility of the course adopted by his colleagues, he says, "If there had been any injustice meditated towards her Majesty, no consideration on earth should have induced me to be a partner to it, or to stand where I at this moment stand."

which he assented. I have no doubt he is sincere; yet he and his party are the real authors of the spirit we deplore.

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At six with the Duke and Pole again. The D. as vehement as ever that the case is proved, and the Bill ought to go on: this is his straightforward way. *Il ne sçait pas ménager.* Never had any man more of the simplicity of honesty. I asked him if he would go on if not sure of his friends.

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We then discussed how any resolution of guilty without pursuing the Bill could be come to, and he said it would be the most difficult thing in the world. His mind, however, seemed on it, and Pole's very much. Walked home with Pole, and met in our way a procession of two thousand sawyers coming from Brandenburgh House, with music, banners, and favours. P. who had been long out of town, seemed to me rather struck. He goes to-morrow, and asked me to come to him in the country, which I promised, if possible. We had talked before this of the King. I said, the misery was he seemed without a friend—nay, was hated. P. replied, it was worse, and he was despised.

Oct. 19*th*, 1820.—Was some time with the Duke, who was very confidential. He had just come from the Lds., where, he said, they had made some way towards a close in shutting out the strange proposition laid down by Brougham,—that general re-

port in Italy that money was to be got by swearing against the Queen was or should be evidence. I said I would rather live at Constantinople than under such law.

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We fell upon the general situation of things, which the Duke allowed was almost as bad as could be, nor could he see the remedy, if the upper and middle ranks would not stir. But all, he continued with some sadness as well as indignation, seem struck with panic—ourselves and all; and if the country is lost it will be through our own cowardice. Every thing, said he, audacity and insolence on their side, and tameness on ours. We go to the House seemingly on purpose to be insulted; the opposition know it, and act accordingly. I said, I feared it was particularly so in the H. of Commons, where the ministerial bench, with the exception of Ld. Castlereagh, seemed like victims, especially since Canning was away.*

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I mentioned Mr. Pole's speech on the 17th, as proper, if only to show that they would not be bullied, especially by such a speech as Calcraft's, whose attack on the Chancellor (not there to defend himself) was one of the most illiberal things I had ever heard. The D. agreed to this. I said I wished some one had answered by asking him what he would himself

* *Note by Mr. Ward.*—Canning had got leave from the king and his colleagues to go abroad during the queen's question.

have said to the Chancellor if, merely because he had the power of doing so in his (C.'s) absence, he had stated his opinion of his worthlessness; as a man who, with reform in his mouth, sold his seats in Parliament for 5,000*l.* a piece?

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And yet, continued he, was not this always so? Is it worse now than at the commencement of the late reign? He had been looking into those transactions, and had found the spirit, he thought, both in doors and out, quite as bad as now. I said, in London it might, but not in the country; the mischief was not so wide. He allowed this was true, but hoped things were a little better in the country; at least his letters from Yorkshire made them so: and even in town, he thought, since the last Sunday's paper announcing Flynn's and * * * evidence, the mob were less violent, and had not insulted him so much. But, continued he, with some vehemence, the mischief is we are no Government, but afraid of using our own power, or this spirit might be put down in the House and out of the House;—in the House, by retorting upon our enemies what they deserve; and asserting ourselves, out of the House, by executing the laws. Last Parliament we passed laws and got power enough, and now we are afraid to use it. I believe, added he, with warmth, every one of these meetings for addresses are contrary to the Act, and yet we are tame. Libel upon libel comes out, which the law might lay hold of, yet nobody is touched. . . . . I said, the question was come to this,

Would it be governed by *any* administration? He replied, By none that could be formed. I told him, what was true, that many looked to *him*, as one who could command and lead, and that there were many members who saw things as he did, and only wanted to be well led. I alluded, too, to Brougham's declaration in the House, that nothing could save the country but an Administration formed on the broadest possible basis. He replied, Even that will not do, for there will be no leader and no submission. It is a mistake to suppose *I* can be the man. Since the days of Mr. Pitt there has been no individual who could command such confidence as to rally people round him with implicit devotion, so as to sacrifice their own opinion to a leader's; and when every man is to follow his own counsel, or think it ought to be followed, we know what that is. No; there is no one man in the state, of whatever party, who can command the spirits of others. I mentioned what I had said to Tierney in the H. of Lds. about a rising, and the troops standing by us, as the only event that could restore order. He said he did not now think so much of a rising; he believed the spirit was evaporating; people must grow tired: his lamentation was, that no Government, such as it should be, could be made by *any* party.

With regard to the Queen, our fault, he went on, was in not believing she would ever leave Italy, and our unwillingness to look the thing in the face. Every one had his secret persuasion and his wish, that with such a case against her she would never come here.

I said they were blamed for not having investigated the character of the evidence more, by examining, as far as they could, the servants friendly to the Queen. He considered this was all owing to the disbelief of her coming which he had mentioned. Till she arrived in France, added he, the evidence was not even ordered to be copied. While it was going forward in Italy, to examine the people about her was impossible; but after she resolved to come home, I think we might have examined some of her servants before the Privy Council, as in other affairs of state.

October 23*rd*, 1820.—With the Duke. He said the Attorney-General had made a most excellent argument, though in the end he had got tiresome from repetition, and had fatigued their attention; but that he had put the case right, and it would do very well. At the same time there was a great deal of *caballing* at the House as to the issue, and that all had resolved itself in the usual arts of party on the side of Opposition; that the retiring rooms were full of cabal where both sides met, but for his part he never went amongst them; he thought it right to avoid them.

October 28*th*, 1820.—Called on Ld. Lonsdale, and found Sir John Byng there, the restrainer of Radicalism in the north.*

They were earnest upon the trial, and both high in praise of the Attorney-General's speech, which seems to have made a great impression everywhere. Ld. L.

* *Note by the Author.*—He was an officer of great activity, and had the important command of Manchester. Ld. Sidmouth told me he had assured him, if it did come to blows, there should be no trifling.

said it had altogether puzzled Opposition; that Ld. Grey knew not what to do; and Ld. Erskine, the violent champion of the Queen, seemed totally changed. I asked, if he thought it would affect their votes? He said, he did not know, but that the fact was evident, that Ld. Erskine was in manner totally altered. I suppose, said Ld. Lonsdale, he felt it difficult, holding out as he does that he stands upon the law, to go against the sense of all the law in the House, and almost out of the House. Lds. Grey, Lansdowne, and Holland had resolved not to speak when delivering their votes, thinking it unbecoming as judges. I said this might be very well, if they could not confute the Attorney-General; that it was at least not thought unbecoming the Judges on the Bench, who always when they differed delivered their reasons with their opinions.

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Ld. L. was sanguine as to the result of the trial; thought there could be but one opinion as to the guilt, which perhaps is very true; but perhaps, also, he overrates the disposition to act upon opinion against private motive. He deprecated all middle course, such as a vote of censure, which some Lds. talked of.

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Ld. Lonsdale has purchased the whole of Ld. Gwidir's property at Haslemere for 12,000*l.* by private contract, which renders the seats there for ever*

* "For ever" is a term that will, in the present day, be more sparingly used as applicable to any thing which depends on political changes.

secure from opposition merely to harass, such as we have lately experienced.

October 29th, 1820. — Dined at Ld. Mulgrave's. He was feeble, but in good spirits, and his mind with its usual quickness. He said, the Chancellor had observed, that he never in his life had heard so able an analysis of such a mass of conflicting evidence as by the Attorney-General. Ld. M. agreed as to the effect it seemed to have, and augured an addition to it from the Solicitor-General*, who, he said, laid about him with a cudgel. Ld. Ellenborough is to propose the *mezzo termine*, in the shape of an address to the King, embodying a resolution criminating and censuring the Queen, but not degrading her from dignity, &c.

In the morning I saw Ainslie (of the Bar), a good judge, who said he heard the whole of Gifford's speech, and it was the ablest thing he had ever witnessed. He had seen him also five minutes before, and no young Counsel, who had a brief for the first time put into his hands, was ever in such a fright!

October 30th, 1820. — Met William Hill (brother of Ld. Berwick and Envoy to Turin†) actually *canvassing* against the Bill, which was not at all necessary in *them*, because Canning's opinions were merely personal to himself, from his former intimacy, and had nothing to do with his party. Hill added, that the pro-Crown

* *Note by Mr. Ward.* — Sir J. Copley, a quick, spirited speaker, sound lawyer, and agreeable man.

† *Note by Mr. Ward.* — He said we were all doing better, and that the second reading would be carried, after which a *mezzo termine* would be attempted by some Lds. friendly to Government, but who wished the Bill not to go to the Commons. He complained of Canning's friends.

lawyers had really made such an impression, that Ld. Grey himself did not know how to act.

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How can people be so little wise, though nursed in the experience of party!

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Hill then talked of family and historical pictures, which he understands, perhaps, better than party politics.

Returning from riding in the Park, I joined the Chancellor, who was walking home after the House. He asked me what people thought; and hoped they at least gave him credit for impartiality in the conduct of the trial. I told him (as I could truly) what satisfied him on that point. He then talked of the Attorney and Solicitor's speeches; said they had made the greatest impression, and he expected a majority of from from forty-five to fifty. But I don't tell you, he added, what will happen afterwards, for nobody can tell. As for Ld. Ellenborough's Resolutions of Censure, he said, perhaps the Duke of Wellington had told me his (the Chancellor's) opinion, that they could not be entertained; for what had the House of Lds. to do with Resolutions of Censure, distinct from a legislative measure? Of course he must be right, but I saw not the difference between the two Houses in this respect. I congratulated him upon his health, notwithstanding his fatigue. He said, he was pretty well, for a man in his seventy-first year, but professed he was tired, and desired nothing so much as to retire, which he would do as

soon as possible, after this affair was over. I asked who there was to replace him? He said that was not his business. I wished to pursue the conversation, which he seemed willing to do, notwithstanding I was on horseback he on foot; but, recollecting this, I felt forced to take my leave. Never was there a man of more urbanity and less ceremony.

November 2nd, 1820.—Called upon Pole. He was at breakfast, and we had a long chat. He thought every thing very bad — Ministers, Opposition, King, Queen, country, and what was more, no prospect of getting right — all ties were loosened. Insolence and insubordination out of doors, weakness and wickedness within. The Whigs, he said, were already half Radicals, and would be entirely so, if we did not give way. I said his brother, the Duke, felt this too, but would not give way, nevertheless. He replied, that the issue would soon be tried, for the Queen's question must determine it, and asked how I calculated it would be? I said, I could not hope for a majority of more than thirty, so many friends of Government were against us on the policy, though they had no doubt of the guilt.

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Pole said, they put the majority higher than I did, and talked of fifty at the least. I observed, a large majority would puzzle them more than a small one, as it would perhaps force them to go through with the Bill and send it to our House. This he deprecated as well as I, and inclined to an honourable *mezzo termine*, if it could be found. I told him what the

Chancellor had said upon Ld. Ellenborough's motion, which surprised him. Coming to names, he would scarcely believe that Lds. * * * and * * * convinced, as they professed to be, of the Queen's guilt, could vote against the Bill.

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Still he thought the Chancellor must by this time know the House, and Ld. Liverpool perhaps still better, and they put the majority higher. I doubted Ld. Liverpool's knowledge of the House, thinking that that and the general power of governing by a party was what he failed in. He is too honest, I said, to take pains this way. No man can lead the House or the Cabinet so well; on all subjects every one looks up to him in debate; but he trusts too much to this, and takes his account of minor, yet necessary, points from others. Pole said he agreed with me as to his coldness and inattention (he does not love him), but he thought him better acquainted with trifling occurrences than I did. There is hardly a thing said or done, hardly a conversation, or even a joke, that is not carried to him. I should not be surprised, added Pole, if he knows that we are conversing together at this moment.

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I told him I thought he attributed more management to Ld. L. than he was disposed even to think of; that his mind was too much in his office and in the H. of Lds., and too little attentive to anything else. As a manager of public opinion, as a mean of Government, it was what we accused him of.

Pole, however, disagreed. Reverting to our immediate subject, he said there was to be a Cabinet that night, but he saw no middle measure to get rid of the Bill. When I talked of it, said he, I reasoned this way: No one can expect that a Ministry can be immortal, there must be some question by which they must stand or fall; this is, perhaps, the most important measure we ever had, we knew what it was when we embraced it, and we must go through.* He agreed with me that if the second reading was carried it would be a complete defence of Ministers, and he would then be indifferent about the third, which, if lost, he thought Parliament would be prorogued, which would get rid of the immediate proceeding, but then there would be a violent attack to sustain at the next meeting, and meantime there would be addresses against us from all parts of the country, and asked my opinion. I told him that as to addresses they had lost all their force, and as a mode of expressing the real public opinion had become even ridiculous. They were carried by force, by the introduction of mobs and people who were not what the titles of the addresses called them; that the majority of people staid at home from fear of turbulence, so that it had now become a contest between meetings usurping a corporate name and the opinions of individuals. We were not bound literally or morally to consider

* Well would it be for all political parties, if such manly and enlarged views were acted on by successive administrations.

such addresses, under leaders, whether Whigs or Radicals, whose arts and sometimes whose downright falsehoods were well known; that the House would be much more formidable, indeed, after all, the only thing that *was* formidable, but with a verdict of Guilty, which the second reading must amount to, I did not fear it. I thought the country gentlemen would stand by us; Creevy, Bennet, and the Radicals might mouth, and the Whigs might support them, but these latter never gained one inch of ground, and we should triumph as we had done before. The great thing I feared was the King. The King, to use his expression, was as merry as a grig. At first he had been annoyed, but was now enjoying himself at Brighton; he wished he would show himself more.* What he feared, however, in the House was a motion to restore her name to the Liturgy, in case the Bill did not pass the Lds.; I said they had been beaten upon this before, and the Queen herself had waived it for an equivalent, but even an equivalent, if she was pronounced guilty, no fair man, I thought, would insist upon. We then fell upon Brougham and Canning.

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On leaving Pole I met Hammond, my quondam colleague, when we were Under-secretaries of State together. He told me it was certain Ld. Grenville would support the Bill, and then asked me, with

* *Note by Mr. Ward.*—There might be another fear of him, as he knew we would not imitate Opposition if we were out of office.

much concern, whether the report was true, that if it did not pass Ministers had resolved to resign. I answered that what they had resolved in their own minds no one could tell, but that I thought I could answer that no such resolution had been made a Cabinet measure. He said he was very glad. I related this to * * *, who said with some vehemence there was no reason on earth why they should resign. They had been right and straightforward from the beginning, and for one he never would consent to it. * * * said, Hammond being the mouthpiece of Canning, he had no doubt this was set on foot by his party. I thought this was going too far, nevertheless it is surprising what industry they are showing against the Bill. Hill (Ld. Berwick's brother), whom I walked with afterwards in the Park, properly enough observed upon this, that, as to party, it was downright opposition, not being at all called for by Canning's individual feeling, or former situation with the Queen, which was altogether personal.

At the House of Lds., where the debate after lasting all day was adjourned. The Chancellor was clear and forcible for the Bill, but short though an hour long; he only spoke to the points about which there was no contest. Ld. Erskine had intended to advocate the Queen at length; but it was above his power, for soon after he began he was taken ill and fell upon the table. His powers seem going, as they may at 74. "*Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum.*" Ld. Lauderdale was preeminently

shrewd, acute, and independent — independent of the public clamour.*

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I walked from the House with Ld. Selsey, who means to vote against the Bill, though a determined friend of Government. He said too, there was a strong feeling that way in many other Lds., who thought either the case not sufficiently proved, or the measure inexpedient. He said Ld. Ellenborough had been forced to give up his *mezzo termine*, as inconsistent with form, which he was sorry for.

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Nov. 3rd, 1820. — The debate went on. Ld. Grey made the great argument for the Queen, and was thought very brilliant. I did not hear it, but it was much lauded by his friends to his face. Ld. Fitzroy Somerset told me some went down the bench where he sat, squeezed his arm, and said "Beautiful!" Ld. Liverpool answered with great ability, and the House adjourned in the middle of his speech which is to proceed to-morrow. I tried to see the Duke after the debate, but he was busy.

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Nov. 4th, 1820. — At the Lds., though chiefly in the Long Gallery for I was lame. The fireplaces, however, were crowded by members coming occasionally from the debate, and we gossiped on what

* *Note by Mr. Ward.*—For this he was the next day abused of course, by his brother Whigs, in the Morning Chronicle. He was of course accused of corrupt motives, such as a wish to go Governor-General to India. This is mere system.

was passing. Wallace came out very sanguine for a large majority, which he said would have great weight with people out of doors, and bring them round. It may the thinking part of them, but by far the greater proportion are too corrupt with other views to make them care for the question, except as a vehicle for spreading discontent with a view to rebellion. As to the majority, I always thought, and think still, thirty will be the outside.* The Duke of Newcastle, having been alluded to by Ld. Grey, has just avowed that he had been present at the evidence for the prosecution, but not for the defence, having been called away from domestic causes, yet having given his deepest attention to the evidence in the Minutes, he felt himself competent to pronounce sentence, and could conscientiously vote the Queen guilty. He was particularly strong, too, in characterising her guilt as infamous and degrading. This was sharply animadverted upon by Ld. Lansdowne, and it is certainly inconsistent with the genius of the English law to judge without hearing as well as reading the evidence. We thought, therefore, it would make a great noise. Lords Yarborough, however, and Ashburton mean to vote against the Bill without having heard the evidence on either side. Ld. Ashburton is but just arrived from Paris. They set up a flimsy defence, that their objection is to the policy of the measure, and they care not what the evidence is. To this

* This opinion, several times repeated, was in the end amply justified; as, on the first division, the majority was only 28.

it is answered, that the evidence might alter their views as to the policy.

Ld. Ellenborough was to me and many of us quite incomprehensible. He bestowed the most vilifying epithets on the Queen, said he viewed her conduct with "unutterable disgust," that her guilt had been *proved*, and that if she escaped it would be a . . . * triumph of falsehood over truth, that she was, as Queen, a public functionary, and like other public functionaries the King might remove her. Yet with all this he was against the second reading.

Nov. 6th, 1820.—The second reading carried by 123 to 95, majority 28; this was less than had been expected, Ministers talked at one time of from 40 to 60, Brougham himself on Saturday gave us 40. The Canning party, particularly Ld. Morley, have been very active in canvassing against the Bill. Hill, whom I walked with in the Park, said this was not fair, as his having got leave to be neutral, and yet desired to retain his place, by no means amounted to a license that while he was neuter his friends should be hostile and actively so.†

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Ld. Grenville voted for the second reading, and spoke very ably, but so as to make us regret he had

* Blank in the original. The words were: "the most disgraceful triumph obtained by falsehood over truth that the world ever witnessed."

† It is not, however, easy to see how a permission to Canning to remain neutral, which his peculiar position might justify or the necessities of the Ministry require, could in any way shackle the personal proceedings of his friends.

not spoken earlier. What, however, was thought to have made an impression was a few words from Ld. Arden, a Ld. of the Bedchamber, a high Tory and devoted courtier. He said, as I understood, that he thought it his duty by *voting against* the Bill, to spare the Crown the odium of such a measure.

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The Divorce clause was not left out; Ld. Harrowby (President of the Council) said he was of the same opinion, which moved some wonder. It is clear, however, that Ministers themselves mean to leave out the Divorce clause; Ld. Lonsdale asked this before the last adjournment, and Ld. Liverpool in reply said the King sought no relief for himself, and it was the last thing he should insist upon. This created so much impression in favour of the Bill, that the Whigs according to their admirable policy of questioning motives, and attributing everything in office, or friends to office, to corruption, by which they have nearly destroyed the very roots of society, began to abuse Ld. Lonsdale in the Morning Chronicle, and called him Ld. Liverpool's *convenient* friend. How little do they know this high-minded man! The Duke told me they did not mean to insist on the clause.

Nov. 7th, 1820. — At Pole's. He said he had heard that the Queen meant to address the Committee in person, which could not be refused.

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We conversed long upon the misfortune of the ferment's continuing; and now the second reading

was carried, which was a complete justification of Ministers, hoped it would never go to the Commons.

At the H. of Lds. in Committee on the Bill; they found the Preamble without a division! This will for ever be fatal to the Queen. Ld. Grey, her great champion against the Bill, confessed that the second reading alone stamped her with a verdict of guilty. What can now be said when the words of this Preamble are considered? They are fearful.

With the Preamble the clause of Degradation was voted, but the debate on the Divorce clause was adjourned till to-morrow. Lds. Liverpool and Harrowby opposed it, in order to satisfy, the first the religious scruples of others, the last of himself. The Chancellor spoke ably, and as Calcraft observed to me, beautifully for the clause, but reserved his opinion till he had heard the Bishops. This called up the Bishops who were in the House, of whom three spoke for, and three against the clause. * * * † for, * * * against. The Queen sent down an impudent protest, which, as a protest, was rejected, but admitted as an address, which in this stage, like Atterbury, it seems she would have had a right to make in person.

Dined at Ld. Lonsdale's with the Duke of Grafton, Marquis Camden, Arbuthnot, Becket, and Lady Anne. Ld. L. could hardly hold up his head with a feverish cold; he was, however, as sanguine as ever in expecting the measure to go through even both

* Blank in the original. The Archbishop of York and Bishops of Chester and Worcester were against, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishops of London and Llandaff for the Divorce clause.

Houses, the evidence was so clear. We had a lively conversation on the Queen, her protest, counsel, judges, &c. &c. D. of Grafton very moderate; he had voted against the Bill, but had no doubt of her guilt. All seemed now to think the Bill would go through the Lds. and come to us. The talk with the Chancellor was that we should meet at twelve and sit till six. Arbuthnot said, in answer to an observation of the Duke, that the Chancellor had been so stiff in impartiality, that he would not see the Attorney and Solicitor-General during any part of the trial, and Ld. Liverpool would not converse with a single peer out of the Cabinet on the line he wished to take.*

We asked the D. of Grafton why they had not divided on the Preamble, and he fairly confessed because most on that side agreed with us as to the fact, and they did not wish to swell our triumph. Talking of the cross-examination of Flynn by the Solicitor-General, who detected that the notes which he first swore had been written in Sicily three years before by his own clerk, had been written only a few weeks before by Schiarini the Queen's steward, it turned out that this discovery was a mere accident, first set in motion by the sagacity of the D. of Wellington. When the notes were first produced by Flynn, the Duke (who has a very long sight), though some yards

* *Note by Mr. Ward.*—Another informant of mine some days afterwards went farther, for he told me Ld. Liverpool had never mentioned even to the Cabinet anything of the *management* of the trial. The Attorney-General sometimes saw him, and him alone; but what he communicated, or Ld. L. directed, never went farther.

off, said he was sure the paper on which they were written was English, and probably therefore had not been procured in Sicily, but the notes written since. He did not like to go himself to the counsel at the bar to mention this, but seeing Arbuthnot near, sent him to intimate his suspicions. When the notes came into the Solicitor-General's hand, this proved correct, and the writing being shown to Maule, the Solicitor of the Treasury, he said it was exactly like a note he had in his pocket written by Schiarini. On what trifles sometimes the most important events depend, and how remarkable seems the all-pervading influence of one man's character. After all what is in the womb of time respecting this man? He is daily hooted and reviled by his countrymen, and what may await him, one thinks of a Robert Stewart* or Ravaillac, and trembles to ask.

The Chancellor's speech was discussed and eulogised as a speech, but Ld. Camden complained that he was not decisive. In truth they are puzzled how to act on Ld. Liverpool's declaration to Ld. Lonsdale as to his indifference to the Divorce clause. Ld. Lonsdale grew more and more ill, so as to be forced to leave the table, and we separated early. Arbuthnot went home with me, hoped the Bill would not now go through, and said we should do very well.

Nov. 8th, 1820. — Went to Pole's by appointment. In the way met Ld. Mansfield; as it was not twelve

* *Note by Mr. Ward.*—Robert Stewart, a Scotchman and Reformer in the sixteenth century, was at best a visionary and a murderer upon principle at the battle of St. Denys.

o'clock I was astonished at their being so soon released, and still more at what he told me, that they had passed not only the Degradation, but the Divorce clause almost without debate, by a majority of 12 to 6, and that all the Ministers had been in the minority. All this it seems was a trick, unworthy a judicial proceeding, and contemptible enough.

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The clause was found to be distasteful to many who would be otherwise for the Bill, and it was thought that by carrying it the third reading would be lost. Ld. Mansfield said it was calculated the third reading would be carried by about 13. He was himself against it *in toto*. When I mentioned this calculation to * * *, he said with some eagerness, "That will do, for the Bill will then be withdrawn." I asked if that was determined upon, for I should rejoice if it was. He answered, "Yes; it was agreed, if the majority was no more than 10 or 12, that Ld. Liverpool should withdraw the Bill. This might give a sort of triumph to the Radicals, but would be infinitely better (*now the guilt was decided, which nothing could alter*) than hazarding the long state of excitement and tumult which would be produced by a protracted inquiry in the Commons." I entirely agreed with him, and we dilated much upon the pernicious effects of almost any judicial proceeding before this worst of all tribunals, composed of 600 judges, all more or less inflamed by interest or passion, and dealing with witnesses not upon oath. In a proceeding which was in fact political as well as judicial, it might be fatal; the business, as

well as quiet, of the country would be overturned, and revolution would come in good earnest. We then discussed the effect of giving up the Bill upon the Government, and agreed, if they were firm, they would have nothing to fear. The voting the Preamble would be a justification everywhere, and the withdrawing the Bill after three readings would only be a sacrifice to expediency, not innocence. All, however, might depend upon the firmness of the King, who would, no doubt, be assailed on all sides by addresses to withdraw his confidence. * * * said he should not fear this, except in one contingency which might happen, though he did not think the King was equal to it. He might, said he, reason thus:—my Ministers are unpopular, because such is the wickedness and corrupt pride and insubordination of the times, that all Government is unpopular. The Whigs, perhaps, would be more unpopular than those I have, but those I have would not in opposition, like the Whigs, fan the public discontent on all occasions into a flame to serve their own purposes. I said the King might certainly and fairly reason this way, but none of us were known till we were tried, and I reminded him of our own conduct in opposition in 1806, which was so harassing under Perceval, Canning, and Castlereagh, that we divided fourteen times on one question in one night, which, as it was said, killed Fox. I reminded him, too, of what Fox himself said of Ld. Grenville when they joined in opposition to Mr. Pitt. Plumer of Hertfordshire, the oldest member in the House, who always had hated Ld. Grenville,

exclaimed against the junction, observing that no good could be expected with a man so accustomed to power. Wait, said Fox, till you see him in opposition, he will be as factious as your own heart can desire. * * * laughed, and, reverting to the hope that the Bill might be withdrawn, we feared the same manœuvre and trick played in the Committee might be renewed in the House, and the third reading *forced*, for the purpose of embroiling the country the more in the H. of Commons.

In the evening with * * *; he was very indignant at Ld. Grey's tactics, and said he had no doubt they would represent the vote of Ministers against the Divorce as a trick on their part. He is so honest, that he was quite earnest in impressing even to *me*, that they would not deserve this. Nothing, he said, could be more clear or sincere than their conduct. Ld. Liverpool had been sincere in what he had said to Ld. Lonsdale, upon his legs, in regard to the Divorce. He felt he had given a pledge, and was resolved to stand by it; that they had had *three* Cabinets upon it, and had at last resolved to go with him. They had then to submit it to the King, who, *after a great deal of consideration*, had permitted them to pursue this line, which they all thought for their honour. They thought it so to stand by the head of the Government, although they might some of them differ; and they abided by their resolution. "Now," said * * *, "suppose we had determined differently, and all voted and spoke for the clause, see what the Opposition would have done; they would all, to a man, have

voted against it." This is true. We then fell upon the future, and he agreed that it would be much the best for the country to withdraw the Bill, if they could do it with honour. But he saw nothing for it, he said, but to go on: they knew what they undertook when they embarked, and must encounter a great deal of obloquy end as it might, and whatever the end they must go through, it was the only way to be satisfied with themselves. I observed upon the danger of going on with such incendiaries in the House, and at the doors of the House, unless there was a much larger majority in the Lds. He agreed, but thought there was no alternative, which I was sorry for. I told him, even if the Bill were withdrawn, and withdrawn with honour, he must expect very violent attempts by the Opposition, perhaps by the people, to censure and remove the Government. He said he expected it, and had no doubt addresses would be attempted in all quarters; he knew that it was even expected by many, that if the Bill did not pass Ministers must resign, as if it was a thing of course. They will, however, find themselves mistaken, said he, at least for one I shall oppose such a notion. He seemed to think it would be playing the game of an enemy he was little disposed to respect or gratify; and besides, as he observed, their honour was concerned not to leave the King, and put him and themselves, by such an admission, so much in the wrong. I said there was a point which, if carried in the Commons, where they would attempt it, might puzzle Ministers, who were pledged upon it, and that

was the restoration to the Liturgy. He replied, I have no doubt they will attempt it, but, after what has been voted, I don't believe the majority of the Commons would themselves suffer such a thing. How could they, when all the allegations had been found proved, even without a division, by voting the Preamble as they did? It would defend them against every thing.

November 9th, 1820. — In the House of Lds. on the report and third reading, the report was agreed to without a division; and the interest was to know how many of the Bishops would fall off in consequence of Ld. Grey's trick. To his astonishment, I believe, as many were still for the Bill as against it. But the great incident was the passion he was put into by Ld. Lauderdale, who had been against the clause, and who in terms accused him of carrying it by trick and manœuvre, voting against his opinion for the purpose, and though in a judicial proceeding, influencing all those whom he could influence to vote generally against the Bill. He did this in no measured terms towards "*his noble friend*," in short, with sharpness. Ld. Grey, in reply, rose, he said, to repel the accusation with indignation and disdain, and added he had almost used another word, which we supposed was contempt. He avowed the doctrine, that such tactics had always been been allowed in practice when the end proposed was known.* All he had for

* His words were: "That to be accused of tricking and manœuvring, when he openly avowed the object of his conduct, appeared to him the most extraordinary charge ever made in the House."

it was, that he had given notice of his intent, but it is thus sealed by his own testimony, that this Ld.'s vote and opinion may not be the same. Ld. Lauderdale, in explanation, by no means retracted, but contented himself with observing, that he meant only *Parliamentary tricking*. The debate was adjourned, after exhibiting Ld. Donoughmore as the champion of the integrity of Ministers on this whole question.

Nov. 10*th*, 1820. — Was with * * * early in my way to the House. He was exceedingly anxious as to the event, hoping the majority would be so small that the Bill would be given up. I said Ld. Melville had been quoted as professing that if the majority was but one they would go on to the Commons. He smiled ironically, and said Never mind that; and, in fact, I collected that if ever that had been determined upon it was now given up. He admitted he had been outvoted upon it in a former Cabinet. He dilated much upon the danger to the country of allowing it to go to the H. of Commons, out of which he was sure it would never come. If once, too, it got there, such was the increase of Radicalism and all its atrocities, that he would not insure Ld. Castlereagh's life for a day. I said there was another life about which he might be equally anxious, and which when I thought of the immense consequence it was of, it often made me uneasy. I could not disguise to myself the danger the Duke ran, nor my grief at the scoundrel spirit of the times, that such a man should meet with the treatment he did. All this, he said (and truly),

was merely because he was in office, which according to the precious system of the day, was immediately to stamp a man all over with wickedness, and degrade instead of elevating him.

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On this subject, I said, I almost regretted the Duke had ever taken office, his only crime. * * * immediately assented, and said, You saw what he was, idolised and the saviour of his country, now insulted and even abandoned. The first he said was of little consequence, being by rascals or ignorant people, but the last was to him unaccountable. . . . .

. . . . And such *is* the world. There was a time when I should have felt such things acutely; but with many feelings as warm, nay as romantic as ever, to political feeling, I am almost dead, and the *nil admirari* is to me, not only the most just, but the only maxim by which I wish to govern myself. There is not a leader left in the State capable of swaying parties with proper authority, nor do I think (such is the change on the side of personal vanity throughout all ranks) Mr. Pitt himself could now lead as he did. Every one is for himself—of course every one differs. Authority is gone.

Going to the House I met Mr. Serjeant Cross coming from the Common Pleas. He said, If you don't curb the press the nation is gone. I replied, We will do so when you are ready to suppress the rebellion, which will instantly be the consequence, by coming out at the head of a troop of cavalry. He answered, I am ready. And yet, said I, you

were the defender of Brandreth, the rebel and murderer, not merely by giving him the benefit of the law, but by all popular topics, no doubt upon the principle that a lawyer is only to consider his client, though he may ruin the country. He laughed, but had nothing to say.

I found the House full, every body on the stretch with expectation. The Long Gallery was crowded with members of the House of Commons, who conferred in groups according to their parties, hopes, and wishes. All expected the third reading to be carried, but by what majority was the constant question. This varied, as word was brought how different Lds. had spoken. The Bishop of Gloucester (Ryder, Ld. Harrowby's brother) made a fair and manly speech. He said he felt bound to vote against the Bill, but not to shrink from expressing his opinion upon the main and real question, the guilt or innocence of the Queen, and, after having given a most painful attention to the evidence, he felt obliged to pronounce her *guilty*. If, therefore, he voted against the punishment of that guilt, it was solely on account of the Divorce clause being left in, which he could not on religious principles approve or support. Creevy, the most bitter of all the mountain, observed to Tierney, by whom I was standing, that his speech was admirable. He did not like the Bp. of Chester (Law) so well. *He* also disapproved the Divorce clause and therefore would not vote for the Bill; but he would not vote against it. He said his conviction was perfect that

the Queen was guilty. If, as she had protested before her Maker, she was innocent, never in the world had innocence been so accompanied with corroborations of guilt. He had heard with abhorrence his Sovereign compared with the most sanguinary tyrant of antiquity, that Sovereign whose annals, when Regent, would compare with the best and most glorious periods of our history. He had heard with shame a declaration from another peer (Grosvenor) that he would have thrown the Liturgy in the King's face. All this made him regret the more that he could not vote for the Bill, but determined him not to give it any impediment, he therefore should give no vote at all.

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Standing by the throne with Tierney, he told me there was a talk that the Bill was not to be pressed, and it was supposed would be withdrawn either at or after the third reading, and asked me if it was true. I told him I should be glad if it was. Creevy, Wilson (Sir Robert), and other Radicals were all eager upon it, but I did not, and indeed could not, satisfy them; rather hoping than being sure of it myself. I said that perhaps, from the number that had spoken against it, the third reading itself would not pass. They held that to be impossible, but Tierney said that Ld. Harrowby could not possibly remain in the Cabinet, and offered to lay a wager he was that moment out or would be to-morrow. He was bound to go. I asked, Why any more than Canning? He replied

that C. had tendered his resignation, only it was not accepted. I asked, And why not Ld. Harrowby? which silenced him. Reverting to the debate, he said the third reading must be pushed to a vote. I replied, Yes; for the sake of consistency; it is impossible to abandon it after all that had been done. I do not count much upon their consistency, observed he, laughing, but for the sake of escaping in another quarter, meaning the King. If it is lost, however, or withdrawn, continued Tierney, there must be a change. Then, as if recollecting himself, he added, I do not mean a general change, but Ministers cannot remain as they are, but Lds. Liverpool and Harrowby must go out. I said with the confidence I felt, You will find yourself mistaken. Maberley, who had betted high that Ld. Liverpool would not be Minister when the Commons met again on the 23rd, came up at this instant, and Tierney said, You will win your wager. I offered to add to it, but M. declined. The debate was now drawing to a close, and most of the peers who were speaking, whether for or against the third reading (the Duke of Northumberland very emphatically), were declaring their conviction that the Q. was guilty. At length the division was called, and Ld. Gage enforced the standing order, that each peer should give his vote in his place seriatim. The result was the small majority of 9; the numbers being 108 to 99. Ld. Liverpool then got up and withdrew the Bill; resting it upon so small a majority *in the circumstances of the country*. This seemed a

confession that Radicalism had triumphed by the threats and clamour out of doors, and so far is melancholy. But it is the wisest thing that could be done. There was some cheering, but chiefly if not entirely by Opposition. It is not true, as reported, that there was a general acclamation, or that there was cheering from the Ministerialists. On the contrary, the Duke of Montrose protested against the abandonment on his legs, and the D. of Northumberland and Ld. Sheffield in a protest in form. This example will probably be followed if there is time, but as we shall probably be prorogued on the 23rd (before any business can be done), there will not be time. As might be expected there was much sensation in the House, and Ld. Grey got up,

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but the interest was all split and diverted, and he was little minded; all were speculating upon the probable event what was to happen next, and what done with the Queen. Creevy said to me it was most wise conduct, and affected to deplore that now the Bill should come to our House. I replied, I should have thought you would have liked it; you would have had such a glorious opportunity to abuse Ministers. To-day's result will have spoiled your sport. Sport! said he; it is no sport to me to abuse the Government when the country is so much endangered. Brougham sent off immediately to inform the Queen, who was in an adjoining room, and he and others seemed to rest much upon the majority of nine being the exact

number of the Cabinet Ministers who are peers, inferring that their votes should go for nothing, and if they were abstracted the numbers would have been equal. The inference is false, for there are at least as many voices on the other side to the full as much interested as the Ministers, viz., all those who want to get into their places. But the fact itself is also false, for Ld. Harrowby was not there, so all the fine thought is lost. Several Lds. on each side did not vote who had voted before, twenty-one in number. Ld. Lonsdale was confined by illness, and Ld. Harewood had retreated to Yorkshire from the time of his memorable speech.*

Finding Tierney in the Long Gallery amid a crowd of speculators, he said again he would bet anything Ld. Liverpool would go out. I offered to take him to any small amount not exceeding twenty guineas. He drew in from the bet, though not from his opinion, saying it would not be proper for his name to be coupled with a bet on such a subject, in which he was right.

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At a board with the Duke, who came from the House; I saw by his manner he was in high good humour, and after business he motioned me to go down stairs with him, where Arbuthnot was waiting for him. Well, said he, we have done exceedingly well, and have avoided all sort of mischief, I

* He had in this intimated a wish that, without proceeding further with the bill, the evidence should be allowed to operate on the good sense of the country.

think, with safety and without dishonour. The votes put the question of guilt or innocence out of doubt; the withdrawing is grounded upon mere expediency, and has nothing to do with the verdict; had we given up before the third reading, it would have been different. I was too happy to concur, and said that all would now gradually, I hoped, subside; that all that sober people wanted was an end one way or the other, and that in the City, in particular, I found from my friends there it was an opinion that trade and adventure would again open if there was only a decision. He said there were many questions yet to come, but they were of minor importance. I told him what Congreve had said, that if Ministers left the King it would drive him frantic, which seemed to strike him, and he agreed that Congreve was not unlikely to have heard this. Arbuthnot being upon business, I then left him.

The triumph in the streets was not so great as might have been expected, considering that it is in the streets that the Queen's party is chiefly to be found. Ld. Fitzroy told me he had heard that Ld. Blessington brought a report to the Lds. that the Guards on duty had huzzaed the moment the news was known. Seymour, Bathurst, and all the officers on duty, contradicted this in the most positive manner, and said there was not a semblance of it. Yet this lie will, I have no doubt, be spread by Wood and others, and embodied in all the Radical papers whose existence is lie. In the evening saw Pole, who was in great spirits. At night there was an illumination

and some rioting. The Duke would not light up, and sat at home all the evening, and so quiet, he said, that he began to think he was a popular Minister.

The Duke of Montrose and Ld. Sheffield, it seems, have protested against the withdrawing the Bill, and ground their reasons upon the clearness of the proofs of guilt that had swayed the House.

Ld. * * * dined with me. He had been very active in the House in every stage against the Bill, and, in a letter he wrote me, called it an unnecessary and unjustifiable measure. To-day he had been particularly eager, and obtained a vote in Ld. Portsmouth, which he had not meant to give. Ld. P.'s weakness of intellect might perhaps, too, have prevented him from attending the trial; however he had done so, voted for the second reading, and intended to vote for the third. His infirmity sometimes required that a friend should tell him the time for voting, and the words he was to use. Ld. de Dunstanville was about to do this, when Ld. * * * called "Order!" loudly and repeatedly; and Ld. P., frightened and nervous, said Not content instead of Content as he intended. I reproached Ld. * * * with this, but he laughingly gloried in it, and thus the most *honest*, honourable, virtuous man that perhaps ever lived, is not exempt from being hurried into injustice when heated by a particular object. He was loud against what he called the meanness of those Bishops who, objecting to the Divorce clause, yet declined voting against the Bill. With all this he thinks the Queen decidedly guilty; and when I said, I suppose you mean

to present * * * at Brandenburgh House, he, with a sudden change to solemnity, and with great emphasis, exclaimed "NEVER." His feeling is caused by his notion of the Scripture doctrine of divorce, in which I think him totally wrong, and his sense of the King's early treatment of the Queen, in which he is, perhaps, not far from being right. This, however, does not affect the real question. We looked at his button-hole for the order of St. Caroline, &c., all which he bore with his usual good humour. Yet from not mixing, perhaps, a great deal with the world, how much is this excellent man mistaken!

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Nov. 11*th*, 1820.—Vansittart called upon me on business; he, too, thought the Bill wisely given up, and told me Parliament would be prorogued. There was no truth in the supposition that any negotiation was on foot with the Queen relative to her going abroad. Indeed, said Vansittart, I know not that the H. of Commons would give her 50,000*l.* a year on any terms, after the proofs of infamous conduct that have been given. People begin to canvass the propriety of withdrawing the Bill, and criticise the reasons drawn from the smallness of the last majority. Questions of the most immense and vital importance have been carried into laws, and acted upon for ever after, upon smaller majorities than that upon the third reading.

Nov. 16*th*, 1820.—At Vansittart's by appointment on business. After it was over, I asked if there was any truth in the report that an important communication was to be made to Parliament on the 23rd,

I did not believe it. He said certainly not; and he he hoped Black Rod would be so close upon the Speaker's heels, that there would not be time for a single word to be said. We discussed prorogation to January, which he thought wise, because it would give time for spirits to cool, and the excitement about the Queen to subside. In the course of conversation he said that Ministers were bound in honour, at whatever expense of struggle and courage, to stand by the King as long as he was firm to *them*. That he was very firm and in good spirits, but not very well.

There was a Cabinet to-day, but the prorogation not decided.

Saw Ld. C. Somerset, who seemed full of fears at the giving up the Bill, and thought the Whigs and Radicals would triumph so as to force us out.

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Nov. 17*th*.— Another Cabinet. I hear the Queen has written to Ld. Liverpool to *demand* a Palace, as if she was an innocent person. This the Cabinet have resolved to refuse, being determined, at all hazards, to act upon their conviction of her guilt. They have, therefore, resolved to stand or fall upon this and her restoration to the Liturgy. They do not mean by this to oppose a liberal allowance for her comfort, and had accordingly told her that she might have what money she chose to provide herself a house; but I am not prepared to say the refusal of the Palace is a proper measure. I am at least much swayed with the notion that not to enhance her conse-

quence, by opposing her in trifles, would be the wisest way to let the subject dwindle.

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Nov. 18*th*, 1820.—Called upon Becket (Judge-Advocate-General), Lady Ann was low about Ld. Lonsdale, and B. feared his case had been mistaken. As to politics, he rejoiced in the decision on the Palace, and thought there was a change appearing against the Queen. He said that by January he would bet the King was uppermost, which he would not be if Parliament met now. I see no signs of it. There has, however, been a considerable difference between the Cabinet and the King on the meeting of Parliament, in which after a struggle the King yielded. It seems the King always yields if firmly opposed. On this I cannot help calling to mind a conversation with Sir Thos. Tyrwhitt, my old college acquaintance, and who, with a thousand little vanities and odd peculiarities, was perhaps the fairest man the King had about him when Prince.

With Courtenay at the India Board. Canning arrives in town this evening from Paris.

November 20*th*, 1820.—Heard from Lord Kenyon, who had got to Gridlington. He gave a ludicrous account of his distresses on the way. The mob, it seems, at* . . . , not understanding his real sentiments of the Queen, and taking him (as well they might) for one of her partisans *de bon cœur*, like Alderman Wood or Sir R. Wilson, had attempted to draw him through the town, and prepared flags, with

* Blank in the original.

"The Queen and Kenyon for ever!" Nothing on earth could have annoyed him more, and he was forced to run for it through the town and escape. We were much amused. He implores peace, and that this bad woman, by being no more noticed, may be allowed to drop with her infamy into oblivion.

November 21st. — Rode with the Vice-Chancellor (Sir John Leach) in the Park. He did not like things, of course. He said there had been a blow given to the morals of the country, in inducing people to believe that adultery and the grossest licentiousness might yet be thought innocence, and triumph. That Ministers ought to have gone on with the Bill to the House of Commons, where he thought (to me most erroneously) that it would have passed. He could not conceive a reason for Ld. Liverpool's opinion, if he would have gone on with the original majority of twenty-eight why not with nine? The difference was nothing. I expected him to talk of the small majorities at the Revolution, but he did not. He said Wilberforce and the saints were all for the Bill; there would have been a great deal of sedition, but it would have passed; that the King had been greatly annoyed, but was much recovered. Speaking of the Opposition, he said nothing could have *begun* better, but they could not resist their old leaven of striving to take advantage of popular excitement against duty, and now nothing could be worse; he could not comprehend the change, particularly in such a man as his good friend, Ld. Essex, whose sentiments now were the reverse, in the ex-

treme, to what they had been in the beginning of the affair. It was needless to tell him I thought differently from him as to the House of Commons, particularly as to Wilberforce; he said, the case would have been made out much more strongly than in the Lds. by fresh witnesses that had arrived. When I told him Ministers meant to stand or fall by what the Commons might decide as to the Liturgy and the refusal of the Palace, he said, he did not see how any set of men could support the King through the affair so well as the present; that the Whigs, from their latter conduct, certainly could not. All this I understood, and it confirmed to me what we had so often heard, that at first the Whigs were flirting with the King through Sir John himself, probably by means of Ld. Essex. When I asked upon whom he could build, when such a man as Ld. Arden spoke so churlishly, and voted so totally against all that was expected from his principles, he observed, "That was a mere tribute to Perceval his brother's memory, who had been the friend of the Queen, when *really* persecuted by the Talents."

Sir Colin Campbell, who commands at the Tower, told us the mob insulted, and had even beaten some of the soldiers who were out on leave. Six of the mob against two soldiers. They began by asking if they were the King's men or Queen's men. They not answering, the mob thrashed them. The soldiers complained to their comrades, who conferred together, and said, if this was to be, they would come out in parties and see who would have the worst.

November 22*nd*, 1820. — Was with Vansittart by appointment. We had some politics. He hoped and believed things would cool after the prorogation on the 23rd; and, as to next session, had more fear about the Palace than the Liturgy. He grounded this on Wilberforce, and those who had been most for the restoration before, giving it up for the reasons stated. What would they now after such evidence? Met the Duke just come to town. He took me under the arm, and walked me to Ld. Bathurst's. He was in excellent humour, and asked what news; having, as he said, been a country gentleman for two days. I said I thought the heat a little, and but a little, subsiding. He observed he thought so too, and that it would more after to-morrow, the prorogation. He was more convinced than ever of the wisdom of that measure, and of withdrawing the Bill."

The remaining portion of Mr. Ward's diary, though embracing many curious and interesting political details, and professedly intended for publication, appears to me to comprehend a period too recent to make its continuance expedient. It will be seen by the extracts already given, that he both entertains and expresses very decided opinions as to the political conduct of his opponents, and even occasionally of his own party. I know, too, from the warm kindliness of his nature, he would have been the last to wish that any pain

should be given to their surviving connexions, through expressions of opinion which he considered justified, and even required, by the events upon which he was commenting. It is upon this principle that many omissions of names and of particular anecdotes have been determined on, and it is with the same views that I have stopped short at a period when such omissions would too frequently interrupt the continuity of the journal.

As a party politician, taking strong views and expressing them openly, brought in contact, as we have seen, with men of both sides, both in and out of the House, and put forward on many occasions to receive and repel official attacks, I believe few have retired from the political arena with more cordial feelings of personal good-will.

CHAP. IV.

FIRST COMMENCEMENT OF NOVEL-WRITING.—"TREMAINE" PUBLISHED BY COLBURN.—REASONS FOR PRESERVING INCOGNITO.—LETTERS TO AND FROM MR. AND MRS. AUSTEN, ROBERT SOUTHEY, THE LATE DR. COPLESTON, BISHOP OF LLANDAFF, AND OTHERS.—ODD CONSEQUENCES OF HIS INCOGNITO.—VISITS MULGRAVE CASTLE.—LETTERS THENCE TO MR. AND MRS. AUSTEN.—OTHER FASHIONABLE NOVELISTS IN THE FIELD.—CRITICISM ON "VIVIAN GREY."—"DE VERE."—LETTERS THEREON FROM CANNING, FROM AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT, AND FROM B. D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

THE death of that beloved wife to whom he had been now united for upwards of a quarter of a century affected him deeply, and he began to think of retiring from active public life, in which he had been so long engaged during times of unexampled interest and excitement. He gave up his seat at the Board of Ordnance, and retired from Parliament after the session of 1823, being soon afterwards appointed Auditor of the Civil List. Before, however, he took leave of the House of Commons, he had occasion to make a reply to a vehement attack of Mr. Hume on the Ordnance Estimates, which called forth the following congratulatory letter from one of his oldest college friends.

Sir Michael Shaw Stewart to R. Ward, Esq.

"Edinburgh, Feb. 26. 1823.

"My dear Ward,

"I have just been reading your admirable reply to Hume, and I feel an impulse that I cannot resist, to congratulate you on the complete drubbing which you so genteely gave him, and to express the satisfaction I experienced in the ample proofs which you so forcibly brought forward of the fair, honourable, and disinterested conduct of all the individuals concerned in the appointment he so illiberally attacked.* Nothing could be more effectually done; and, recollections of former times occurring, I really felt as if I had a share in the triumph of my old and valued friend. But what a beautiful and unprecedented epoch in parliamentary history this is; when in our annals was ever an *exposé* of a Chancellor received as the last? Clouds and darkness did indeed seem to rest upon us; partly from actual distress, but more from the dismal croakings and exaggerated statements of the agricultural meetings; when, at once, the sun burst forth in splendour, an unchallenged, uncontroverted display of our wealth and prosperity is made manifest, and Opposition itself is disarmed. Long may this 'new feeling,' as Ld. Milton calls it, last; and long may the plan and principles of

* The appointment alluded to is that of Lord Beresford as Lt.-General of the Ordnance. The debate was also graced by a brilliant speech from Mr. Canning, who refused to allow the motion to be withdrawn. It was, therefore, rejected by 200 to 73.

Ministers make it a pride to their opponents to abandon their enmity to Government

"My three sons, who are here, all participate in the feelings of their father, and my wife, who is 'no politician,' sympathises most cordially in our general joy at your success.

"If you have a spare moment I shall be most happy to hear from you, and of your family; your son I know is well disposed of abroad. Adieu, my dear Ward, and, with the united best wishes of me and mine, believe me ever

"Most sincerely yours,

"MICH. SHAW STEWART."

It was at this time that Mr. Ward began an undertaking upon which his reputation and the interest that attaches to his name will mainly depend. The political events of the day are soon fogotten, and still sooner the names of those who took any except the principal part in them; but long after this will live the memory of him who, having amused and instructed in his day, can still continue to call forth a reader's sympathies in after time by any sterling literary performance of permanent interest.

Mr. Ward had before now done great service with his pen, and had exercised it upon the most varied topics. History, law, poetry, and jurisprudence; questions, personal and national, connected with the politics of the day; official reports and financial calculations, had all in turn employed his energies: but, having now retired from the turmoil of politics, he was induced to devote the restless energies of

an active mind to the composition of a novel. He had ever mixed in a society where he could note down the refinements, as well as the follies, of the great and fashionable; he had been a not unobservant spectator of the game of politics; he had also most sedulously directed his less employed moments to the consideration of the various arguments on either side, on the all-important question of the evidences of natural and revealed religion. He determined to write a book in which he should avail himself of his experience, his speculations, and his opinions upon all these points, and that he would do so in that form most attractive to general readers — a novel.

It could not be denied that the English school of novel-writing (in more modern times) had many merits. It had the not least important one of being adapted for the perusal of all, without offending the delicacy of any; it could further boast, as its characteristic, the natural development of an interesting and seldom improbable story, a correct and original conception of individual character, a skilful adaptation of the events of history, the enforcement of a wholesome moral, and a certain elegance in the style of composition. Such, it cannot be denied, were the ordinary characteristics of the best of the modern English novels at the time Mr. Ward began his task. It will be seen, however, from this enumeration, that there is not to be ascribed to them that for which fiction may be more peculiarly made the vehicle, viz. any depth of philosophical reflection, any complete development of

peculiar types of character, any such epigrammatic terseness of diction as should lead the reader to return again and again to the opinions of his author, for the sake of their depth, their originality, or the happy terms in which they were expressed.

If any one had perused such productions, pencil in hand, with a view to revert to his favourite passages, he might have marked here a pretty description of scenery, there an animated dialogue, in another place a striking situation, but he could rarely have found a gem that would sparkle when placed by itself, or which could be transferred to a fresh setting.

Another defect that was found almost universally in these productions was, a perversion (unintentional no doubt, but still not the less constant) of the manners, vices, feelings, and actions of the upper classes of society, who were made alternately heroes possessed of every noble virtue, or insolent profligates ever ready to make an unfair and base use of the power given them by their position. The fact was, that the descriptions were given at second-hand, till what was considered in this respect natural in a novel, became as complete a piece of traditional *conventionalism*, as the interviews between a master and his *valet de chambre* are allowed to be on the stage.

It was with a purpose of supplying some, if not all these defects, and of affording, along with food for the thoughtful mind, the necessary relaxation which all require, that Mr. Ward began his novel. He had determined to preserve the strictest incognito, moved partly by an anxiety to have the genuine and un-

biassed opinion of the reader, partly by the excitement of the mystery attendant upon it, but principally urged by considerations arising out of the two very opposite subjects which were to be combined in the same book: viz. first, sketches of fashionable society, with strictures upon its occasional emptiness and insolence; and, secondly, a discussion of some of the most important questions that can be presented to reasoning beings.

As his handwriting was sufficiently peculiar to be easily recognised, every page when written was recopied, and in this he had most willing and useful assistants in his daughters; so great was the interest taken by them in his book, that he used to boast how on one occasion, when a portion of the manuscript containing a long chapter had been lost, they were able to resupply the whole of it from memory, without (as even the author himself confessed) so much as an error in a word.

The work once ready for publication, his grand difficulty was to arrange with a publisher without running the risk of betraying his authorship, and for this purpose he fortunately bethought himself of his friend and personal solicitor, B. Austen, Esq. By his cooperation he was enabled to preserve for some time his incognito, amid the curiosity which "Tremaine" so generally excited.

He now commenced a correspondence with a lady whose own talent, and whose ready appreciation of that of others, induced him to an exertion of his epistolary powers, such as cannot fail to render his letters

(for which I am indebted to her kindness) an interesting feature in these Memoirs. Mrs. Austen, in consequence of the interest excited in her by each progressive arrangement for the publication of "Tremaine," in all of which her husband bore so active a part, had kindly undertaken to convey to the author a *résumé* of remarks upon it made by a literary conclave assembled at her own table. She had upon this occasion an opportunity of embracing in her report the approval of so high an authority as Mr. D'Israeli, sen.; to this he alludes in the following letter.

R. Ward, Esq., to Mrs. Austen.

"Chester Street, Saturday, (April,) 1825.

"My dear Mrs. Austen,

"Your kind, flattering, and gratifying letter greeted me last night on my return home from Sir George Beaumont's, where I had dined, and where there had been much of *dilettanti* discussions, and much on literature; but though there had been some talk upon "Tremaine," nothing so pleasing as yours. I do assure you it is no affectation to say, that, though I felt all Mr. D'Israeli's praises much, I felt your good-nature in recording them more, and I was even lost in grateful surprise at the trouble you have condescended to take to give me the pleasure your letter inspires. How I am to thank you I really do not know, nor should if I were even broad awake, which I am not, for I got up exceedingly early because I would not let an unnecessary minute pass without telling you how much pleasure

your kindness gave me. Your husband had left me much his debtor before, what am I to do now when his wife gives a charm to it which those only who know the value of a woman's kindness can appreciate? But I must stop, or I shall get as sentimental as Tremaine himself, for it is very certain I cannot with common feelings tell you how much the kind interest which prompted so much trouble has impressed me. As to the communication itself, it would be great affectation to say that it did not very much please me. The critic is himself too well known not to make me feel that his is no mean praise, and it would go far to dispel any doubts or fears I might have for the reputation of the work. What I am pleased with as much as anything, is the penetration of the remark that it must have been a *pet* work, kept always at hand, always in mind, and recurred to at every possible interval of leisure. This is the exact account, and describes the interest both of me and my girls in it for the last two years, most precisely. Even all of us (the girls quite as much as myself) considered Evelyn, Georgina, and Jack, not merely as friends, but as relations and parts of the family at Hyde House, so that Julia used sometimes to think she would meet them in the walks when she went out, or waiting for her at the tea-table when she returned home. Tremaine himself was too great a man to be an inmate, but was a constant visitor. By the way, it is both curious and interesting to me to hear how much this same *fastidieux* is admired by your sex. I have been sometimes quite amused by hearing many

young ladies say he was not a bit too old, and that they could not have refused him like Georgina, but would have married him first for the sake of converting him afterwards. My incognito makes all this quite entertaining. But I must release you, my dear Mrs. Austen, nor will I revert again to the subject of thanks, for I should never have done, I will only say that I am your grateful friend and servant,

"R. W."

R. Ward, Esq., to Mrs. Austen.

"Chester Street, Tuesday, May 13. 1825.

"My dear Mrs. Austen,

"All you tell me is important; the prospect as to the Quarterly seems quite inviting, or at least to lose many of its horrors. Yet what would you have said if you had heard, as I did yesterday, from * * * at his own table, that he thought the work, particularly the third volume, very heavy indeed. This, too, immediately after telling me he had heard, but could not believe, I was the author. Upon this I begged to say, what was true, that I had heard Sydney Smith (who was there) was the author. Nobody else seemed to have read it but Sir S. Shepherd, and he did not agree with * * *, but the impression left certainly was that it was very stupid. I had heard in the morning that a determined "exclusive," an earl's daughter, had said it was vulgar, and gave Jack Careless as an instance. This was too contemptible, so in return I told her aunt (who had told me) that

I had heard she had sat for *Lady Gertrude*, which of course will be told her again. You see, however, that I am not so rich in honour as your kindness may have thought me, so that I still want a little dream of confidence. You see what it is to have shown yourself so obliging a writer.

"Yours,
"R. W."

The strict incognito which had been so successfully kept up gave rise to curious scenes, as it very often happened that the author was present when his own performance was discussed. Nothing, however, can excel in absurdity the event detailed in the following letter; unless indeed we may be permitted to suppose an ingenious piece of waggery on the part of one who well knew how to "sport in season," and who might have hoped, by the ingenuity of his conception, to throw the real author off his guard.

R. Ward, Esq., to Mrs. Austen.

"Guildford Street, May, 1825.

"What I chiefly called for was to tell you something I think will amuse you. I met Sydney Smith yesterday at the Attorney-General's, and he said, I certainly did suspect you, but the author of "Tremaine" has at length disclosed himself, and it is not you but a Mr. Ogle, son of the late Bishop of Winchester; and I think, he added, he was a clergyman, at any rate till now, he said, unknown to fame. Of course I asked how he knew all this; to which he answered, in

the best possible way, from his own confession, or rather from his claiming it. In short Mrs. * * * (wife of the M.P.) has had a letter from him, as she assured me, in which he says, "*I* am the author of 'Tremaine,' and as I have no means of knowing in the country, I wish you would tell me how it has gone off." So far Sydney Smith. Now if this is not a hoax of Mrs. * * *, is it not one of the best things you ever heard. You may tell it where you like, and that Smith believes it. Lady S. Bathurst told me why Lady Holland was so desirous of knowing the author, she wishes the third volume had been made a work by itself. So I would have made it, had I suspected her Ladyship, or any other lady, would have read it in that shape. Col. Ponsonby told me his fourteen reasons for being sure who was the author."†

The success of "Tremaine," as well as the interest about the author, had been very great. Speculations at dinner tables, leading articles in newspapers, and comparisons of style among literary men, had been directed to the solution of the mystery, and yet it still remained one. A second edition was in preparation early in April, in the progress of which the author, with an impartiality not very common, announced to Mr. Austen that he had "cut out fifty

† He was betrayed to one who knew him well, but who had commenced the perusal of "Tremaine" without the slightest suspicion as to its author, by his raptures about rooks. In her letter to him she remarks: "The rooks betrayed you first. You say they can converse with one another; you might have gone a step further, for I can assure you *they told us your secret.*"

pages of the first volume, with as little damage to the whole, as thinning any plantation." The publisher expressed himself "highly satisfied with the sale," and already was "a new work suggested" to the happy author. His friends, as enthusiastic admirers of "Tremaine," remonstrated against so wholesale an abandonment of passages which, if not equally pleasing to all, had been adapted to particular tastes; and Mr. Austen suggested, instead of an omission in the second edition of so much in a work that had already acquired popularity, the correction of many verbal inaccuracies, and of some opinions which a clever friend of his had suggested as requiring reconsideration. The following letter to Mr. Austen notices both these requests.

R. Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

"Chester Street, Tuesday, April 24. 1825.

"Dear Austen,

"I got all your packets and your friendly letter safe, I shall probably on your representations curtail my curtailments, and have sent for Colburn's first volume which I had returned to him. His "friend's" castigation did not amount to an eighth part of mine, and he had left in almost the whole story of Eugenia, not because *he* liked it, but because the world did, which I did not know. I shall leave its insertion or alteration to him, and will retrench some of my prunings in the other places. I am very much flattered by your friend's opinion. He is evidently from all his annotations

eminently qualified to give one, and I am much obliged to you for sending them. With almost all of them I agree. Indeed those on the mangled state of the quotations are obvious to any one, and were all corrected by me when I saw the proofs; yet, most strange to say, such was the obstinate stupidity of the printer, particularly of the first volume, that *new* errors came forth when the work was finally printed, in addition to many uncorrected ones. These were chiefly where one would not wish them to be, in the Latin quotations, most of which were distorted, and even in those from Shakspeare. "Chewing the cud," for example, was right in the proof, and changed to chewing *the food* in the final print. So in almost all the quotations from Horace: and the punctuations are wretchedly mangled. Even, therefore, had I had the benefit of your friend's valuable assistance in correcting the press, so miserably ill have I been served, that I probably should not have reaped the advantage of it. In some of your friend's remarks I think he mistakes me. I agree with him (e.g.) that nothing can be happier than Johnson's illustration, that a small and large glass many be equally full, but not equally capacious. If my meaning, therefore, had been that Careless was as happy as a more refined man, because each was only as happy *as he could be*, your friend would have been right; but my position was, that the very quantity of his happiness, though occasioned by smaller things, was equal to that enjoyed by

more cultivated people. In this I agree with Hume, that a school-girl miss at the first ball where she is admired is quite as happy as an orator commanding the senate. I have myself sometimes had the cheers of the House of Commons, and been congratulated both by Ministers and Opposition on what I had done, but neither my vanity, nor better feelings combined, made the sum of my happiness equal to [that resulting from] the applause I remember I got when acting in a school play; and it was certainly less, much less, than I have sometimes enjoyed when sitting alone in a calm evening, scenting the bean-flower, and listening to a blackbird. If this finds you in Gray's Inn, probably I shall get laughed at; if in Mrs. Austen's boudoir, I hope she will not draw me in caricature. Some of your friend's remarks, though strictly just, I think are too severe for the nature of the work. He may be right that whipping John Hodges for stealing turkeys is incorrect. I will not say that, with so fine a mind as he shows, this puts me in mind of the anecdote of Sergeant B. in the third volume. His criticisms, however, before the MS. went to press, would have been of the greatest possible advantage in detecting the minutest faults, and I am sure I ought to add in the support and confidence which his good opinion gives. With that power to detect faults, his praise is of the highest kind, and I beg you to believe how flattered I am by it. It will console me almost for what I had the fate to hear from so great a critic as Lord Binning, at the

dinner at the Ch. of the Exchequer's on Saturday. Nobody had read "Tremaine" but himself; and his account was, that it was written by somebody who had a great deal of knowledge, but he thought "it a dull book." Lord G. Seymour said he had heard otherwise. But as nobody had seen it, and *I* could not assure them that it was remarkably the reverse, the sentence passed, and will remain in force. Adieu, for I have plagued you enough. I will return your books as soon as I receive Colburn's back again, into which I mean to transpose your friend's notes, and between us all I hope for an improved edition. I need not beg to be remembered to Mrs. Austen, or say how much

"I am yours,

"R. WARD."

The controversial part of his work (upon which, as the result of greater thought upon subjects of a higher character, he bestowed more of his partiality than on the mere narration of imaginary events, however graceful the style) was now to receive the honours of a lengthened notice from one of the greatest authorities, even in Oxford. It was forwarded to him as "author of Tremaine," his distinguished correspondent having no knowledge of his name. I shall precede it by the following extract from a letter of his own to Mr. Austen, and by communications from the celebrated authors of "the Doctor," and of "the Man of Feeling."

R. Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

"Chester Street, April 27. 1825.

"Dear Austen,

"I have again sent back C.'s first volume with castigated castigations, leaving Eugenia to his friend. I trust we shall be perfect at last. What has been the greatest satisfaction of all I have received, is a letter from Dr. Copleston, the most eminent divine and scholar of Oxford, to whom you know I sent the book, though without my name. His letter sets me quite at rest as to the character and success of the work, for where he differs from me, it is only because he differs from Locke and Clarke, and confesses he undervalues Natural Religion from the evident fear that it may depreciate Christianity. On the other hand he bestows all the approbation I could ever wish (much more than I could ever fancy) upon the execution and ability of the book, and where he agrees, which is with by far the greatest part, his suffrage is given in the most flattering manner. This relates to the third volume only, and he even begs I will go on with the Theology. As to the two first vols., he is almost, if not more so, as gratifying as D'Israeli himself."

Robert Southey, Esq., to the Author of "Tremaine."

"Keswick, May 16. 1825.

"Sir,

"I thank you for your book. You have done well in writing it. Men who would not be induced

to read Skelton or Berkeley may find themselves engaged unawares in your volumes, and be reclaimed from infidelity. I have derived that pleasure from them which we all feel whenever we see our own opinions ably and successfully supported. You have surprised me by your assertion that the brain is dissolved once in every forty-eight hours. It is by no means likely that you should have advanced it without good authority. Nor should I hesitate at believing it upon the mere ground that, though I have lived much with medical men, I never heard a statement in any way approaching it, for no man ought to argue from his own ignorance against another's knowledge. But I doubt it for this reason, that I do not see how it is possible for any such fact to have been ascertained.

"I am pleased with the manner in which you speak of Mr. Perceval. His death was the greatest misfortune which this country has sustained in our days. So I thought at the time, and so we now find it.

"You mention the murderer of the Bonars, as having acted under a sudden impulse of madness. Perhaps you may not have heard that that impulse was occasioned by a vindictive feeling at hearing them rejoice because the Catholic Bill was thrown out, and that great pains were taken to prevent him from publicly confessing this by the priest who attended him to the last moment. I believe no doubt was entertained of this by the persons who were most interested in ascertaining the fact.

"I have not lately been enough in the world (as the phrase is) to hear whether you are as much an incognito in London as at Keswick. But if you are not, or if at any time you should cease to be so, should you be a stranger I should think myself fortunate in making your acquaintance, should you be an acquaintance in improving it.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obliged and obedient servant,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

In presenting the following very interesting extracts from the long letter with which he was favoured by the late eminent bishop of Llandaff, Dr. Copleston, I have most sensibly to regret that event which has had, however, the effect of removing the scruples I should have felt as to publishing in his lifetime his opinions upon such deeply interesting subjects as those on which he treats. Now, however, that this shining light is quenched, his views upon points which have puzzled, and in all probability will continue to puzzle, the wisest and the best, till that day when all shall be made clear, cannot but be regarded with affectionate interest.

Dr. Copleston to the Author of "Tremaine."

". . . . . The first two volumes were quickly dispatched; and the charm which you have thrown over the story, by the beautiful delineation of character, the variety of manners, the knowledge of

life, and the glow of virtuous sentiment, and of natural feeling, purified and elevated by religion, which it exhibits, would alone have induced me to thank you heartily for the pleasure thus afforded me — a pleasure more lively, I think, and purer than any I ever received from a work denominated a novel. It is, however, of the argument in the third volume that I am aware you wish me to speak. And I will speak without reserve, but in a desultory manner, of some points connected with it.

"In the first place, then, I must express my dislike of the order adopted by many writers, an order the nature of your plot seems to require, but which appears to me inverted, that of making *natural religion* the introduction to revealed. That there is such a thing as natural religion, I do not dispute; and, even now that we have better evidence of its truths than mankind formerly possessed, it may still be useful at times to pursue those reasonings which the wisest of the heathens have anticipated. But those reasonings are full of difficulty and perplexity. They never produced a firm and steady faith; and as far as the doctrine of a future state goes, which is the most important of them all, they are, I am compelled to say, most unsatisfactory.

"Indeed, my own conviction is, that it was never the design of Providence that mankind should have that expectation of a future state which amounts to faith, or positive belief, till the coming of our Lord. And a sufficient reason for this dispensation

is admirably demonstrated by Warburton in his unfinished ninth book—a train of thought which I have more than once pursued in sermons preached before the University. Immortality without a Redeemer is a notion incompatible with Christianity.*

"Hence you will not wonder that my own judgment should always direct me to ground a belief in religion upon the moral evidence of the truth of Christianity, and to revert to the argument for natural religion, for the purpose only of satisfying doubts and answering objections and confirming positions already established in a more direct way.

"My method indeed would be this. First, to instruct a person in the doctrines of the Bible, as if their truth was unquestionable. Then to teach natural theology, as Paley taught it; it can hardly be better done. Then the positive evidences of Christianity; and, lastly, to press Butler's admirable argument against the objections of the Deist, or against those uneasy surmises which spring up in active and inquiring minds. This argument, as against the Deist, appears to me irrefragable. I cannot say so much of his argument for natural

* The word "Christianity" in the original is probably written inadvertently instead of some other word; for as it stands at present the sense is by no means clear. The faith of a Christian, or in other words, "Christianity itself," holds that not only by Jesus Christ came "immortality," but also "redemption." To suppose, then, immortality without a Redeemer, is to suppose that which is not merely "incompatible" with Christianity, but which is excluded "*ex vi termini*;" therefore, to assert that such an idea is incompatible with "Christianity" is, in fact, to assert a self-evident truth. He probably means that it is incompatible with the exalted idea of God's goodness to which the Christian man has, by God's grace, been brought.

religion, or that directed against the Atheist, an adversary only to be combated with success, in my opinion, by such weapons as Paley's.

"This will sufficiently explain why I do not zealously enter into *à priori* reasonings. To my mind they were always unsatisfactory. Clarke's demonstration makes not the slightest impression upon me. Indeed a great part may, I am sure, be resolved, as most metaphysical reasonings may, into a play upon words. Men affix a name which is necessary for the guidance of their own thoughts, and soon they treat this name as if it were a real being.

"You will forgive me, I trust, if I do not exempt yourself altogether from this charge. For instance, in p. 70., do not you speak of *idea* as a thing, an actual existence; and in pp. 72. 77., of *thought*, and in p. 80., of consciousness, in the same way? Let me add another example, the word *soundness* in p. 83. This charge you will not look upon as a token of disrespect, when I involve in it almost all metaphysical writers, and when I speak of Locke as the most provoking delinquent of the whole set. For in his chapter upon *words* he seems to be fully impressed with the truth of *nominalism*, but in all the rest of his argument he plunges headlong into realism, and this I find to be the universal practice—the fertile source of error in all abstract reasoning.

"If you have done me the honour of reading the preface to my sermons with attention, as well as those

parts of the sermons which touch upon the subject, you will not wonder at the importance I attach to these errors. They lie at the bottom of every question. Almost all the controversies about *prescience*, *free-will*, *contingency*, *certainty*, *probability*, are resolvable into disputes about words. And the solution I have suggested, that *contingent*, *certain*, *probable*, &c. are ideas so named, relative to our own perceptions, and not characteristic of the things themselves, simple as it seems, is, I believe, worth more towards the attainment of the truth, than whole volumes of the most abstruse reasonings, which proceed upon the supposed reality of those and the like qualities.

"If I were to follow up this subject much further, I should not have time to speak of the portions of your argument which appear to me extremely valuable. Before I enter, however, upon these, I must declare my opinion against the validity of the argument drawn from the mental faculties of man, and from the necessity of an immaterial principle. Almost the whole of it applies equally to brutes, and is defective, rather as falling under the technical description of 'proving too much,' than under that *reductio ad absurdum*, to which you refer it in p. 94. For the objector does not say that it *must* lead to such an absurd conclusion, which would prove the assumption to be false; but that it *may* lead to such a conclusion, and is therefore insufficient and inconclusive.

"Your argument for a Providence is ingenious and powerful; but I think in p. 227. you allow too

much to the apparent incompatibility of that doctrine with free-will. Surely there may be a power reserved of influencing the *will*, whether by presenting motives, or immediately by secret impulse, without impairing its freedom; as there may be a power reserved of modifying upon particular occasions, of abating, augmenting, or suspending the laws of the material world, without destroying that system, or even changing it, which to our reason appears to be the established order.

"The view given in p. 247. is able, and I believe I may say, original. Should I ever have the honour of a personal acquaintance, it would give me much pleasure to show you a sermon preached before the University ten or twelve years ago, in which the same idea is developed, and a similar train of thought indulged to that which you have introduced in this chapter. After all, the existence or the wide prevalence of evil must be allowed to stand an insurmountable difficulty in the way of human reason. Just and candid is the acknowledgment of Locke: 'I cannot make freedom in man consistent with omnipotence and omniscience in God, though I am as fully persuaded of both as of any truths I most firmly assent to.'* To this I will add a singular confession,

* May not his omni*potence* (which is distinguishable from omni*ficence*, if such a word be admissible) refrain from controlling *that* created being whose free-will seems inseparable both from his state of probation and from his responsibility; and may not his omniscience be exercised to its fullest extent in foreknowing that use which every such individual created being will make of his individual free-will; such free-will being meanwhile necessarily exercised upon such events and subjects only as the omnipotent and omniscient Creator permits and foresees?

that I cannot make infinite goodness and infinite power consistent with the extensive prevalence of evil, natural as well as moral, in the constitution of the universe. Yet these truths being indisputable*, I see a perfect accordance with them in the scheme of Christian redemption by a suffering Messiah, and my Deism therefore prepares me for embracing Christianity, although, if it were possible for me to be an Atheist, no part of Butler's argument would have any weight with me.

"In the last place, I come to your argument for a future state, deduced from the universality of religious impressions, from feeling of remorse, and from the consciousness of responsibility. All these arguments appear to me sound and admirable. The principle, 'that nature never acts in vain,' which is well enforced in p. 101., is beautifully and powerfully ex-

* Will it appear presumptuous to suggest, as a comment upon the text of so great a divine, that, without physical evil, some of our most shining virtues could not exist; and, without moral evil, the great sources of our most intense love for each Person of the undivided Trinity would not have been called forth? Without physical evil, where would be the virtues of fortitude, patience, resignation, charity, long suffering, or, indeed, any of those qualities which are more especially described as the fruits of the Spirit? And without the universal, and by man irresistible, prevalence of moral evil, our gratitude to the First Person of the Trinity for his gracious promise, to the Second for his inestimable sacrifice, and to the Third for that assistance by which alone we can ever resist moral evil, would fail. Without physical and moral evil, Job would never have emerged from the unknown crowd of rich men, and the most intense feelings of joy, gratitude, and love, of which our nature is capable would have been absent. Thus, though it is impossible for our finite power to resolve *causes*, it is granted to us to feel thankful for those *effects* which are mercifully placed within the reach of all, and most within the reach of those who, humanly speaking, suffer most from the existence of evil, whether moral or physical.

hibited throughout the whole of your seventeenth chapter, a chapter which is interesting and valuable in a high degree, and the reasoning of which deserves (if any thing in this latter age deserves) to be called original. I cannot but entertain a hope that you will one day, through some other medium of public instruction, illustrate and expand this important principle. Nothing certainly was ever better said than your remark in p. 301.: 'We have too much knowledge to be quiet, too little to be gratified;' and again, 'God never gave an incitement to action, without a proportionate end.' The whole of this chapter, as well as the tenth, is excellent.

"The passage from Wollaston is a very old acquaintance of mine. I believe it was more than twenty years ago that I produced it to some pupils at a lecture, and I shall never forget the impression it seemed to make. I have since heard, in conversation, a saying of a German metaphysician (I forget whom, but I hope it was not Kant) much to the same purport, and which is worthy of Wollaston: 'There are two things in nature which whenever they become the objects of my contemplation fill me with awe — the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me.' Of the the two, the last is, in my judgment, the most awakening, and the most convincing evidence that can be drawn from nature of the truths of religion.

"Your obliged and obedient servant,

"EDWD. COPLESTON."

W. Humphrey, Esq., to Mrs. Austen.

"Temple, April 27.

"My dear Mrs. Austen,

"I return you the last volume of 'Tremaine,' which I have only just finished. I will not attempt to express to you the pleasure and delight I have experienced in the perusal of this fascinating work. From the enthusiastic opinion which I know you entertain of it, and which you took no pains to conceal, I was induced to expect something out of the common order of novels, but nothing more. You may imagine my surprise and gratification at discovering it to be what it is. I have no hesitation in ranking 'Tremaine' among the very highest productions of the present age. I know but one writer with whom I should think of comparing its author, and in some particulars even he must yield the palm. That man is little to be envied who can rise from its perusal without finding himself wiser, happier, and better.

"The purity of its sentiments, the classic elegance of its language, the deep and fervent piety of feeling, that spirit of gratitude to Heaven and of goodwill to man which breathes in every line, make me doubt whether I most admire the head or the heart of its author. That some trifling errors may be found in this, as in every human work, detracts nothing from its merits; for they are like the spots which philosophers may discern in the solar orb, imperceptible amid the genial influence of its warmth, and the bright effulgence of its beauty. By the way, speak-

ing of philosophy, do tell the writer, if you see him, that I am almost disposed to quarrel with him for underrating Bolingbroke; not as a philosopher, for there I give him up, but he hardly does justice to his vast and varied powers of mind.

"I hope the author will ere long gratify us with another work; though I confess I tremble for his fame; can he again write as well as he has done? 'Tremaine' was not the work of a few weeks or even months; but of him who has written so well I will not entertain even a fear. Let me add a wish that he will preserve his strict incognitoship — that he will continue to be the man with the mask. Do not be very angry, however, when I tell you that I have discovered him; be assured that his secret is as safe in my hands as he could wish it to be. I will give you a token by which he will know that I have found him out. When you have an opportunity, ask him if he ever saw a parody upon 'Love's Young Dream' called 'Quarter Day?' It was written in ridicule of a certain 'Whig,' who once,

'Big with notes,
Mov'd the Committee of Supply
On Ordnance Votes.'

"Believe me, my dear Mrs. Austen,
"Yours, very faithfully,
"W. HUMPHREY."

H. Mackenzie, Esq., to the Rt. Hon. W. Sturges Bourne, M. P.

"New Edin., July 2. 1825.

"When you look at the name at the bottom of this letter, I am afraid you will think me very intrusive, if not impertinent, for writing it. But having just finished the reading of that which is the subject of it, I have got so much into the atmosphere of the feeling of the book, that I venture (though scarcely known to you, though merely introduced to you on account of a piece of Treasury business in the Exchequer here, a good many years ago) to write to Mr. Sturges Bourne, as the friend of the author of 'Tremaine.' I cannot resist the desire of expressing to you, and through you to the author, my warm approbation of that work, and I may add, a praise much more important than mine, that of the whole literary world here. When I called on my bookseller to ask for a sight of it, he told me that of a large consignment he had received from his London correspondent he had not one remaining, having sold them all in the course of a few days; and it was not till the coming out of the second edition, that he sent me the work for my perusal. I can assure you and the author, without flattery (a talent which some of my friends say I have hurt my interest by not possessing), I have received the greatest pleasure from the work, and consider it as a valuable addition to the literature of the country. It is a novel (if it may be

so called) of a moral kind. You will not, I hope, accuse me of vanity, if I say that I was one of the first to introduce that species of novel (independent on much of story or incident), in a little book called the 'Man of Feeling,' to which the public was very indulgent, more from its tendency than any intrinsic merit: 'Tremaine' has walked in the fields of imagination, without losing sight of the high road of ordinary life, and given practical instruction in the duties and virtues of different ranks of men, without that severity and hardness of advice or reproof which deters many from attending to or obeying it. I do not mention its *religion*, that being a subject too solemn and sacred to be discussed in a hurried letter; but I may say that its religion seems to me most rational and consolatory, and its arguments on the immortality of the soul, and the continual agency of a superintending Power, if not new (which happily they are not), are made both clear and more lovely by the grace by which they are delivered, and the appropriate illustrations by which they are enforced. Besides that sort of sympathetic interest connected with the 'Man of Feeling,' above mentioned, I have another interest of the same sort, of which the author is probably not aware, having perhaps never read the 'Mirror,' a periodical paper published at Edinburgh in the years 1779 and 1780, of which I was the editor. In that paper there is a character, drawn by a friend of mine with some assistance from me, under the name of *Fleetwood*, very much resembling *Tremaine*, which was brought under my notice by a

literary friend, immediately after your publication of the latter; I will candidly own, however, that the character of our refined 'Fleetwood' is much more imperfectly brought out, less defined in sentiment, and not so well expressed in language, as that of 'Tremaine.' I am a physiognomist in books as well as *faces;* though both have sometimes deceived me, I do not wish to get rid of this propensity. Now, from the perusal of 'Tremaine,' I am confident that its author is a truly *benevolent* man, and therefore believe that he will not be indifferent to the pleasure which his book has given to a poor *octogénaire* invalid like me, and that he will feel some degree of satisfaction from my testimony, however unimportant, in its favour.

"When I look back on what I have written, I am really ashamed of the length of this letter; but old men are allowed this privilege of talking, and even of egotism, if not of a very offensive kind. It will give me pleasure if the author of 'Tremaine' shall feel any satisfaction in your communication of it to him, which I request the favour of your making and of letting me know his opinion of it; at any rate, be so good to inform me of your receipt of this letter, and assure me of your pardon to me for the presumption of writing it.

"I have the honour to be, with much sincere regard, Sir,

"Your very faithful and obedient servant,

"H. MACKENZIE."

That in a book which treated of such deep questions, there should be portions of the arguments less successful than others, was only to be expected. He himself used to describe those portions which treated on free-will as least satisfactory, adding, however, that it was a point upon which none had written well. The general result, however, was, that in March it was in every one's hands; one circulating library, at a period when circulating libraries were much less liberal than at present, having fifty copies, and the demand for them increasing every day. Early in April his publisher had not a copy left.

Meantime, on May 5th, he says: "The guesses are amusing, *I* am certainly not unfrequently mentioned; somebody asked at Chappell's, in Pall Mall, for the novel Mr. Ward wrote, and I am challenged about it by every body, both by men and women. Yesterday Spencer Perceval asked me if I was the author of the work *he* did not write. Then the report goes off again, and fixes upon Mr. Montagu, senior, Mr. E. Montagu, and Mr. W. Montagu together; then upon Mr. Dyson, Mrs. Dyson, and Miss Dyson; so that I begin to escape."

His health being far from good this summer, he accepted an invitation to pay a visit at Mulgrave Castle with his daughters, and was there seized with a serious illness, under which his great consolation was to be "with such excellent friends, and to have such excellent nurses as my dear girls, who are all, thank Heaven, well; I write lying on my back from pain." The second edition of "Tremaine" had gone off

so quickly, that preparation was already making for a third, and he was strongly urged to commence a new work, to which he says he felt disinclined, "because I can never find so high a subject." Very shortly after this, however, he announced as a profound secret the progress he had made in a new work. The following letter gives a picture of his real state of suffering, and the one which succeeds is curious as containing the first announcement of "De Vere," which, unlike most second works, may be said to have pleased a more extended circle of readers than did his first.

R. Ward, Esq., to Lord Kenyon.

"Mulgrave, Nov. 14. 1825.

"My dear Lord Kenyon,

"Did I consult the reputation for liveliness which I understand you are so good as to give my letters, I should certainly not write to you yet. But I do not like to think I am two letters in debt to one I love so well, and whose own letters to me are so very kind and affectionate. I therefore bid defiance to the gloom of a confinement, now protracted to its fifth week (three in bed), and by no means I fear over. What is more, I am writing on a little board, stretched on my back, and almost blind with an inflammation which, amidst other inflammations, has attacked my eyes. When all the body seems on fire, why should they escape? I am politic, however, in all this; for, if I can but make a good hit (but of which I

see not the least prospect), what merit must be mine! If I cannot, I will retail one at least of General Phipps's, pretty good for a sick room. I was observing that I liked Dr. Campbell's prescriptions so well, that I meant "to carry them off with me." "I hope," said he, "they will not carry you off." Though confined, I have not been gloomy, and console myself with what I am told, that this complaint, though painful, will relieve me from the mischief that has been so long lurking about me. If I was to be attacked, too, never was there so fortunate a mansion for it, and I would have willingly encountered all the inconveniences for the sake of the kindness I receive from this whole house.

"Your affectionate friend,

"R. WARD."

R. Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

"Mulgrave Castle, Whitby, Nov. 16. 1825.

"My dear Austen,

"Adverting to your letters about Colburn's notion of a future publication, I agree with you, that should I write again I could not well pass him over. I will intrust you with a secret, which must go no farther than my friend and ally at home, and imploring of both of you that there may not be even an allusion to it with any man, woman, or child. *I have been writing*, nay, have finished something more than a volume. The subject *ambition*, and its contrasts with private life; it is sometimes as didactic as 'Tremaine,'

but infinitely more dramatic. The characters taken from actual history, though so variously composed, that no one individual among former or present great men can be said to be the individual represented. As sketches, as far as I have gone I am greatly pleased; and my girls (even Julia, though with a sigh) say they are of a higher cast, and the thing better done, than anything in 'Tremaine,' till the subject of the third volume elevates it beyond everything. That subject of course I cannot reach again, because it transcends every other; but, short of this, I am told by Lord and Lady Mulgrave and their daughters, all as good judges as I could name, that both the execution, style, and interest exceed everything in 'Tremaine,' with only the exception above stated. You may think I am paying myself compliments, but I assure you I am merely in business about it, talking to you as a tradesman would of a sample of his own wares, with a view to your advice as to the best mode of disposing of them should I go on, which I dare say I shall do. Before I leave the subject of 'Tremaine,' pray tell me, if you can, any thing about the Quarterly. I do not care for its not being reviewed; but, after the expectation raised, I wish, if I can, to know why it failed. I have had a few pleasant obliging letters from D'Israeli while at Hyde House, and Julia one from Miss D. I hope I may collect from them that they were satisfied with their *séjour* there. The folks write us word that they contrived to make themselves very much liked by their neighbours; not so much, I hope, as to be preferred to their old friends when they

return. We intend to write to the D.'s soon; mean time, as they seem laudably anxious for a certificate of good behaviour, pray tell them, if you see them before we write, that our housekeeper is eloquent in praise of the high order in which she found things. Miss D. tells us some of the coincidences she mentioned to Mrs. A., but they are not conclusive. If the said Mrs. A. will forgive a suffering man for not acknowledging her last letter, and will give me a little chat, which she well knows how to do, she will be very charitable, and I shall be very much obliged; if she can find any more coincidences from D.'s, they will be to me very amusing. I don't know when I can travel, and certainly do not expect to see London till next month. Adieu, dear A., think me as I am,

"Most sincerely yours,

"R. W."

"I am surprised not to have heard from Sir Charles, and mean to brush him up. If you write in a day or two, direct to me here. Does Mrs. A. like 'Matilda'? It is by Normanby; very clever."

He still was tempted to linger at Mulgrave, where, as he says, "we are really so happy, and lead a life so perfectly to our tastes, among people so thoroughly loved, and find all so delightful, that I know not how to get away, and have at least agreed to stay till after Christmas. My three nieces are absolutely charming; I am quite recovered, except as to strength, and have a deuce of a twist. I wish you would tell me as much

of yourself and Mrs. A., to whom mine and my girls' very kindest regards. In haste, ever yours,

"R. W."

In closing his Mulgrave letters, I must subjoin two addressed to his hostess there, in the first of which, while owning the authorship of "Tremaine," he gives some of his reasons for its concealment: in the others he alludes to the progress of "De Vere," of which, having read aloud at Mulgrave his manuscript as he day by day composed it, he, after his departure, continued to forward portions as a subject for friendly criticism.

Robert Ward, Esq., to the Countess of Mulgrave.

"Spring Gardens, April 27. 1825.

"My dear Sister,

"I have for some time been intending to write to you, to make you a little communication which I should be sorry you should discover from any other channel than my own. The affectionate interest your dear Lord, as well as yourself, have always taken in even very trivial things concerning my welfare or reputation, made it go against me, as it were, to conceal from you, though I had done so from nearly all the rest of the world, that I was the author of 'Tremaine.' I told no one of my own family, and concealed it at first from Bourne, to whom it is dedicated, and even from the publisher, with whom I negotiated through a third person. But I always wished to in-

form my dear Lord Mulgrave, or, at least, from the time when opinions of a high nature, such as Lord Harrowby's, the Bishop of London's, and Sir G. Beaumont's, made me venture to suppose that he would not be ashamed of it for me. Still, however, as I heard you had all begun it, I thought I would wait till you had finished it, without giving you the bias, which your kindness for the author might have produced, had you known him. And very glad I am that I waited; or otherwise, perhaps, I might not have received the delightful gratification which I own it was to me, to see the affectionate manner in which two letters I have lately seen describe the feelings with which you read it. It is not here an author's vanity that is so pleased (though pleased enough), but to think I enjoyed, much more that I might deserve, the kindness of your remarks, under the mere suspicions that the work was mine, gave a pleasure to my heart which has long been unequalled by any feelings I have lately had. I was prouder of my book to think that those I so loved liked it so much. Lord Mulgrave's name was not, indeed, mentioned; but I hope I may include it in the word 'all,' which described the evening's audience. But though I have no reserve in putting an end to your *doubts* by this disclosure, and though I cannot have an objection to let the confidence pass, *if you think fit*, to those whom you call your 'dear country girls,' my nice dear nieces, being sure of their discretion, I must earnestly entreat that neither you nor they will let the secret pass one step farther. I know it is often a subject

at White's, and, though I cannot tell why, among Opposition people; and Bourne's remark is just: 'Whatever a book may be, if written by an old and known party-man, it cannot fail of being read with party-feeling'—which 'Tremaine' ought not to be. Hence, without the least distrust, I would particularly wish to keep it with those at present at Mulgrave, till it has made its own way, without help from one side, or embarrassment from another. There is some curiosity in the Spencer family about it, which I should like to understand.* When it first came out, Lord Althorpe rode up to Bourne in the Park, and, taking him on one side, asked him to tell him the author of 'Tremaine;' and, at the same time, Lady Spencer wrote to Colburn, to beg it as a favour to know. Neither could tell it, for at first Bourne did not know it himself. The success has been not merely beyond hope, but all calculation. The edition was sold (1500 copies) in little more than six weeks, and a new one is preparing. I had, in fact, no conception of the taste of the town, having merely thrown down my own ideas on paper chiefly to fill the leisure of my retirement in a manner which I hoped, rather than expected, would be approved. Perhaps you will forgive my sending you the enclosed, as a proof of what is thought of it by a man not inconsiderable in letters—a Quarterly Reviewer—and whose approbation is surely worth something. But this is not so valuable to me

* This is fully accounted for, since the appearance of Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell's edition of Paley's "Theology," by the interest Lord Althorpe is now known to have felt in discussing such subjects as are embraced by the third volume of "Tremaine."

as a letter I have received from Dr. Copleston, of Oriel College, Oxford, the first divine, and every way the ornament, of that university. From great respect for his writings, *without disclosing* my name, I ordered the work to be sent to him; and he has condescended to write me near eight sides of closely written pages in return, full of valuable commentary, and in a style of approbation and obligingness to do the heart good. Where he differs, it is only because he differs from Locke; and where he approves, he is most gratifying. He says much is even original; hopes I will go on; and, at a future time, desires an acquaintance. I trust you will excuse the vanity, if I may not rather say the pride, of telling you this; for I own, considering what I am, and my few sources, it has made me proud to think that the wish to mark my old age with something that might be thought useful is not unlikely to be successful.

"Adieu, my dearest sister. My kindest love to Lord M. and my nieces.

"Believe me,

"Your affectionate,

"R. W."

Robert Ward, Esq., to Countess of Mulgrave.

"Whitehall, Nov. 17. 1826.

"Though your letter, my dear kind sister, seems to announce the return of my packets*, with remarks

* These were the continuation of the manuscript of "De Vere," upon the political portions of which he was anxious for the opinion of his late *chef*.

by the judgment which I most value, I may say, in the world, and I should therefore be inclined to look for them before I write again, yet your letter is so gratifying, that I must acknowledge it without loss of a moment. Take, all of you, all my thanks, and believe that none were ever more sincere. It is not that you have made me proud, and encouraged my undertakings to a degree that quite renovates me, by all you are so good as to say of it, but that it peculiarly pleases the very heart to think that all this is by persons whom I so much love, that it makes their favourable opinion of ten times more value. You guessed but well when you thought how much I should esteem that little sentence of your dear Lord's, which spoke all I could possibly wish, in saying that 'he dug deeper in the human character,' &c. &c. 'Tis a praise from any one I should value; from him, invaluable. In short, it has quite invigorated me; and I have no doubt the next chapters will be all the better for it. You set your evening *coteries* most charmingly before me; and it will quite delight the girls, whose remembrances of those dear parties, as well as my own, is most vivid. The last winter did wonders for our stock of happiness in the way of recollection; and you quite delight me with the account of *his* state who was the central point of the interest which all of us felt, from the first minute to the last of that gratifying visit. To return to the subject on which you have been so generous. I am particularly pleased that you coincide where I had hoped you would;

and where you criticise you will find me observant. I think, for example, that there is a great deal in what you say of the abuse of the abuses of Almack's. Certainly neither myself nor the girls can have any personal feelings to gratify in what I have painted, for I never was refused, and they never had an opportunity, even if they had had a wish, to apply. But people who don't know this might think as you say, which one would wish to avoid, and I will alter accordingly. I wish I knew as well how to alter or omit the catastrophe of Beaufort. I would gladly adopt the plan, if I could make it equally impressive on Wentworth, whose whole conduct is for a time so much affected by it; but of this I must think. You are not to suppose that the influence of the Mulgrave Cabinet is at all weakened by our being 250 miles off. In our home-readings, the general disposition is to try any thing by 'How will Lord Mulgrave like this?' or, 'Lord Mulgrave will like that.' The girls are working hard for another batch; and they tell me the interest increases, and that there are some scenes, particularly one with Cleveland, which you all certainly will like. We are approaching, too, to a better ambition than has hitherto employed us; and I hope to make Wentworth, and, by implication, our modern Ministers, redeem all those of the old Walpole and Newcastle school. I am vexed with the delay of the second packet, and still more so with the state in which it arrived: I will be more careful for the future.

"And now, dearest sister, adieu. For my hasty

thanks this is rather a long affair, but, as it will arrive in the morning, it will not interfere with the 'Tor Hill.' I have not seen, nor yet heard of it. As description, I dare say it will be good; but I own I long more for the 'Chronicles of the Canongate.' I am free for a week at least, and am going to find out the General, to have a good batch of Mulgrave. I am told he looks much better, which I rejoice at. Thirty years' uniform kindness must now make me value him as I ought.

"Ever believe me,

"Your obliged and affectionate,

"R. WARD."

Robert Ward, Esq., to the Countess of Mulgrave.

"Whitehall, Dec. 9. 1826.

"My dearest Sister,

"I could have wished to have sent you the accompanying MS. before this, but the latter part was not even written, much less copied, till a day or two ago, and I had a desire to continue the narration to something like an epoch. I fear now you will have little opportunity to read it; but I have no reason (at least no very strong one) to conceal the fact of the MS. from the dear good fellows you expect for their vacation, as, if published, it will be 'by the Author of Tremaine,' and so known. I cannot tell you how obliged to your dear Lord, and all of you, I feel for the kind trouble you bestowed upon the last packets, and all the delightful encouragement you gave me; not a little in those interesting little notes pencilled and marked

'M.' in the margin. It brought the kind critic most interestingly to my view. Every remark seemed to myself most judicious, and every one of the verbal criticisms were, without exception, instantly adopted. Of your own proposed castigation in regard to Almack's I also profited, by changing the cause of mortification of Flowerdale, to a refusal by Lady Elizabeth to present his wife at court. If I was glad to do this at the time, what must I be now, since I have read the most amusing novel of 'Almack's' itself. It is not worth buying, as there is much trash in it; but it is written for the most part (and, indeed, throughout the satirical parts) with true point and life, and Almack's and all its intrigues are the things themselves. I am a good deal puzzled about my law case, and must settle it better than I have before I can proceed. However I am going home, I hope for a month, and may do something towards a finish. I only wish I could satisfy myself about Beaufort's death. I feel all Lord Mulgrave's fear about it, and tried the duel, but it would not produce the strong revulsion in Wentworth which I wished.

"Your ever affectionate

"R. W."

In addition to "Matilda," by Lord Normanby, to which allusion is made in a former letter, the appearance of "Tremaine" was followed by that of other novels, by authors moving in the society whose every-day manners they professed to describe. From the periods at which they were published, it is probable

that the idea of writing them was a coincidence rather than a consequence upon the success of "Tremaine." Be this as it may, the taste of the public had decidedly set in that direction, and continued to hail with interest the appearance of each new "fashionable novel" (as they were somewhat affectedly called), until, as is from time to time the case with all markets, the supply began to exceed the demand; the excess of supply being unfortunately too often furnished by an inferior article got up in a hurry, and supplied by persons who considered £ *s.* *d.* as the noblest triumvirate in the republic of letters. In the earlier days of fashionable novels there appeared, however, one which, though sketchy in its style, *tranchant* in its tone, and somewhat extravagant in its incidents, at once attracted the attention of all readers, gave rich promise of future excellence, and laid the foundation of that literary fame on which its author may now securely repose. The following allusions of a brother author to "Vivian Grey," upon its first appearance, will be read with interest. The proverbial jealousy of all authors is here tempered by a generous admiration of what was then rising merit. It is probable, from the tenor of one of these letters, (one addressed to Mrs. Austen, while on a visit to Mr. D'Israeli, senior,) that the secret, which the penetration of friends had already guessed at, was confided in form to Mr. Ward.

Robert Ward, Esq., to Mrs. Austen.

"May 6. 1826.

"I write this from Sir Thomas Fremantle's, where are Sir G. and Lady Nugent. All are talking of 'Vivian Grey.' The opinion is entirely favourable, and the book seems regularly making its way into circulation and notice. Its wit, raciness, and boldness are admired; and you would have been not ill pleased with the remarks upon particular passages and characters: the dinner at Château Désir particularly, Mrs. Millions, all the women, the two toadies, and, universally, Stapylton. From the Nugents' account it is much spreading in London, excites curiosity, and also resentment. I observed this at Lord Maryborough's dinner on Monday, where were many public men and some fine ladies, who all admired, but a little felt the satire. In short, it will, I have no doubt, realise all your expectations of its making a considerable noise, and it is unexceptionably thought very clever. Some, however, think the assumed biting style is too flippant, and say it is evident the writer can write better if he please. Others say it affects slang, which is a fault. You see I tell you of both sides, and perhaps I am not ill pleased with those who agree with me in hoping, if the authors go on, they will indulge their *real* powers of nature, and quit what is evidently a disguise and masquerade, though a very showy one. It certainly frightens a great many people, who expect to be shown up; and you must really be careful of

discovering the author. Vivian Grey himself is abused as a hypocrite, though followed for his fascination with intense interest. If I might venture to submit any thing, I would say, let the author make him more delightful by making him amiable. We cannot make out Mrs. T. Lorraine, and some others. The Marchioness is capital. Lord Altamont is thought Lord Nugent. In short, you have set every body a guessing. The lighter follies are admirably well lashed."

Robert Ward, Esq., to Mrs Austen.

"Hyde House, May 25. 1826.

"My dear Mrs. Austen,

"Am I not to thank you for the 'Sunday Times' and the critique on 'Vivian Grey?' Since I saw you, I have been at a dinner at Lord Gifford's, and another at Sir Henry Hardinge's, at both of which there was much of the *beau monde*, as well as graver characters, bishops and judges. 'Vivian Grey' was amply talked of. The opinions, as a work, were various; but all agreed, none but a very clever person could write it, and equally as to its powers of amusing. The adverse judgment was, that 'it was too *impertinent*, and took too many liberties,' which perhaps will not very much distress the authors. It is certainly more and more read, as, no doubt, its continuation will be. Adieu, my dear friend. I hope your husband is less alarmed about his mother, and that you will *soon* put your promised intentions in force of coming here. Spite of

east wind every thing has been lately delightful, and we are now drinking deep of this charming rain, to make it more so. My girls join in kind regards and wishes that you would come.

"Most truly I am your obliged,

"R. W."

"Friday.

"The above was written yesterday, and I very wisely left it in a drawer and forgot it. I fear the letters from Italy are too old, being published in 1817. Suppose I write a literary pamphlet in numbers, and call it 'A Review of the Literary Talents, Attainments, Characters, and Style of various Living Authors: the first No. to contain * * * * *,' and so through his works. It would be great fun; and, but for your being full of 'Vivian Grey,' you could give exquisite help."

Robert Ward, Esq., to Lord Kenyon.

"Whitehall, Nov. 21. 1826.

"My dear Lord Kenyon,

"I was delighted to see, and still more to read, your letter. I have been in town but three days, and went immediately to P. Square, to see what was become of you. The lady guardian must have thought me an odd fellow; for having rung three or four times (the said lady being at the top of the house *cleaning* herself), in despair I was stooping down to push a card under the door, which, opening at that moment, I pushed myself in, almost upon all fours. I could

learn little, however, (though I took such pains for it,) when you were expected, and am, therefore, more glad of your letter giving me such a detail of every thing. Your good aunt is a wonderful woman, and your kind attentions to her must go far to give her the comfort and happiness she possesses at so great an age. These, as well as many unostentatious duties which you know so well how to perform, are a lesson to poor selfish people, like one I could name, of whose selfish enjoyments I often feel very much ashamed. I was going to say that I sunned myself in the eyes of the young, and never found pleasure with the old; but I check myself when I think of my four old ladies in Cadogan Place, whom I still love as well as honour, though I grow so much younger and they so much older, as we live on.

"N. B. I danced quadrilles every night at Abberley Lodge, and can now run up two stairs at once; so Margaret will not challenge me any more. I own I did treat you shabbily in not at least gaining some news for you. From your letter, however, I hope it is not too late to tell you that the excellent Duke of York is certainly to recover.

"Ever, dear Lord, yours,

"R. W."

Robert Ward, Esq., to Mrs. Austen.

"Hyde House, March 10. 1827.

"My dear Mrs. Austen,

"I have to thank you for two kind letters: the last particularly so, because, although the first accompanied your very welcome present of the rest of 'Vivian Grey,' the other was equally obliging and friendly, spite what must have seemed to you a very ungrateful neglect. The mistake as to the address, although it retarded the delivery, did not occasion the loss of the books; and the only reason of my delay in thanking you was, first, that, as you particularly asked my opinion of the work, I wished to read it before I answered; next, that I thought every day I should be able to wait upon you in person. The last has been delayed by what you will be sorry for, the serious illness of J * * *, which, though I trust I may say it is disappearing, has disquieted me very sadly, and has certainly weakened her much. She has had an inflammation in the lungs, which has yielded to bleeding, but is left with a most vicious cough, which, if it do not yield faster than it does, will leave me anything but happy. After ten weeks' confinement she is better, but you may suppose how she is weakened. All this left me in no spirits to play the critic, either with you or myself; and though I have read and admired, and in many places more than admired, for I have wondered at 'Vivian Grey,' have not been in spirits to tell you so. Indeed, I have felt little equal to my own business with Colburn, and fear that 'De Vere'

has fared the worse for it. But I have strong and marked opinions of 'Vivian Grey,' which I will now endeavour to detail, and only hope that the reasons I have given may excuse me a little in your opinion for not detailing them before. In the first place, whoever the principal author may be (if there be more than one), but particularly if it is a certain friend of ours, I am lost in astonishment, not merely at the natural powers, but the *acquisitions* of one so young; this last more even than the first, because, though the first are quite extraordinary, we know what the force of genius alone, without the aid of acquirements, will sometimes do. But here their united force has, as I have said, astonished me, and I have not yet done wondering at the greatness and variety of the conceptions, the accuracy of the observations, and the sometimes stupendous power, and sometimes soft beauty, of the language in which all, or nearly all, is conveyed. The variety of the knowledge displayed and made to tell throughout the scenes and conversations described, the close observation of manners and character, the critical disquisitions in matters of taste, the humour, the ridicule, the pleasing romance, the alternation between the two, the politics, the love; all this has, I assure you, impressed me as much perhaps as you thought or wished me to be impressed, and altogether I think it one of the most extraordinary productions that has appeared for many years. I think the continuation, as you may suppose, far, far superior to the first part. If you remember,

of the first I expressed my regret, that one who could write so well had not chosen to write better, for which it only seemed necessary that he should change his subject. He has done so here, and got rid of that original sin which every where corroded the first sally of the hero, his hypocritical character. Nothing of this appears in the last three volumes, and they are of course the better for it. But they have the same fault which belongs to the first two, and which, emanating entirely from the *plan*, could not and cannot be got rid of—a want of STORY sufficient to occasion the *continuous* interest which belongs to a work which has a beginning, a middle, and an end. I was only consoled for the death of so etherial a being as Violet Fane, by supposing she was to come to life again in the next volume; and was quite sorry, and almost angry, to find that darkness had closed upon her for ever, and that we were to seek a new dawn and a new day in other regions. *To tell* you thus one's feelings is perhaps the best mode of criticising, and this feeling was mine. There is, however, a great deal more of the interest I speak of in the last two volumes, in which the action sustains itself by the mere force of his descriptions and characters alone. Mediatised Germany is excellently well described, and Beckendorf is unique, mysterious, and exciting. Then the Count of Rosenburg, Mde. Carolina Van Astingen, and the Archduchess, all admirable; not to mention Miss Spittingen, in whom I instantly recognised * * * *; but why brought in

here, or why made at first so ridiculous, who was afterwards to be so worthy, I don't know. My admiration all through is very gratuitous, and therefore sincere, for I am not bribed by knowing any of the other characters, English or Foreign, and still less of Germany itself. But I am fond of travels; and if this were only a book of travels, I should say it was the most interesting one I had ever read. I and others guess Van Chronicle to be Mr. Smith, but Colburn tells me I am wrong. However, resemblances to individuals have nothing to do with the pleasures of the book, which are intrinsically the author's, whose versatility is astonishing. For though wildness is the character of the work, and we often meet with sublimity, I like him best in his softer and more natural moods, in his reflections on life, his criticisms on literature, and his scenes of living manners. The dramatising of the corsair, the review, the court, the ball, the picture of a political queen (particularly this last), are charming, while the faults (for, of course, there are faults) seem all or chiefly to arise out of what is to me, from want of a story, a defective plan. It is this plan that reduces everything to a sort of magic lanthorn of pictures; many of them very beautiful, some of them very grotesque, and some which I actually don't like, all of them disjointed, and therefore shattering the interest to pieces. But then the skill, the power, the invention, the faithfulness, and often the eloquence redeem much, though they do not radically cure an incurable defect. I will not stop to point out the things I like least, or don't like at all, as the

gambling scenes and many parts of Esper George, because they are lost and sink to nothing before the more numerous beauties. The style, for the most part, is forcible as well as elegant; if there is a fault, it is sometimes too forcible, so as to keep the mind too much on the stretch; perhaps I better express myself by saying, there is too much study of point. But other tastes may differ, and prefer it; at any rate, it is masterly as to its object, and it is my private taste which makes me like it best, when it is least upon the *qui vive.* One grammatical turn I must point out as being indefensible, indeed it is so dissimilar to every thing else throughout the work, that I only wonder how it got into it. It is such a passage as this: 'Madame Carolina was *being overwhelmed* with the compliments,' &c. This occurs some twice or thrice, no more. You see, my dear friend, I have amply complied with your desire to give my opinion, and I think you will at least say, I have done it honestly. I don't know the opinion in town, for I have had no opportunity of learning it, but shall know more in a week or ten days, when I shall be there. The only opinion I have heard is the Chief Baron Shepherd's, a most competent one, and it is highly favourable. I suppose the book is not finished, and I am sorry. Don't be angry; my reason is, that I quite long to see such talents, powers, knowledge, and imagination employed on something freer from the trammels which such a plan imposes: upon a different subject, and with a different hero, (for Vivian, from his original rascality, can never obtain our love,) I should expect such a

writer to carry writing as far as it can go. The post waits; I can scarcely say even adieu."

The success of "De Vere" was quite as great as had been that of "Tremaine." Indeed it was calculated to suit better that very large division, the habitual novel reader, while its sterling merits and sound morality secured for it the exceptional *class*, that had been attracted by the religious tone pervading "Tremaine." A third class was attracted by its fixing upon politics as the one great source of interest, and by its masterly portrait of a great political leader, for which at the time it was generally reported that Canning had sat. Those who have perused these memoirs will not fail to perceive that the author could not intend to identify that eminent statesman with any ideal picture of perfection; but no one could have been engaged year by year in the same arena of politics with George Canning, and not retain, impressed upon his mind, such recollection of high and earnest purposes, overwhelming eloquence, and daring independence of opinion, as would form some of the features that should assist to complete the *beau idéal* of a statesman.

"De Vere" was dedicated to the Earl of Mulgrave, in a letter couched in the following terms, and conveying the results of many years' study of that nobleman's political character, by one who had been always *behind the scenes*.

"London, March 8. 1827.

"My Lord,

"As the following work treats much of independence of mind, and of the effects which ambition produces upon the heart and character of man, I know not that I can ask a better grace for it, than to be allowed to inscribe it to one who has run through so great a career as your Lordship, reaping from it nothing but honour. But though I have been a witness to the devotion of your life to public duty, perhaps no part of it inspired me with more admiring respect than the disinterested manner in which, after so ably administering your power, you voluntarily laid it down. Surrounded by the friends of your love, and who give you all their veneration in return, you are a happy example of the better sort of ambition treated of in this work.

"I have other reasons of private attachment, which make me not less glad to profit by an opportunity of marking my grateful respect for your virtues; but with these, however they may influence individual feeling, the world is not concerned.

"That Providence, which preserved you amid the dangers of your earlier career, may continue to watch over you during the repose of your honourable life, is the sincere wish of

"Your most attached friend,

"And obedient servant,

"THE AUTHOR."

The foregoing was enclosed in a letter to Lady

Mulgrave, in which, after alluding with much feeling to the death of Sir George Beaumont, which he well knew would be a source of intense grief to those whom he was addressing, and giving an account of the health of his eldest daughter, about whom he was already anxious, he continues: "But for this illness, how happy I should have been at this dear place (Hyde House). Secluded as it is, we have had all sorts of occupations, and never went to bed without wishing the night speedily over, to rise again to new interests. You may suppose 'De Vere' was not forgotten, which brings me to the last subject of my letter; not the least, however, if only for the pleasure I have always had in witnessing the interest which all of you, and particularly your dear Lord, have taken in it. The approbation, indeed, which you have expressed about it has given me the greatest encouragement; and, I am very sure, with the highest benefit to the work; for, after leaving Mulgrave, I scarcely ever write a page without thinking how *they* would like it, and if I thought not, it was always changed. Hence I never rested till I had changed the death of Beaufort into a fall in a duel; and I think I at last succeeded in leaving the interest quite as great and influential in that as in the other mode. . . .

And now, what will you say to a little request I have to propose to your Lord. I am most earnest in it, but you shall keep it back, or open it, as you think it may or may not be agreeable to him. The reasons for my wish need no explanation, when I tell you I wish to have leave to *inscribe* it to him, in some such

manner as in the enclosed paper. The honour and credit of being his follower all through the *ambition* of my life, my personal and affectionate respect, and the advantage his opinions have afforded to the work itself, all explain me on this occasion. But if he has the least objection to being so addressed, or to a dedication in any way whatever, I will not press it a moment. I have *tamed* the address as much as I possibly could. The girls say I have not said half enough, and I think so too; but I feared to do more, lest I should certainly be refused."

Having come out at a moment when the probability of Canning's becoming Prime Minister was so strong, considerable attention was excited by the supposed portrait of him. This was further increased by a second notice in the "Literary Gazette," headed "Mr. Canning from De Vere." In this article, while it was assumed throughout, as confessed, that the character of Mr. Wentworth was meant for Canning, the name of Mr. Ward was introduced as (confessedly also) the author. Every passage from the different volumes was culled, which could go to make up a complete portrait; and even the then coming events were supposed to be foreshadowed. Mr. Ward felt an awkwardness at this public juxtaposition of their names, and, as he was frequently meeting Mr. Canning in society, determined to address a letter to him on the subject. He received the following very characteristic reply, which will be interesting on many accounts, and more particularly as written at the commence-

ment of that bright but too short gleam which preceded the close of his political career.

Right Hon. George Canning to R. Ward, Esq.

"Tor Cliff, April 9. 1827.

"My dear Sir,

"If your letter of yesterday was difficult to write, I assure you I find it no less difficult to answer at once to your satisfaction and to my own.

"While I concur with you in regretting the indiscretion of the editor of the 'Literary Gazette,' would it be honest in me not to own, that, with the single alloy of that regret (and that chiefly on your own account), the feelings with which I read the extract from 'De Vere' on Saturday were unmixed with anything of offence or displeasure? Would it be honest not to add, that the avowals of your letter of yesterday are as gratifying as the apologies are superfluous?

"I must be very sensitive, if, after thirty-three years of party life, any allusions of the press, in good or evil part, could seriously affect my equanimity; but I must be callous beyond all stoicism if I could affect to be indifferent to such allusions as those of the author of 'De Vere.'

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely yours,

"GEORGE CANNING."

"P. S.—Be assured that it is not I who betray your

secret. Your name was mentioned to me on Saturday, before I had seen the 'Literary Gazette,' or opened the volumes for which I am indebted to your kindness."

I will only here add a curious letter upon "De Vere" and its author, which he received anonymously; not, however, without some suspicion as to who was his distinguished correspondent.

"I am delighted with 'De Vere;' and in collecting from its pages the good feeling, taste, and manners of its author, the purity of his principles, the soundness of his judgment, and the warmth and pious sincerity of his christian faith, I am proud of being able to trace these qualities to an early friend. The internal evidence which empowers me to do so is convincing. Independently of Herbert, and of the collation of a letter once addressed to me from the Pyrenees, I can no more doubt that the author of 'De Vere' was once my friend, than I can imagine that he still continues to be so, or can admit that I have deserved to forfeit, or even lose ground in, his esteem. It surprises me, I confess, that the feeling, judgment, and sagacity, which sufficed to produce the work that I have been commending, should have suffered the golden opinions of me, which you entertained, to be filched and adulterated by mere traducers, whose reports the *hearer's* own experience could have almost refuted, and whose testimony was so obviously liable to be warped by prejudice.

"We live in a strange world. Before my feelings and dispositions had changed from wavering and transient to permanent and fixed; before the desultory ramblings, which almost became our age, had terminated in a *path*, and that, I trust, a right and honourable one, and from which, with moderate allowance for human inferiority, I have not deviated since; before my principles had attained their vigour, and generated those correct habits which it was their province to produce; in short, while, like most young men, I might be said to have as yet 'no character at all,' I obtained your friendship. *How* I lost it, I have already told you. *When*, remains to tell you. I lost it when any fruits which my youth may have promised had appeared; lost it all at once, under circumstances scarcely more annoying to my feelings, than revolting to my sense of what was right and just.

"I am not seeking to penetrate what is to me, indeed, no secret, neither do I form the unavailing wish that our expired intercourse should revive. *C'en est fait.* A knot which has been loosened or untied, may be formed again; but this knot has been cut. Accordingly, I neither address you by your name, nor subscribe my own. My handwriting, though not disguised, is, like yourself, much changed; and, though this were not the case, you could not, after the lapse of so much time, have recognised it.

"My regard you continue to possess, though I am not certain of your title to retain it. But you have, by means of your estrangement, sustained a

loss. In ceasing to entertain a feeling of esteem and cordiality towards me, you have lost that which is a source of soothing gratification to the mind in which it is cherished, and which, I flatter myself, I as well deserved to have retained with regard to me, as any other of your early friends, be that other who he may. Again; though you have not lost a friend (for my sentiments towards you continue friendly), you have elected to lose the usual and not unpalatable fruits of friendship in my case; and this at a time of life (for we are much of the same age) when old friends can the less be spared, because new friendships are rarely formed.

"When our earliest meetings and the commencements of a bygone friendship are called up before me by the letter which, I scarcely know why, I am writing, I feel myself softened as well as depressed by the recollection; and, as I write farewell, it gives me pain to think that I might add to it the words — probably for ever. God bless you!"

We cannot better conclude these criticisms, than by the following generous tribute to the merits of a brother author, from one whose literary efforts (however his political views may be dissented from) must always be admired. The extracts here given from a letter written three and twenty years ago by Mr. D'Israeli, then but commencing his successful literary career, are not less valuable for their tribute to the merits of "De Vere," than for the enlightened remarks they contain on a too common error in criticism.

"Yours is a work as improving as delightful—one which must always be remembered with profit, as it must ever be recurred to with pleasure. The vein of unaffected philosophy, practical wisdom, and ennobling morality which pervades it, will render it an object of study, or a source of interest, when incidents however artfully contrived, and characters however skilfully delineated, must, from our previous acquaintance with them, cease to engage our attention, and excite our sympathies. I have read this morning, for the twentieth time, De Vere's first interview with Sir W. Flowerdale, and probably may read it every year of my life with unabated pleasure, since every year of my existence must afford a fresh commentary upon such views of human life. It is, indeed, admirable. The Man of Content and the Man of Imagination are a couple of cabinet pictures; the last is my favourite, and is highly coloured. 'Tis in truth richly fanciful. These episodes, too, are in the right vein, since they develop the philosophy of the work. Indeed, without them, the moral plot would be deficient. Clayton is excellently conceived, and admirably sustained. His sensibility was a grand hit. This character is, if I mistake not, original in literature, though not in human life. I, for one, have met with Clayton. Lord Mowbray's death is actually sublime, and his daughter becomes every page more delightful; but she will not supersede, in my most agreeable associations, the inimitable Georgina, whom I shall always uphold, as not only the most delightful heroine,

but the most engaging woman, to whom I ever had the honour of being introduced. But if I descant upon every character, I shall trespass most unwarrantably upon your patience, and therefore I say nothing of the sagacious Herbert, the classic Wentworth, the arrogant Cleveland, and the timid Oldcastle, nor of the dignified Lady Eleanor, nor of the delightful Lady Clanellan. Cleveland's love for Constance is finely discriminated, and Oldcastle's interview with De Vere on the embassy is beyond praise. Such passages, however, as this last are caviare to the general; nevertheless, time and the *cognoscenti* will discover them. I mention no faults, which may surprise you; for what critic ever bored an author with so long a letter, without hinting at a few blemishes, merely to prove that his previous praises were sincere. Candidly, and upon my honour, I see none. When a man has himself a little acquaintance with the art of writing, he begins to grow a very temperate critic. He then discovers that, because an author has a peculiar way of conceiving his subject, it does not follow that that peculiar mode is a faulty one; but, on the contrary, that it is the author's style, a style or manner by which he is distinguished from other artists, and that unless he commit what the critic may consider faults, he never will produce what all agree to be beauties. All works are not to be written on the same principles, nor do I quarrel with the Flora of Titian, because her countenance is not that of the

Madonna of Raffaelle. Yet some men do; but, after all, there are some men who set the sundial by their own watches.

"One thing has peculiarly delighted me in 'De Vere,' and that is, that a writer who has proved himself conversant above all others of the age with the fascinations of courts and senates, should on all occasions, and in a manner so preeminently beautiful, have evinced his deep study and fervent adoration of Nature."

CHAP. V.

BREAK-UP OF THE LIVERPOOL GOVERNMENT.—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF THE LATE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM TO MR. WARD, AND FROM MR. WARD TO MRS. AUSTEN.—MR. WARD'S MARRIAGE WITH MRS. PLUMER LEWIN.—OFFICE OF AUDITOR OF THE CIVIL LIST, HELD BY HIM, ABOLISHED.—CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LATE LORD ALTHORPE THEREON.

At this period the calm which had so long prevailed in the political world, only interrupted by an occasional squall, was to be finally and completely disturbed by the break-up of that ministry which, with few and exceptional modifications, had now subsisted without even an interchange of parts, for fifteen years. Even before the sudden seizure of Lord Liverpool, vague rumours of a contest between antagonistic principles had been scattered abroad. Mr. Ward was assured by a correspondent of high influence, that "though the cordiality between the Premier and the Chancellor is weaker than it has ever been, it as yet confines itself to *D–mns* on the one part, and sighs on the other." The sudden prostration, however, of him who had so long kept his administration together by the joint influence of tact and character, brought matters to a crisis. The promotion of Mr. Canning appeared inevitable, though that necessity was but little acquiesced in by the majority of his colleagues. What might have been the consequence to England of the perma-

nent establishment at that period of a "liberal Tory ministry," it is useless now to discuss. Such a combination appeared at that period monstrous in conception, and impossible in execution. Could we have had those whose administrative ability had been matured by long practice, led by such men as Canning, Huskisson, and Peel (the latter with his present enlarged views), supported by the powerful aristocracy and landed gentry which had so long identified themselves with the Tory party, the advancement of England would have been earlier and also more gradually effected. The wear and tear of Canning's fine mind during the struggles of the next five months would have been spared, and, even if his life were destined to so early a close, the elements of vitality would have remained in his administration. Such speculations, however, were not doomed to be realised. It is well known that, for reasons which they explained more or less satisfactorily, almost the whole of his colleagues deserted him. The following extracts from letters addressed to Mr. Ward at this period, by his friend the late Duke of Buckingham, will show the difficulties under which Mr. Canning laboured. "If the Whigs do not give active support, Canning will not stand; and they *will not* give active support unless employed. They will *at first* (as they did of old in the case of the dear Doctor); but remember how soon they deserted him: and, from particular circumstances, Canning has not half the strength that Addington had when he first started. Do you suppose the Catholics will leave Canning quiet possession of their

question? Not they! You will find Canning and his Protestant friends brought into collision before the Government is a month old. . . . I agree with you that some of the Whigs will come in 'and make the gruel thick and slab,' but the charm will not be then wound up, for many adverse spirits will be brought into activity and life by the introduction of these potent ingredients. . . . The partial arrangement with the Whigs will at first bring strength like a glass of gin, but weakness will follow, as one glass of gin will lead to two, and so on until the bottle is empty." "As to the delay on the Catholic question, I still think it most mischievous to Mr. Canning's views, that he has found out the danger of tampering with the Whigs, and to avoid it is playing a fast and loose game with the Catholic question, which may at first induce people to take office under him, but which cannot last beyond the first ten days after the meeting of Parliament, when Mr. Canning's sincerity in favour of the Catholic cause will be tried and put to the test, and the disposition of the Protestant part of the Cabinet to meet his views will be ascertained. This is so like the game of 1806, that I wonder Canning should not see the danger." "As I now read the Government, it is singularly weak and cannot last; it is made up of several ranks and deputies, with no one powerful connection except the Duke of Devonshire." "A mixed Government under Lord Liverpool is a different thing from one under Mr. Canning. Upon the former's honest 'No Popery' opinions, the inoculation of ever so small a portion of Catholic

matter, was *autant de gagné;* upon the latter's avowed Catholic propensities, the smallest introduction of Protestant views is *autant de perdu.* Lord Lyndhurst, Bexley, and Anglesey *insure* the Government not being one which will support Catholic claims as a Government. The rest of the Cabinet insure every attempt being made individually to carry that question. If the question is brought forward as a Cabinet question, the Government must dissolve. Then where will be the benefit arising to the Catholics out of the new formation of the ministry. They have lost Lord Eldon's opposition and the Duke of Wellington's, and instead of them have got, *at the hands of their friends,* Lord Lyndhurst, who has made the only violent speech against them. So much for the Catholics. Then for the Protestants, what have they to expect? A divided garrison, and a rebel governor. Constant watch and ward against the enemy without, and no sleep or rest within the walls. Lord Liverpool kept the master-key in his pocket, and, while it was there, the Protestants slept in security. But what master-key has Canning? The result of the last six weeks has proved the master-key is in other hands, and yet that he has one so like it, that it will open *most* of the doors, though not all. But through those which it can open the enemy may enter. As to the Government itself, what is to be hoped for an administration in which the majority does not constitute the mastery, 'letting I dare not wait upon I would,' and afraid of urging the only question to which they are pledged, lest they should be turned out by the minority of their own selecting? In 1806 we got into the same

scrape, but the mine was sprung upon us, and we were not aware of our danger. Mr. Canning has put on Lord Grenville's breeches with his eyes open, knowing the nature, size, and depth of the garment which he has induced. I will venture to prophesy that, before many months, he will cut a most deplorable figure in them." *

Such were the impressions and vaticinations of a Canningite (though it must in fairness be added, a disappointed one) over the formation of this transition Ministry, which, though followed, as might be expected, by a short reaction, led to the prevalence of principles of government *now* indeed considered by all *as matters of course*, but then viewed with apprehension and even horror. In the following extract from a letter to Mrs. Austen, allusions will be found to Mr. Ward's connection with these arrangements.

" You looked for mine or my son's name, you say, in the late changes†; mine you will see no more. All my feelings forbid it. I have now lost every man to whom I ever looked up, or could ever follow, and I would not lead, even if I could. In short, I am grown old, and am content to be so, knowing what I know, and feeling what I feel. The place I have‡ is just the very best I could have with these feelings, keeping me just enough in the political world to say I am not out of it, and giving me, therefore, precisely the

* Extracts from letters during April, 1827, from the Duke of Buckingham to R. P. Ward, Esq.

† The formation of a Ministry of which Mr. Canning was head.

‡ Auditor of the Civil List, afterwards abolished (see p. 181.).

quantum of public interest to make me the more relish my dear private life. Hence nothing Mr. Canning could have given me could have equalled what I have. Had he doubled my public income (which he could not), I must have spent the difference, exchanged a certainty* for an uncertainty, and quiet for turmoil, by no means compensated by returning to Parliament and being Right Honourable. This I fairly told a noble friend of mine, who came twice to me, observing, that he believed they wanted me in more active office. As he himself had refused the seals of Secretary of State, he could not, and did not, wonder at my feeling; and so we moralised very prettily, *à la De Vere*, upon all that was passing. But though I had lost all ambition as to myself, I had occasion to observe its workings in others, with no very raised opinions of its effects on human nature. In one (a very high quarter, indeed) I was confidentially employed, and saw enough to have added a whole volume to 'De Vere.' In short, it is no affectation to say, that I have realised what Tremaine only dreamed, and view the world at a distance."

His next letters, in the summer of the following year, are occupied with details as to arrangements on his second marriage, which took place in July, 1828. The lady to whom he was then united, Mrs. Plumer Lewin†, of Gilston Park, in the county of Herts,

* His post was not a political one, and the chance of its abolition never occurred to him.

† It was upon this occasion that he received permission to adopt the surname of Plumer, before that of Ward.

had extended her admiration for his writings to their author, and at her beautiful seat in Hertfordshire he was able to enjoy the sort of rural life which, from the days when his young imagination had dwelt on Sir Roger de Coverley, formed the great object of his ambition. At a period when worldly prosperity seemed showered upon him, his happiness was much dashed by the deplorable state of the health of his three daughters. The fatal complaint which had caused their mother's death settled successively and irrevocably on each. He lost first the two eldest, who fell victims to the same insidious disease within two days of each other. His letters at this time I forbear to quote, as they are full of the melancholy feeling which so many deprivations were calculated to call forth.

At this period occurred a transaction which so deeply affected Mr. Ward, that he printed, for private circulation among his friends, the correspondence to which it gave rise. This event was no less than his being suddenly deprived of the office which he had accepted under the impression that it was for life. His appointment to be Auditor of the Civil List has been already alluded to, and the nature of the office will be best understood by his own account of it.

"The office of Auditor of the Civil List was created by Mr. Perceval for the express and avowed purpose of keeping it out of debt; as such the creation was proposed to Parliament, and as such approved. Its salary was 1400*l.* a year, and the reason given, and approved, for so large a sum, was its responsibility;

since, from the previous want of weight in those whose business it was to audit the accounts of the Household, and who were mere clerks, without authority to *control* the expenditure, the Civil List was perpetually in debt, sometimes to a very large amount. Mr. Perceval, therefore, thought, that by creating a considerable officer, to be called the Auditor, with powers to *examine* and *report* upon all the various expenditure of the three great departments of the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Steward, and Master of the Horse, and to keep the Treasury, and even Parliament if necessary, acquainted with their state and proceedings, this inconvenience might be avoided. For this purpose the expenses of each department were fixed at a given sum, and the duty of the Auditor was to see that it was not exceeded. If it was, or if there were peculiar circumstances that made it likely, he was to communicate with the Treasury thereupon; and if debt were incurred, he was to lay the fact before the House of Commons (if sitting) within thirty days of its occurring. This threw the Auditor into personal communication with the three great officers of the Household, and by possibility into contest with them, to which a mere Treasury clerk might not be equal; and hence Mr. Perceval thought that it would be necessary not only to give greater respectability to the new office by an ample salary, but that the person appointed to it should be experienced in the affairs of Government offices, and the nature of the control and proceedings of Parliament in regard to them.

"The event proved the propriety of Mr. Perceval's measure. At first considerable opposition was made by the three departments to the interference of the Auditor, who, it was thought, trenched too much upon their independence by *unnecessarily* examining their books and proceedings in regard to their *estimates* previous to their being voted, and of this opinion was the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.), who remonstrated with the Treasury upon it. A sort of composition was then made, that the departments should furnish their own estimates in the first instance, which should pass as of course, if the sums allotted by Parliament were not exceeded, and if the services were within their proper scope. Hence, if these conditions were fulfilled, the duties of the Auditor were confined chiefly to *responsibility* and vigilance; and, as the estimates were presented to him at the beginning of the month, and the accounts showing whether they tallied with them at the end, if no difficulties were found in these, and no peculiar circumstances arose in the interval, his place was certainly not one of *labour*, though the check occasioned by the office always remained in force, and his responsibility, by being perpetually in existence, answered all the ends proposed by its creation."

As an instance of the nature and duties of the office, and of the sort of abuses that will creep into public offices, I subjoin the following letters from Mr. Plumer Ward, as Auditor of the Civil List, to the Right Honourable Henry Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Goulburn's reply.

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to the Rt. Hon. H. Goulburn.

" (Private.) " Civil List Audit Office, March 29. 1828.

" Dear Goulburn,

" After conferring a good deal with Mr. Brent, and afterwards, privately, with Sir W. Fremantle, I was yesterday, by Lord Conyngham's own invitation, at the Board of Green Cloth, where we discussed the whole subject of the Lord Steward's department, all the members of the Board bringing, I must say, to the discussion, the most anxious desire to reduce the expenses within bounds. The result, *prospectively*, I have the pleasure to say, is satisfactory; but neither they, nor myself, can suggest any means to clear the fourth class of the department from its present debt, which, on the last year, amounts to 5525*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* This being a matter for the Treasury to consider, I therefore proceed to tell you how it seems to me that the excess has arisen, and how it is proposed to remedy it in future. In very short, it seems neither more nor less than the most scandalous waste on the part of the lower servants, encouraged by laxity of discipline, particularly, I think, by the former high officers and the good-nature of the King. This made the attempt to alter the condition of his servants unpleasant, if not hopeless. I cannot better exemplify this than by the instance of an allowance of 500*l.* a year to the lower servants in *lieu* of small beer. The history is, that, when allowed small beer in kind, they were all allowed access *ad libitum* to the cellar, and

often would not take the trouble to turn the cock after having drawn their quantity, but let hogsheads run off from very wantonness. The then officers in power (I know not who, but it was in Bloomfield's time), instead of punishing them, thought it right to turn the beer into money (the servants having ale and porter *besides* fully sufficient); and hence this 500*l.* a year compensation for not being permitted to continue this wasteful extravagance. The above is to be sure an extreme case, but the prodigality of the steward's room and the servants' hall is almost as bad. Every person belonging to either seems allowed to carry away as much provision as he can scramble for, after being himself satisfied. If a bottle of wine or porter is opened for a glass, the rest is carried off, the meat in a napkin, which seldom finds its way back again; and, in addition to this, scores of persons who have no connection with the domestic establishment appear to run riot upon the unlimited allowance for these tables. All this, after conferring with the Deputy Comptroller, I find may be checked by authority, and the Lord Steward having willingly promised it, it has been agreed to strike off not less than 1600*l.* a year from this expense alone. The footmen and maids, moreover, have been allowed charwomen and helpers (in fact, to allow them to be idle), and the reduction of these will save 400*l.* or 500*l.* a year more. The calculation of meat per day, for each individual of the family, has been 2lbs., which the principal cooks allow is too much by ½lb., this alone will save 500*l.* a year;

and an allowance of what is called *bread money*, which I could not get explained, it having been made before the present officers came into place, may also be reduced to the amount of 300*l.* This is the more right, because the allowance in money does not preclude the supply of bread in kind, over and above the allowance. I mention these specifically, because they seem gross abuses, which you ought to be apprised of. Other reductions will arise, more from better regulations than abolitions, particularly in the gardens, upon which the Lord Steward, &c., have themselves ordered a diminution (agreed to by Mr. Aiton) of 2600*l.* a year, and the whole put together, as per table enclosed, will amount to 6456*l.* This is more than equal to the excess of the present year, which therefore, it is to be hoped, will not be repeated.

. . . . . .

"Long as this letter is, there remain two questions which must be touched upon. The expenses of the Queen of Wirtemberg, and Don Miguel.

"As to the first, you have already had the subject before you, and all I would suggest is, that, as the estimates in the Civil List Act were not framed in any contemplation of visits from a crowned head, *some additional* expense must fairly be expected by the nation, and therefore a *reasonable* sum might fairly be proposed to Parliament in the civil contingencies. The only question is, *what* is *reasonable?* and, as the actual account seems much otherwise, the balance over the *reasonable* charge may probably be defrayed

out of other sources. But this I leave to your better opinion, only adding, that, if you adopt this, it will be necessary to distinguish what parts of the charge you would allow to remain to be asked for of Parliament, and what to be paid out of the King's other personal funds. I certainly understand from the Lord Steward and Treasurer, that, upon their remonstrating to Mr. Canning that the department could not defray, or be expected by the House of Commons to defray, this expense, (in which, as Auditor, I should have joined them,) Mr. Canning replied, that the Treasury would defray it, and only enjoined them to be as economical as possible.

"On the other hand, as to Don Miguel, the visit being, as it were, national, and probably with state objects, the injunction from the Treasury, I am told, was to do as much honour as possible, and expense was consequently to be expected. I enclose the heads of it for your information, only adding that it was much increased by an unfortunate detention at Plymouth of three weeks. I cannot conclude without observing, in justice to Mr. * * * *, that I have received the greatest, and I believe the most honest, assistance from him throughout my inquiry, and that the reductions I have been enabled to propose are mainly owing to the assistance he has given me. As to the superior officers, I am very sure you may rely on their cordial support of any decision for future conduct to which you may come. Begging you to excuse this long letter, which, however, I could

not shorten consistently with the object I conceive you to have in view, of knowing the interior of a department not readily accessible,

"I am, dear Goulburn,

"Most sincerely yours,

"R. WARD.

"The whole of the accounts for Don Miguel are not come in, and I cannot therefore send them. But I understand, in the three departments, they amount to 5200*l.*"

Rt. Hon. H. Goulburn to R. Plumer Ward, Esq.

"(Private.) "Downing Street, April 9. 1828.

"My dear Ward,

"I am very much obliged to you for your very satisfactory report upon the Lord Steward's department. I have had a communication with the Duke of Leeds, who expresses himself equally anxious to submit his department to a similar investigation. I have no doubt that the result will be equally to the King's advantage and to the ease of the Civil List. Would you, therefore, be kind enough to undertake it? and, when done, I should be glad to have some conversation with you on the whole subject, in order that matters may be henceforth regularly and economically conducted.

"Yours ever, my dear Ward,

"Most truly,

"HENRY GOULBURN.'

Such being the nature of the office, Mr. Ward, without any previous intimation of such an intention, was greeted shortly before the opening of the Session of 1831, with the following announcement of its intended abolition.

Lord Althorpe to R. Plumer Ward, Esq.

"Downing Street, Jan. 30. 1831.

"Dear Sir,

"I have an unpleasant duty to perform in writing to you. I have had under my consideration the office for auditing the accounts of the Civil List, and it appears to me that the duties of this office can be as efficiently performed as they are at present, by incorporating this office in the Treasury, and that by taking this step a saving to the public will be effected. I am very sorry, therefore, to have to inform you, that in the arrangements for the Civil List, which his Majesty's present Government will submit to Parliament, your office will not be included. It is most disagreeable to me to have to give you this information, and as I hope the inconvenience to you of losing this situation will not be very serious, I really believe I am more annoyed in writing you this letter than you will be in receiving it, which I admit to be an uncommon occurrence on similar occasions.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours most sincerely,

"ALTHORPE."

To this, which, as Mr. Ward himself remarked, was the letter of a gentleman, Mr. Ward replied in the same tone.

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to Lord Althorpe.

"Cavendish Square, Jan. 31. 1831.

"My Lord,

"I am honoured with your Lordship's letter informing me that, for reasons you are so good as to mention, his Majesty's Government intend to suppress the place of Auditor of the Civil List: upon these reasons, were I differently situated, that is, any where but where I am, I might take the liberty of offering some remarks. As it is, I will not be guilty of so great an impropriety, but fulfil the only duty I have to perform, *obedience*. I must beg, however, to be allowed to thank you for the kind and handsome manner in which you have been so good as to announce this determination of the Government, as I trust I do not flatter myself in hoping that it proves the measure not to be founded on any feelings personal to *me*. That you may reap all the benefit you expect from it yourselves, as well as that support which I sincerely think you have a right to obtain in conducting affairs at this critical juncture, is my undisguised wish.

"Believe me, with great esteem,

"Your Lordship's most sincere,

"Humble servant,

"R. PLUMER WARD."

Here might the whole matter have rested, Mr. Ward having quietly submitted to this somewhat unceremonious ejection, which however, with his late accession of fortune, and the revival of his pension, which had merged in that of his office, did not affect him much. Lord Althorpe however, in noticing the reduction he had effected, treated it as the reduction of a sinecure office, or, at least, of one the duties of which were performed by deputy. To this Mr. Ward would not submit, and a correspondence ensued, which at last assumed a tone too angry to make me inclined to revive it by publication. Where one man is conscious of being unjustly treated, and the other refuses redress, such can hardly fail to be the consequence; and, where an imputation is put forward which rests on no true foundation, an offer to "disclaim all intention of hurting the feelings" is not only no satisfaction, but appears rather too like a reiteration of the imputation complained of. At length, however, the matter was publicly noticed in the House of Commons in the manner narrated in the following letter.

Rt. Hon. H. Goulburn to R. Plumer Ward, Esq.

"Portman Square, March 30. 1831.

"My dear Ward,

"I can assure you that there is no one who more truly sympathises with you in the affliction which has recently befallen you than myself; and, although I hope you will give me credit for the feeling, I cannot, in addressing you on another subject, avoid

giving this expression to it. I return you the papers which you put into my hands a short time since. The newspapers, with an unfairness which is one of the characteristics of the present times, have omitted to notice what passed between Lord Althorpe and myself on the subject of them in the House of Commons. I am, therefore, obliged to state that Lord Althorpe, in reply to mine and to General Phipps's inquiries, did clearly exempt you from any thing like an imputation of neglecting your duties, or of not having efficiently discharged all that the office in which you were placed imposed upon you, and did moreover add an expression of regret, that any thing should on a former occasion have fallen from him, which could have hurt your feelings, or could have been supposed to imply on your part inattention or neglect. I think his explanation was *in every respect what you had a right to, and what ought to satisfy you*, and I have great pleasure in thinking that I have been in the slightest degree instrumental in rendering this act of justice to an old friend and associate.

"Yours ever, my dear Ward,

"Most truly,

"HENRY GOULBURN."

CHAP. VI.

MR. WARD'S FAMILY AFFLICTIONS. — DEATH OF HIS TWO ELDER DAUGHTERS AND OF MRS. PLUMER WARD. — DECLINING HEALTH OF YOUNGER DAUGHTER. — GOES TO BRIGHTON. — MARRIAGE WITH MRS. OKEOVER. — PASSES WINTER AT WIESBADEN — LETTERS FROM THENCE. — RECONCILIATION WITH AN OLD FRIEND. — VARIOUS LETTERS.

IN the foregoing letters a passing allusion is made to recent losses he had sustained. It would be no part of the intention of this work to dilate on the grievous private afflictions with which he was visited at this period. Their influence will be traced in the more sober character of the works he composed between the publication of "De Vere" and "De Clifford," in which, as in "Illustrations of Human Life" and "Pictures of the World," the narrative form is less maintained, and more room is given to philosophical disquisitions.*

The trials he went through were indeed of no common kind. Two daughters, whose declining health he had anxiously watched, were consigned to the same tomb, — thus united in death, as they had been through life; the second had followed the eldest,

* By 1837 he had completed for the press "Illustrations of Human Life," and by the end of 1838 "Pictures of the World." As they could not pretend to continuous interest, like "Tremaine" and "De Vere," the fact that they attained considerable popularity, even with the general public, may be taken as a proof of the taste and originality which characterised them.

according to her own oft-expressed wish, within a few days of her sister's departure, both victims to the same insidious malady. Within a few months after, that wife, whose kindness and generosity had been unfailing during the short period of their union, died also at Gilston Park, which she had bestowed upon him,—a gift, however, which the grievous afflictions of which it had been the scene robbed of half its value.

I pass over a protracted period of heart-rending anxiety, during which the alarming illness of his younger daughter did but too truly threaten a further shock to his affections. It was amidst the prostration of spirits and energy to which the last of these repeated trials had at length reduced him, that he first made acquaintance with one who, amid the new sorrow which was fast approaching, and amid many others which were to afflict his declining years, was to be his comfort and stay.

At Brighton, in the summer of 1832, he had the good fortune to make acquaintance with Mrs. Okeover, the widowed daughter of the late gallant Lt. Gen. Sir George Anson. The alliance in which this acquaintance afterwards resulted furnished sunshine for his remaining years on earth. He seemed to catch from her presence that contented cheerfulness which depends not on the excitement of society, and can even resist the ever-recurring trials to which all are subject, and which, both physically and mentally, attacked him from time to time with a strength requiring every such assistance in order to be successfully resisted.

Among the most pleasing passages in "De Vere," especially to all who have cultivated a frame of mind such as that to which I have alluded, is the description of the Man of Content, the "Master of Okeover Hall." By one of the strange coincidences which are stranger than fiction, Mr. Ward, while searching a Road-book for an appropriate name for the abode of this, one of his favourite characters, had fixed on Okeover Hall. Years after this, and by events subsequent to his marriage, he saw himself, in right of his wife, as the guardian of her only son, the "Master of Okeover Hall;" and most assuredly, in the peaceful life and social circle there established, he realised in the best sense of the words, the "Man of Content."

The letters written from this happy abode, which I shall furnish later, will speak for themselves. It needs not therefore the recollections of one who like myself has there visited him, to tell of the intellectual enjoyments which its old-fashioned halls supplied, the sparkling anecdote, the philosophic imaginings, the vivid recollections of old times, and of the political giants of other days,—all this, in addition to the brilliant interchange of every-day conversation. To enjoy this fully, indeed, it was necessary in his later years to be within reach of the "trumpet" which increasing deafness rendered necessary. Happy, however, was he who got next to him, and had it thus in his power to call forth the recollections of bygone days, detailed with all the vigour and sprightliness of youth.

Two years after his marriage with Mrs. Okeover, Anne, the youngest of his three daughters, was taken

from him, to join those who had gone before. His spirits sank within him. Not only was Gilston Park, where he had been so overwhelmed with sorrows, insupportable to him as a residence, but even his continuance in England was thought by his physicians inadvisable. His health had been grievously affected, and with the German baths in view he commenced a residence at Wiesbaden, which he prolonged through the winter, after the flight of summer butterflies and even the crowd of hypochondriac patients had transferred themselves to other scenes. It was during this tour that the following letters were written.

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to Mr. Austen.

"Wiesbaden, Jan. 31. 1836.

"My dear Austen,

. . . . . .

"What am I to think of all that is said in Galignani (the only paper I see) about changes? Believe one side and Lord [Melbourne] has not a squeak left; believe t'other, we are all to go out. I hardly care which, for one cause of my health is, that I am no longer an Englishman, and least of all a landed gentleman; so, if you will give me a couple of thousand a year, and no accounts of audits or farm losses, I will give you Gilston and all its plate and jewels. I love the Germans so much, and am so well pleased with their reception of us, that I could stay among them much longer than my sovereign lady will let me. Yet they have been particularly civil to her, and in fact she is

admired everywhere, from the Grand-Duchess herself down to the grisette. She is dubbed Countess, and myself Baron, she *miladi*, I *monseigneur;* who would ever go back to *little* Chesterfield Street? What is D'Israeli's father about? What am *I* about myself? Something: but what will it come to? *L'ignoro.* Very miscellaneous, a retired statesman, preternatural interventions, society, motives, love and gallantry, an English Rasselas, &c. &c. About a volume and a half done. Colburn pleased, but idle; I can get nothing definite, except for the New Monthly, which, though bribed high, I refuse. Why did Bulwer leave him? I have said all I have got to say, and will only add that we shall be here till May, when again to Ems for another season, then Switzerland, then to Italy, and then if England is England, and I alive (not unless), to crack a bottle in Guildford Street, so I remain ever yours and your wife's,

"R. P. W."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to Mr. Austen.

"Lausanne, March 14. 1837.

"My dear Austen,

. . . . . .

"Most loth I am to return to it [England], for this climate is superb, and I have been superbly well all the winter, though slightly attacked by the influenza, which has reached us, but in a most mild form, so, as old people have bad chances with it *chez vous*, I am loth to be among you again. Nevertheless we start

for Paris on the 28th on our way home, only I trust for the summer, and return to the Continent, perhaps to Nice, in the autumn, nor would I go at all but to arrange plans for Mrs. P. W.'s son, a most fine boy of 11 years, who, lucky dog, has just succeeded to his uncle's estate, a good 5000*l.* a year, in Staffordshire, which will become six by the time he is of age. Two houses, one with a park, and about 1000*l.* a year are offered to my wife, who is guardian, by the trustees, to keep up the place and educate the children, and, as the place they say is delightful, she has a serious wish to reside there. On my part I have too many melancholy associations in respect to Gilston to wish much to return, and the necessity of deciding between the two is really the sole reason for our now going home."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to Mr. Austen.

"Gilston Park, July 23. 1837.

"Dear Austen,

"I am in a thousand minds whether to return to the Continent or not; certainly I dread another winter or spring here. I am suffering from our worse than *Vent de Bise* more than ever I did in my life. Rheumatism most impertinent, and surely there is nothing left in the country worth staying in it at the expense of health. But for my good wife I would go, never to return; and you and yours might find me out in your summer excursions, and put me in mind of what *had* been. I am afraid I am Gorewellish * as well

* A grumbling character in "Pictures of the World."

as Tremainish. So Mrs. A. had a presentiment of this? Yet you never saw (certainly not abroad) any thing like this place. We are literally in a bed of roses, and, you will say, ought not to rise from it; yet too much bed you know relaxes. In fact I believe I am like my master (Paley), who used to say his happiness would naturally have been to keep a public-house by the wayside and examine the passengers.

"R. P. W."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to Mr. Austen.

"Brighton, Oct. 18. 1837.

"Dear Austen,

"After having been at Bath, which almost killed me, we have been here five weeks, and shall have been six on the 24th, when we depart for Gilston, to be there, after a visit on the way, on the 31st. This place makes me flourish, particularly by the artificial waters. Who would go to Carlsbad when he can get them so much better here, that they are actually exported to Berlin and Vienna? This and sea breezes have dissipated heartburn, and I quaff my pint of claret a day with great glee, preparatory to the Offenburg to come, for your trouble about which I owe you all my thanks. Mean time I have not been idle, and you will soon see announced by Murray, 'Strictures on the real amount of the precedent and character of the Revolution of 1689.' Something different from 'Tremaine,' and as it is a professed review of Mack-

intosh, Fox, and Locke, I must prepare for war. Colburn has had other gear of mine, which I suppose is coming out by this. So you see I have not left off business; pray Heaven it does not leave off me. The truth is, with tolerable health I must do something, or with even many blessings I should sink under *ennui*. Thank Heaven her temple is not to be found here, but I dread Gilston not a little*, and the chances are you may see us before Christmas in Chesterfield Street. Meanwhile, with my love to your wife, and the remembrance of mine to you both, believe me ever much

"Yours,

"R. P. W."

Under the excitement of politics events will occur to interrupt long-cherished friendships; it is one of the greatest drawbacks to this most fascinating of pursuits. Differences of opinion, changes in the mode of action, the necessities of administrative arrangements, all these have so wide an operation, and often so directly personal an influence, that they cannot be viewed with indifference like other pieces of personal conduct, of which we may disapprove, but which do not affect us. Something of this nature had occurred to separate Mr. Ward from one of his oldest political allies; and I find it difficult to say which is more touching — the frankness with which reconciliation

* This place was saddened to him by the melancholy deprivations of which it had been the scene.

was sought and explanation tendered, or the readiness and, if I may use such a term, tenderness with which it was met. So noble a lesson of Christian conduct is furnished by two old politicians, whose hearts one might have supposed to be seared by the trials to which their feelings had been exposed in various political conflicts, thus eagerly renewing friendly ties, and effacing former misunderstandings, that I cannot bring myself to omit the following letters. I have suppressed the name and all circumstances that could proclaim the author, not because he could feel ashamed of his desire for reconciliation, but because *that* is not necessary to enable me to put forward the lesson against cherished enmity which he will rejoice to be the means of giving. Another instance is added to many, that a tender conscience and a Christian spirit are not the exclusive property of the simple and the recluse.

* * * * * *to R. Plumer Ward, Esq.*

"Nov. 13. 1837.

"My dear Ward,

"A letter from me will surprise you. I hope it will not be unsatisfactory to you; but having long and long wished to communicate with you, and to endeavour to set you right in regard to me, I must at length carry this wish into effect. I was yesterday evening brought to this determination by a passage which I read in a published letter of Sandford, whom we remember at Christ Church; and it is as follows:

—'I confess that I do not understand the spirit that can obstinately retain offence: life is in my opinion too short, and, above all, too uncertain, for the steady retention of displeasure.'

"These are sentiments which, I hope, must have weight with you, even if it were quite certain that I had *intentionally* done you an injury. But when, as in the presence of Almighty God, I declare that it was ever farthest from my thought or wishes to act unkindly by you, I do trust that peace and amity may again take place between us. It was in consequence of my recommending . . . . . that you were displeased with me. I should have done better if I had first communicated with you, and had thus ascertained from yourself your wishes and intentions. In not doing this consisted my only error, and for this omission I beg your pardon. I would readily have done it when I first knew your displeasure, but you never would give me the opportunity. I remember meeting you at dinner at Vansittart's, and I tried then to communicate with you, but you would not allow me. But having acknowledged what part of my conduct to you was faulty, I must now most solemnly assure you, that I thought (after your communication with Lord Liverpool) you had finally decided to go out of Parliament.

"You have now the perfect truth before you. I have owned in what I was wrong. I have expressed my sorrow for it. It would be a great comfort to me, before I quit this world, to know that you and I were friends again. Enmities ought not to be interminable,

even where intentional and deliberate offence has been given. I am now living in retirement, and as I seldom go from home, except when I pay visits to a kind and much valued friend, and, therefore, not being likely to fall in your way, I can have no motive for seeking reconciliation, except the pleasure which I shall derive from it. I have, as I have already told you, long been anxious to communicate with you, and I feel that if it is to be done there is no time to be lost. I am now in my seventy-first year; I have had of late many and very serious attacks of illness, and if we are to be friends again it must happen soon.

"In reflecting upon what has passed, I can assure you, with truth and sincerity, that I have never felt the least anger against you, and I always was confident that, if I had the means of making my explanation to you, all your displeasure against me would be removed. When we recollect how long we have known each other, it is surely not too much to hope that the acquaintance which began in kindness may end in kindness also. This is my sincere wish: you will gratify me greatly, and will gladden my heart, if you do but say that it is your wish also. Trusting that this may happen, I must end my letter with begging you to believe that I am

"Ever most truly yours,

"* * * * *"

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to * * * * *.

"Gilston Park, Nov. 23. 1837.

"My dear * *,

"I am not a little vexed to think so beautiful a letter as you have had the great kindness to write me has remained so long unanswered.

"You must not suppose that I was not alive to every line of it, or did not, the moment I read it, feel my own heart respond to sentiments which do yours so much honour. The Christian charity which it breathes throughout, to say nothing of the manliness of its avowals, would have been an imposing lesson to myself, had I stood in need of it. But I assure you I did not. Whatever injury I thought you had done me, I had long forgiven, and, what is more, forgotten; and if some little feeling of slight, or (shall I say) of haughty demeanour on your part, had dwelt somewhat longer with me than might be proper, such a letter as yours would dissipate it all in a moment. I cordially accept all the kind things you are pleased to say in explanation of what I took so ill at the time, though even then I never thought you wished to injure me. It was more, as I have hinted, the manner than the matter which hurt me. But even this had passed out of my mind; and I am sure, if it had not, it would now. I almost envy you the merit of a letter so worthy a Christian and a gentleman.

"We are both of us now old, and drawing to a close: and there is too little life to enjoy to allow us to trifle with what remains.

"I therefore heartily join you in the wish you express, that what was begun in kindness may end in it also. . . . . .

"With these sentiments, and again thanking you for your welcome letter,

"I remain, my dear * * ,

"Much and truly yours,

"R. PLUMER WARD."

* * * * * *to R. Ward, Esq.*

"Nov. 26. 1837.

"My dear Ward,

"Yours was a most welcome letter to me. When I wrote mine I was not very well; and as at no time can the continuance of life be depended upon, much less so when old age has come upon us, I felt that I ought no longer to delay what I had long and often thought and wished to do. It is a great comfort to me that I at last wrote to you. I had never for a moment felt angry with you, for I was not the offended person; and it was ever most painful to me to think that there should be enmity between us, and that I might go to my grave without having endeavoured to remove it. I was not restrained by any false shame; for I should feel shame, on the contrary, for not making an apology, and an ample one too, where one was due. I have already assured you that it was ever farthest from my intention to do you any injury. I was heedless, and in the hurry of the moment I neglected to consult you. My manner may have been

offensive. If it was a haughty manner, it ill became me; but I hope and believe that that is a failure of which I could be no longer accused. . . . . But I mean no excuse. In point of fact, I was unfair and unkind to you, though unkindness was farthest from my thoughts. You have taken my apology in the spirit which I hoped you would, and from my heart I thank you. You have relieved me from a distress which has long borne heavily upon me.

"I have now only to add, that, should the occasion of our meeting offer, it will give me great pleasure. I have no longer a house in London, but I go up always for some weeks in the spring; I will let you know when. If you then happen to be in London, let us meet.

"Ever most truly and sincerely yours,

"* * * * * *."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

"Hyde House, July 2. 1838.

"Dear Austen,

"I was quite glad of your letter, for it *forces* me to write to you, which I have a long time been wishing to do, though a most determined spirit of idleness always prevented my wishes from taking effect. We unfortunately saw so little of you and Mrs. A. in London, that we were ignorant of your summer plans, which, being generally very adventurous, I should like to know. From your letter, however, I conclude

that you do not mean to go abroad. I wish I could do so; for I feel and heartily wish I could change this afflicting climate. Well may I call it so, for it afflicts every bone in my skin with damp and cold, and my whole mind with gloom. What is worse, it tears my wife to pieces with cough, which always fills me with alarm from miserable recollections. I believe, however, most of the mischief arises from our present locality; for such has been the progress of my plantations, some of them sixty feet high, and they in such close contact with the house, that though the sun may shine *occasionally* we are always dripping wet, and ought to be like frogs to enjoy it. Unless, therefore, some *Numen* should procure for us a metamorphose, I believe we shall not stay out half our time. Indeed we contemplate Brighton as early as next month, and so will end our foreign scheme. Not so, I hope, (if I live till) next spring. We have not long returned from our very interesting trip into Staffordshire, where your friend Vaughan did the honours of a pleasant cottage at Okeover admirably. The hall is at present let, so we only went to reconnoitre, but were so satisfied with its beauty, convenience, and respectability, that we decided to inhabit it without hesitation. It is the absolute *beau idéal* of an old English country gentleman's mansion for many generations, and we are really quite bit with it. Much perhaps was owing to the visible joy of two whole parishes (the whole of both of which belongs to the estate), that *some* of the family were coming to live there. The interest and thousand questions about

Charles made me doubt a little my uncomfortable creed, that all the fond ties that used to be cherished between landlord and tenant in this country are over. We cannot get possession till Lady-day, and it will then take a pretty large sum to furnish it: however I hope, and dare say, we shall manage it. It makes me more and more indifferent to Gilston. . . .

. . . . . ."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

"Hyde House, August 16. 1838.

"My dear Austen,

. . . . . .

"We count upon coming up for two days this day week, previous to setting off for O. We take the house furnished exactly as it is (that is, most comfortably), which will cost 1000*l.* by appraisement. Do not think me mad: though, from sending my whole library (at least seven tons of books) it is thought I mean never to appear again in the world. Well! I have been long enough in it. *Tempus est abire.* Yet I am remarkably well, and very much yours,

"R. P. W."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

"Okeover Hall, Oct. 28. 1838.

"My dear Austen,

"Welcome back to John Bull from Louis Baboon. I have been indulging in Swift lately; so Mrs. A. must forgive allusions, though she may be fond of the said Louis. By the way, how did France show in comparison with Germany? I trow you had more lessons in landscape in the one, and of human nature in the other. Both good of their kind.

"I feel more comfortably off in this delightful as well as respectable old abode, than ever I was in my life, and far happier than at Gilston. One thing quite surprises me, as well as pleases. There is really a corner in England left in which the old-fashioned feeling of attachment from well-used tenants to an old landlord's family is preserved. I never saw it so exemplified as among all the tenants of this beautiful estate, upon our arrival, and indeed ever since. Had our boy been a prince of the blood, they could not have shown more regard than for Okeover of Okeover. As his mother, my wife comes in for her share; and as her husband, I myself come in for mine. The family is far more ancient than I thought, the pedigree deriving them from Ormus, one of William's soldiers, who being endowed with this place, his descendants styled themselves De Okeover, and have continued the male representatives of it ever since. There are tombs in the church with Saxon inscriptions, which I don't understand; but they are of the character of the

oldest Henries, and have the Okeover arms upon them. We are so pleased with the place that we do not come to town so soon as we intended, till the beginning of April, when I hope we shall meet, and that you will find me in as superlative health as I am at this time of writing.

"Believe me, as usual,

"Yours very much,

"R. P. W."

CHAP. VII.

PUBLICATION OF "DE CLIFFORD."—MR. WARD'S REMARKS ON THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.—LETTER OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE C. W. W. WYNN.—CONTINUATION OF CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. AND MRS. AUSTEN.—INCREASING INFIRMITY OF HEALTH.—REMOVAL TO THE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.—HIS DEATH.—HIS MISCELLANEOUS UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

THE year 1841 presented to the public a novel from the pen of Mr. Ward, which, even without making allowances for the afflictions and infirm health, of which the foregoing letters afford such clear witness, would be a remarkable production from the pen of a man of seventy-six, who had led the active life that had been ever his fate.

It was received with much favour by the public, to whose indulgence occasional allusions will be found in the letters that follow. I should first, however, notice, that the same year too produced from his prolific and varied genius a work of an entirely different character, on the Revolution of 1688. Instead of introducing any criticism of my own, I cannot do what will be more welcome to my readers than present that which was addressed to the author by the Right Hon. Charles Wynn (to whom it had been dedicated), so long a high authority on constitutional questions.

Rt. Hon. Charles Wynn to R. P. Ward, Esq.

"May 5. 1838.

"My dear Ward,

"I am quite ashamed to have so long delayed sending you the observations which you so kindly wished me to make on the essays which you did me the honour of addressing to me. I regret to say, that though I have repeatedly intended to devote an adequate time to the task, nay, sat down in execution of my intention, the pressure of the business of the day, which from my having much to write for my brother on account of his own inability, besides my necessary attendance upon my poor invalid at home, has been unusually heavy, has constantly intervened to prevent me from proceeding beyond a few short notes not worthy of your attention.

"The point upon which I principally differ from you is, that I think you hardly state with sufficient strength the grounds which justify the conduct both of William and his English supporters in effecting the revolution.

"You state the proposition as if a difference of opinion on foreign politics between a king and his subjects were argued to be a reason to justify insurrection; but that difference of *opinion* was resistance to what was believed to be a deliberate plan for the overthrow of the independence and political liberty of every state in Europe, and what the subjects of James saw to be particularly directed to the extirpation of the Protestant religion. You must always bear in

mind the violent persecution then carried on in France by the monarch whom the English saw to have established not only a close alliance, but an overruling influence over their own sovereign, who was acting for the same object though in a less open manner.

"You seem to consider the oath enacted by the 13th and 14th Charles II. as only forswearing resistance against lawful commands; now it seems to me that it expressly declares that it is not lawful to bear arms against the king under *any pretence whatever*, and that such an oath therefore was 'in collision with the rights and obligations of the subject in a limited monarchy.' So it was understood by the framers of the oath, and so it was constantly expounded from the pulpit, that a sovereign violating the laws was to be left to the punishment of heaven.

"Let me also observe that you scarcely make sufficient allowance, in construing Mackintosh, for an unfinished fragment, which never was revised or corrected by its author, edited and continued by a person of the most opposite principles. . . . .

"It seems to me, for instance, that in the passage quoted in page 8., Mackintosh speaks only with reference to our own revolution, and does not mean to argue that the attainment of Utopian perfection of laws is a justifiable ground of waging war in subjects, but the preservation of their ancient laws and institutions from being placed on the tenure of the duration of the sovereign pleasure.

"I do not think that, in general, persons sufficiently appreciate the just causes for alarm which existed

through the latter part of the reign of Charles II., and the whole of that of James II. It is even at the present moment, with the advantage of all that has since come to light, impossible to ascertain what the real extent of the Popish Plot was, but we cannot doubt that it was at that time universally and naturally believed. Connect that belief with the connection with France, which had even then transpired, with the new modelling the army in Ireland so as to place it in the hands of Catholics, the commencement of the same measure in England, and I think that you will be of opinion that the time for resistance was come, lest by further delay it should become impossible to resist with effect; and this, in truth, must always be the main consideration which determines the legitimate time for resistance. The highest Tory of modern days will, like Dr. Johnson, admit that, 'if the abuse be enormous, nature must rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system!!' but those who are more reasonable will also allow, that the breaking down the securities which we possess against enormous abuse confers the same privilege.

"You seem to censure the popular party in the two last parliaments of Charles II., for refusing the limitations which he proposed on a Popish successor, and insisting on the Exclusion Bill. Now to me the course which they followed appears the only one which could maintain the British constitution. What would have been the consequence of enacting those limitations? Probably that they would have been

set aside either by the King's prerogative, or by a subservient Parliament immediately on his accession. But if they had remained in force, they would have converted our ancient monarchy into a republic.

"I have dwelt only on points on which our opinions do not exactly coincide, because, if I adverted to those infinitely more numerous on which we perfectly agree, it would occupy much more time and weary out your patience.

"Believe me ever,

"Most faithfully yours,

"C. W. WILLIAMS WYNN."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to the Countess of Mulgrave.

"Okeover Hall, Jan. 26. 1841.

"My dear Sister,

"I thank you for the interest you take in my new work, which will not be out, I think, before March. I hope, and even venture to believe, that you will like it, being much less dry than the last; in fact, a regular love story, like 'Tremaine;' this also, like 'Tremaine,' mixed with plenty of moral dissertation. Think of a gentleman of seventy-six writing a love story! and yet I shall not be afraid to hazard it, for all Colburn's critics say it is as good as 'Tremaine' and 'De Vere.' Succeed or fail, it has already repaid me a high price in the absorbing and pleasing interest it has shed over this my last retreat, where I have so forgotten all worldly pursuits, that I never was so independent, and never more happy. To be sure I have a powerful

aid in my dear companion, whose own apparent happiness forms a very principal part of mine. The only alloy to the agreeableness of your letter was what you say of the health of * * *. To tell you how much we feel for her suffering, and still more how we admire her patience and resignation under it, would not be easy. We are told chastening is a mark of favour, which ought at least to soften complaint. But still it is hard to bear, and one cannot (especially in this instance) but wish it were otherwise. Her virtues, at least, wanted no such trial to elicit them, if I may say so without irreverence

> 'To that stern Power,
> Who, chastening, rules our transitory hour;
> And low doth lay the proud one's haughtiest boast,
> And oft the brightest virtue tries the most.'

"Adieu! after these grave lines I cannot proceed with chat, and of course in this retired nook I can have no news. It can be none that my dear wife loves you all, and desires me to say so, as much as

"Your most affectionate,

"R. P. W.

"I will send you 'De Clifford,' and if, in one of the characters, an accomplished minister of state and high-minded man, your fancy may recognise where I got some of the materials for it, it may perhaps insure a little interest, whatever you may think of the execution."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to Mrs. Austen.

"Okeover, April 26. 1841.

"Dear Mrs. Austen,

"Whatever the pleasure an author may have in his own compositions, nothing is more true than that he cannot be a fair judge of them. As well might a mother's opinion of the beauty of a blubber-faced cross-eyed child pass as correct with surrounding friends who see the defects. Your remarks on the different parts of the work, believe me, are most valuable, and would support me against any adverse criticism, let it come from what quarter it might. Hitherto however, strange to say, I have neither seen nor heard of any, and if I may believe or trust in many sweet-smelling savours, I ought to think myself a marvellous proper gentleman. So at least many of the erudite papers, weekly and daily, tell me that I am, and it would surely be hard if I did not believe them. On the other hand, though I have sought for it, if there is any thing unfavourable, it has been, perhaps from supposed kindness (the reverse of that shown to Sir Fretful), kept from me. Let me confess, however, that to one particular critique (that in the 'Britannia' of last Saturday) I am any thing but dead. On the contrary, I am most sensitively alive to it, and was even much affected by its concluding paragraph, where, alluding to the little probability, from my age, of my appearing again as an author, it takes leave of me in terms which, if true, must cheer even my last hour. Must it not do so to be told that I have done

much to counteract the vicious tendencies of an immoral school, and shown that a novel may not be the less interesting for breathing a spirit of pure and exalted sentiment. If I have done this, and deserve half of what this evidently enlightened writer (whoever he is) is pleased to say, then the old gentleman of seventy-six, of whom he thus takes leave, may hope that, though he has lived so long, he has not lived in vain. A cheering hope, which, but for this passage from an observer totally unknown to me, would never have gilded my mind with such an evening ray; for never did I believe, till I saw it, that I should live for such a thing to be said of me.

"I trust, my dear friend, nay, I am sure, you will set this down to the right account; and though I have as much vanity as another, that you will believe with myself that vanity is no where present in these solemn thoughts, for solemn they are; and if I thought it had any share in a strain which I should be glad if I could indulge in my closing hour, I would expunge it now as I would then. No! a sinking man's head, full of the blessings which God has poured upon it, has no room for this poison, sweet as it might be in younger years; and where I own I am moved, it is with a feeling far better than vanity when I also own my pleasure in the review I have just quoted.

"We have no engagements, and not even the sight of friends, or even the possession of our house, would tempt me to London; for I have outlived its excitement, and am a complete identification of the lines I have quoted from the Duke of Buckingham:—

'With age decayed, of courts and business tired,
Caring for nothing, but what ease required.'

"And what ease could I find in a *retirement* (for such it would be) in London comparable to that which I enjoy here. If ever I write another novel, which perhaps I may do, spite of the 'Britannia' prophecy, it shall be upon 'A hollow tree, my crust of bread, and liberty;' a very pretty sentiment for a gentleman who feeds every day upon ham and roast turkey.

"R. P. W."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

"Okeover, July 3. 1842.

"My dear Austen,

"It was most kind of you to write to me so long a letter. It gratified, I assure you, a wish I had long entertained to hear something of your doings, but particularly of the state of health of your excellent wife, about which we left town in some anxiety. From your account I hope I may think it is better, and I particularly admire the remedy, to enjoy which I believe I would consent to be worse than I am myself. From this you may think I am not well, yet I am not very ill. The income tax, however, has nothing to do with this, for I cannot help approving its principles, although I fear the *screwing* of its *machinery* will be oppressive. From the tariff I have little expectation, and I own, though I feel it not in this happy retreat, the state of the starving part of the population, and the little prospect of its amelioration, occasions me alarm amounting to much un-

easiness. Peel is all-powerful, but is no object of envy. You have interested me so much about your French friend, that I am glad of his preferment, and for your sake exceedingly glad of his expected visit; *à propos* to which, I do hope, in your projected tour with him to Dovedale, you will not confine your call here to *a few hours* — a day and a night are the least I can expect, and as much more as the exertion of a tour will allow you to give. We are in beauty, and the delight of independence in such a retreat made me forget, in twenty-four hours, the regret which I fear, with all my philosophy, I felt at leaving town. Not that my passion for woods and fields, and a degree of solitude, is not as great as ever, and I always feel better and happier (perhaps wiser) for them. But then the *society* of London!

"Yours ever,

"R. P. WARD."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to Mrs. Austen.

"Okeover Hall, July 7. 1842.

"My dear Friend,

"From the preface of your letter I should have supposed you were about to ask me a favour of towering importance, far above my reach — a peerage for your husband, or perhaps a diamond necklace for yourself, for example — when, behold, it is to inquire after a hypocritical rascal's cave a few miles off. Well, next to a great deal of information, the best thing is to know for *certain* that there is none to give, and such is the case. As to Rousseau's retreat at

Wootton, the whole house is pulled down, and Mr. Davenport Bromley has built a modern one on the same site, the steps of which exactly replace the former apartment of the vain, clever, bad-hearted mountebank (at best, the mad egotist), who once took refuge there. There is not a trait which can recal this Swiss *soi-disant* philosopher to your accomplished French friend, whose letter much interested me; at least I in vain endeavoured to discover any when I visited Mr. Davenport, as I have often done, his family and ours being intimate, and his wife, Lady Louisa, a great favourite. I will, however, write to him (he is now in London, at least we left him there), and he will tell me if there is any trace at Wootton of what your friend wishes. If there is, when you come I will tell you; and perhaps, if I can quit the luxury of inertness, which I here enjoy to perfection, will *climb* up with you to the spot, which is ten miles off, and high among hills.

"Ever yours, very sincerely,

"R. P. W."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

"Brook Street, Jan. 5. 1843.

"Dear Austen,

"I thank you much and most truly for all your kind wishes for all the coming year, which from such friends as you and your wife are any thing but a ceremony. How few are left me like you, and soon shall I be called from those few! The change in

my strength daily informs me whereabouts I am, and I assure you I do not neglect the warning.

" Yours ever,

" R. P. W."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

" Okeover, July 31. 1843.

" Dear Austen,

" I fear I lose daily, more and more, all interest about all things in a world which is so fast receding from me. I am even perfectly astonished at having been so long allowed to remain in it; and not a day passes but I say to myself,

> ' Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti,
> Tempus abire tibi est.'

" This is not so pleasant as the apophthegm I was so fond of fifteen years ago: ' Inveni portum.' After all, perhaps, if health was better (though, Heaven knows, I have been, comparatively with others, most blessed, and am very grateful), I should not even yet give way. But it is vain to disguise it; both strength and spirits sink under the increased frequency of my nervous attacks, which give me no notice, but take me suddenly, and always leave me more and more weakened. Think you this does not tell me, more and more impressively, what impends? Then again, as to public matters, more and more clouds and darkness, and, what is worse, altered opinions of those to whom I always, hitherto at least, looked with confidence. It is too certain that to me the Con-

servatives, and particularly their leader, have shown themselves incompetent in the hour of trial. Ireland, Scotland, and even Wales, have demonstrated this; and Peel has added to the number of those statesmen of hope and promise only one more man, of whom it may be said, 'Dignus imperio nisi imperasset.'

"However, enough and too much of this; I will think only of the pleasure it will give us to receive you on the 14th, which will be perfectly convenient to us, and also that you have recovered from your influenza, and that my kind friend and patroness, your wife, is in rude health. It is at least the only rudeness she ever was guilty of. I need not add how much I am yours,

"R. PLUMER WARD."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to Mrs. Austen.

"Okeover Hall, Sept. 13. 1843.

"My dear and kind friend,

"As to what you are so good as to tell me of his own general good opinion, but still more of Professor Wilson's particular favour to 'De Clifford,' you would not believe me if I was to affect not to value, or to say I was not even greatly pleased with, it. I may even confess to you, that it has given me more real and sensible satisfaction than any, the most partial, commendation I have ever received. You must, therefore, no longer accuse me of ungraciousness in my reception of what I was most sincere in thinking

I owed to your friendship rather than your justice; though, if *just*, you *know* how few opinions I think so valuable as your own. But indeed, indeed, it is no more than true, that when I look into myself and see the nothingness of which I am composed; how totally wanting I am in science, and how neglectful my long life has been of duty, as well as every thing that required energy and self-denial; the truth that I am a gross imposition, instead of deserving the opinion you tell me such men as Professor Wilson awards me, flashes upon me, spite of all the kind manner in which you relate it. However, he is so little of an imposition himself, that I cannot but be greatly pleased by his wish to know me, and most highly approve, and join with you in coaxing him to town, where he will not perhaps complain of our hospitality.

"Yours,

"R. P. W."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

"Okeover, Oct. 19. 1843.

"Dear Austen,

"You gossip so agreeably yourself that you deserve, though perhaps you do not often meet with, something as agreeable in return. But for this there are many requisites, which I fear so retired a nook as this is cannot supply. After a full house ever since you left us, we are once more in humdrum solitude, though it will be enlivened on Saturday by another visit from Mr. Aitkyns (whom I think you know) and Lady Waterpark, and her niece, Lady Louisa Tennyson,

with a proper assortment of beaux. Heigh ho! though fond, as you know, of society, promiscuous visiting work gives me little pleasure. My complaints are not worse, but not less frequent than they were (how can I expect it?) —

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight;"

and I feel the natural indifference to almost every thing, which of right belongs to any one approaching eighty. As to O'Connell's intended prosecution, I cannot, devoid as I am of information, think it is a wise thing even if it succeeds. What say you? *Will* it succeed? Will not the grand jury throw out the bill? or will not the petty acquit? Or if they do not, will not his imprisonment keep Ireland for ever in a still greater ferment than now — for ever prevent all hope of reconciliation or pacification? In short, will it not hasten rebellion? But you must laugh at the politics of such a hermit, whose chief and almost only care is to poke his fire properly, and read an amusing book when he can find one. This I have lately done in one which, strange to say, I have had fifteen years by me without knowing any thing of its clever and interesting contents — 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.' Of course you and my lady are familiar with them. If so, do you agree with me, that there never was a better picture of Scotland? Apropos to the literati there to be found, how goes on my lady's *engouement* for Professor Wilson? Her letters about him made me cruelly afraid that she was abandoning me; and I am really glad she has come back to M.

Place. Pray tell your wife I thought there were some very sweet things in the letters she wrote me from B., and my conscience has smote me for not answering the last, but she had moved, and I knew not where she was; I was bothered with deeds and stoppages of circulation, both of blood and brain, and was in fact such a bundle of complaints, that I was not even grateful enough to bestow my tediousness upon her. Different you will say from my feeling towards *you;* witness this letter! I must not conclude without adding, on the part of my wife and myself, in all sincerity, our kindest regards to you both, and so farewell.

"R. PLUMER WARD."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to Mrs. Austen.

"Okeover Hall, Nov. 25. 1843.

"'Now be the noble friend my love once thought you,'

not, (as Lord Bruce said to Sir E. Sackville,) "*and* let me cut your throat, or you cut mine," but think that I can be as silent as I have been, after your kindest and pleasantest of letters, and yet not be ungrateful. On the contrary, believe that both yours and your husband's did me all possible good by driving away very blue devils; and showing me that, having such friends left me, the world had still in it something that was valuable even to one going out of it, and yet that I might not be able to screw my courage up to the exertion of a letter in return. It is very cer-

tain that both myself and Mary Anne, on reading yours, thought that we had nobody left alive who could write to us as you, both of you did, or thank you for it more sincerely; and yet, such was my miserable, indolent, and procrastinating spirit, that even this best of pleasures, that I am now able to enjoy, (a feeling that I am not absolutely forgotten in the world,) could not squeeze from me one particle of the gratitude I really felt. All I can hope is, that a near approach to seventy-nine may be treated with the veneration and kindness it may be thought to deserve, and that you will not think your letters were indifferent to me, or did not give me all the pleasure they did, because I did not tell you so.

"Do not, however, let me make myself worse than I am, for very many of my days of silence were the effect of illness; so frequent lately, as to give me often not unwholesome apprehensions that my time was come; and God knows how mercifully I feel I have been treated in having so many important warnings, freed from their usual accompaniments of pain and misery of mind.

"Exceeding feebleness is the chief difficulty I feel; and even from this I so often rally, and regain a very fair portion of spirits, and I may say happiness, that my gratitude is unbounded, and certainly not the less when I think how little I have deserved it. How much of it is owing to my dear wife, I believe you, who know her, can judge. Believe that she fully reciprocates all the kind things which your letter was so pleasingly full of; especially in regard to our fre-

quent meetings in town. We only wonder, while we fully trust in their truth, at your feelings of preference for the hours you have passed with us, to those which must have afforded you so much greater variety and excitement; for most truly do I think our house deserves the name I have given it, of Humdrum Hall. All I can say is, that it is well appropriated as a residence for one who has descended into the extreme of humdrum life. Not an unhappy one either, as we manage it; so do not think I complain, or envy even *you*, with all your energies, interests, pursuits, and *admirers*. I congratulate you as to these last, on having so palpably and honourably added to them in the person of Professor Wilson, your rencontre with whom seems much the pleasantest event of your last summer's tour. Thank you and your good husband much, for the politics of your letters. And now, dear and good friend, adieu; for I am too thankful for having been able to get so far without giddiness to attempt another page.

"Ever yours, &c.

"R. P. W."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

"Okeover Hall, Dec. 8. 1843.

"My dear Austen,

"If I knew how to begin a letter to you, I think I could finish it; but I am really so angry with my want of common fortitude, or energy, in fact so ashamed of such wretched weakness as has occasioned

my silence, that I don't know where to begin. Not the less because, *unfortunately*, since my letter to your kind wife, I have got so much better in health, that I am bereft of all excuse; and I stand self-convicted of the most sensual and scandalous indolence, and even of what I do not in general think belongs to me, ingratitude. Certainly, when I look at your most friendly and agreeable letters (now augmented to three), which, that they might daily tell me how much I owed you, I have, regularly as the morning came, spread open upon my desk, to think of my neglect makes me out a hardened sinner. Nor is my monotonous and uninteresting life an excuse; for I flatter myself I still can do the agreeable with pen in hand, even though the subject be as barren as winter and Okeover. I know too that the adage is true, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* The difficulty is that *premier pas!* and such the misery of too much leisure. If any thing could kindle me, it would be such letters as you and Mrs. Austen are so good as to write. 'Nay, do not think I flatter;' though I will not say so, for the reason Hamlet gave his friend. For both of you have much more revenue than 'your good spirits to feed and clothe you;' and, as for madame, you know she is my lady patroness.

"As we have settled to start for London on the 12th, and remain to the 23rd, when we go for the Christmas week into Sussex, I might put off business till then. However, as the business papers have with your letters been all equally and daily lying before me to remind me of *duty*, till I got so accustomed

to a breach of it, that I forgot what they were, they shall no longer reproach me; so I forward them for your energy to turn them to shape, when we meet, which shall be as soon as reasonably may be, with persons who have to fit themselves and the contents of scores of baggage waggons in a new residence.

"R. P. W."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

"Brook Street, Friday, Jan. 6. [7.] 1844.

"Dear Austen,

"We spent ten absolutely happy days at Danny*, owing somewhat certainly to the beauty of one of the finest old seats in England, a hall eighty feet long, and twenty-five high, full of family pictures from Henry VIII. upwards, quite after my own taste; but chiefly from the primeval manners and goodness of the family who preside over it, in most substantial old English hospitality, with a kindness and simplicity one seldom sees. A fine old Sir Roger de Coverley chief, and a wife and mother, such as Lady de Coverley *would have been* had the knight been married; a very agreeable and accomplished set of sons and daughters, and two charming daughters-in-law: last, and not least (except in stature), six grandchildren, most consummately well brought up, yet full of liveliness and merriment, which kept the house alive from morning till night, and made all the old

* Danny Park, a beautiful spot, about six miles from Brighton.

ones young again. I know not when I enjoyed myself so much, not the less for their being such old friends and so fond of my wife. Yours would have been charmed with the daily scene, so different from what seems acting in the world; and Swift, if he had been there, I was going to say, would have burned his travels; but I wo'n't, for he was a born cynic, and did not wish to be corrected. Well, we are here again, and hope soon to see you both,

"Ever, and much yours,

"R. PLUMER WARD."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

"Hastings, Jan. 7. 1845.

"My dear Austen,

"I own when I saw your handwriting I expected a scold, for much I deserved it. I have, indeed, been most remiss towards you. But you must not, on that account, suppose I did not value, or think of, your previous kind letter. Indeed, for many days, I thought of nothing else; for not a morning occurred without my resolving to answer it, and it lay on the most prominent part of my desk that I might not forget it, till, like a scarecrow in a field, I got so accustomed to it, that it had no longer any power.* You are such

* So good a Shakspearian as Mr. Ward would probably have in his mind the fine passage in "Measure for Measure:"

"We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror."

a good man of business, that I dare say you cannot enter into it, but I do assure you that the *true* cause why I did not write was, that I had nothing else to do. O dear! I am in the greatest danger of going off in a fit of indolence; for I have no other complaint. Lounging, both in body and mind, gets more and more hold of me, and this soft climate makes it worse; for, like the Italians, it promotes the *dolce far niente* so much, that I must return to Brook Street to recover my vital powers. My life, however, passes in a happy, if indolent, reverie, which I take to be the true paradise of fools; and, while that is the case, I don't want to be among the wise. I dream, indeed, a little of former times, and have even contrived to be excited and pleased with the 'Malmesbury Papers' and the 'Life of Arnold;' with these exceptions, the quantity of trash that has gone through my brain from the circulating library, would sink down a man-of-war! Thank heaven, I am not like Bolingbroke, who never read nonsense, because he could never forget what he read! Now I have not the least recollection of the 200 volumes, post octavo, which I am sure I have crammed within the last two months. But adieu.

"Ever yours,

"R. P. W."

R. Plumer Ward, Esq., to B. Austen, Esq.

"Okeover, Jan. 5. 1846.

"My dear Austen,

"You never were more right in your life, than when you felt sure that your friends here would be glad to hear from yourself, and be sure you were restored to yourself. The danger from which, by God's blessing, you have recovered, was not necessary to convince us how much we valued you. The account of it was frightful, and we felt quite as much for your excellent wife as yourself. After all, though nothing could make up for what you both have gone through, this incident must have had its advantage in showing of what consequence your kindness and goodness to everybody have made you to us all. I know not the life the loss of which would have been so justly lamented, and so far I wish I resembled you. My own complaints, after yours, will not bear mentioning. What they want, however, in violence, they make up for in perseverance; for, from four, five, or six in the morning till near dinner time, I am never free from pain, which keeps me too low and tremulous to have any enjoyment, and makes me think your allusion to good-fellowship almost a mockery. In short, I am more seriously than ever impressed with the approach of my separation, and am therefore less alive to the depression of all worldly interests. These are but poor topics to one who has been so ill, though happily convalescent. I will, therefore, advert to one which gave me a real

satisfaction of heart, such as no worldly prosperity could have procured me. On Christmas eve I gave a dinner of beef, pudding, ale, and *backy*, to above seventy men, women, and children, being all those labouring poor who could not provide that seasonable comfort for themselves; and, on the last day of the year, tea, and a *magnificent* supper and dance, to the tenants living in the two parishes, our servants, and their friends. The universal satisfaction, I may say exuberant joy, this created, was a real treat, worth living for, and such as I never witnessed (from its total unsophistication) in the most splendid London entertainment.

"R. P. W."

The weight of fourscore years was now beginning to tell seriously on that frame which even the active mind within could not exempt from a sense of increasing infirmity. "I wish," says he to a dear friend, "I had a little of your *vis*. But it is worse and worse with me, and my feebleness in body and mind *progresses;* if that be not a bull! But God knows I have no right to complain, but, on the contrary, every reason to be most thankful. I am ever yours, for the little that remains to

"R. P. W."

Early in 1846, Mrs. Plumer Ward's father, the late Sir George Anson, received the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea, and, as Mr. Ward remarked, "not being willing to part company when

we have all been so happy together," they determined to move with him to his official residence at Chelsea, for the remainder of a rapidly closing existence.

His last letter from Okeover, dated March 4th, 1846, written in all the confusion of departure, says: "Think of moving between 3000 and 4000 books! Think of my boldness in adventuring this at eighty-one, when there is little chance of my opening a book again!"

After his arrival at Chelsea, a few short notes told, from time to time, of increased suffering; one, written little more than a month before the close of his life, announced, with much satisfaction, the appointment of his son, now Sir Henry Ward, as Secretary of the Admiralty. Their politics had been as opposed as are the views of the present age to those of the last: yet the father could not help rejoicing that the constant exertion of his son's talents for many years, in a direction which seemed but to promise proscription and exclusion from office, had resulted in an opportunity of assisting to carry out his own principles, when they had at length become triumphant. It was the last public and private event in this world that was to present a new impression to that mind which had so long been publicly and privately active. Those higher and more sacred feelings of religious faith and home-affection, devoted sympathy for those who were dear to him, and affectionate interest in their well-being, remained unchanged to the last, the comfort of his declining, as they had been of his mature, years. His bodily sufferings,

however, and alarming seizures, continued to increase both in intensity and frequency, until at length, on the 13th of August, at the age of eighty-one, a calm and peaceful death closed his earthly trials. He died at Chelsea Hospital, under the roof of his father-in-law, Sir George Anson, then the Lieutenant-Governor, whose friendship had contributed so much to the social happiness of his waning years. His intellect to the very last remained unclouded, as was shown no less by the sprightliness that adorned his conversation, than by the retentiveness of his memory, and that readiness of recollection with which he brought forth its stored-up treasures in the papers that follow. Lastly, the earnest simplicity of his religious fervour was evinced to the very close of his life, in the prayers composed by him on completing his seventy-seventh and seventy-eighth birthdays, and by many other such devotional exercises.

SELECTIONS

FROM

MR. WARD'S UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

NOTICE.

THE reader, about to peruse the last productions of an old favourite, is earnestly requested to bear in mind, that the following papers were completed only just before the death of their lamented author, and were consequently deprived of the benefit of his own final revision.

THE DAY-DREAMER;

OR, A SERIES OF PAPERS ON MEN, MANNERS, AND THINGS,
FROM THE COMMONPLACE BOOK OF

AN IDLE OBSERVER.

PART I.

No. I.

"Never was dream
So like a waking." *Winter's Tale.*

"Why do you publish? There are no rewards
Of fame or profit when the world grows weary.
I ask, in turn, Why do you play at cards?
Why drink? Why read? To make some hour less dreary.
It occupies me to turn back regards
On what I've seen or ponder'd, sad or cheery;
And what I write I cast upon the stream,
To swim or sink;—I've had, at least, my dream."
Don Juan, xiv. 11.

"I have chosen those subjects wherein I take human life to be most concerned, and which are of most common use, or most necessary knowledge; and wherein, though I may not be able to inform men more than they know, yet I may, perhaps, give them the occasion to consider more than they do."—Sir Wm. Temple: *Of Health and Long Life.*

I was always a day-dreamer. Some of my friends dignify me with the designation of a Contemplative Man; but I never realised that character. I never, like the cherub in Milton,

"Soar'd on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne."

Yet, from my earliest youth, (by which, I mean, my absolute boyhood,) I could, and can still, doze away the minutes at my window, with no other occupation than watching the clouds. Nay, when it is not damp, (for, as my man John says, I be mortal subject to the rheumatizes,) I am still fond of basking in the sun on the grass. I did so as a child, and was often found, as was said of Orlando, "like a dropt acorn under an oak."

It has been held, I know not with what truth, that to love solitude and a reverie, is a mark of genius. If so, I am, and was from my early days, one of the greatest geniuses in the world. For I was frequently discovered, lost in thought (though to have told what the thought was would have been difficult), on a tombstone in the churchyard, or riding across the boughs of a yew tree which overhung it. There I was, always alone; for though boys are fond of climbing, they do not like it, as I did, for the sake of a day-dream without interruption. This dreaming, however, sometimes cost me a flogging; for my first school was on the borders of a forest, and its concealments were so inviting to my humour, that I not unfrequently played truant in order to enjoy the meditation they prompted. Here, though I could hardly construe him, I was delighted to think myself Horace:

"Sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis." *

* According to my custom, meditating, wholly absorbed, on I know not what trifles.

Much of this might arise from a love of liberty, and aversion to constraint, whether of mind or body; for in this respect (I trust in few others) I resembled Rousseau. "Je me plairois à mes leçons quand j'y étois; mais je n'aimois d'être obligé de m'y rendre, ni que l'heure me commandât. En toute chose la gêne et l'assujettissement me sont insupportables; ils me faisoient prendre en haine le plaisir même."

Well! and what did all this indulgence of fancy do for you?

Not much. It certainly did not lead either to fame or fortune. In fact, it made me no better than what I have called myself—an idle observer; and as, unfortunately, I had a comfortable fortune, I gave myself up to a sort of indolent study of men and things, of which I grew so fond that I renounced all desire (to use a vulgar phrase) of bettering myself, and resolved to walk the world content "with my virtue and a good surtout."

I once, indeed, had ambition enough to think of the Church, because I fell into the very foolish error, (which, had it not been an error, would have suited me well enough,) of thinking that a minister of religion had nothing to do but to eat, drink, and sleep, like Boileau's prelate, who

"Muni d'un déjeûner,
Dormant d'un léger somme, attendoit le dîner."

But in this I was wrong; for a very little observation of the pains taken by divines to qualify themselves for very arduous functions, and the manner in which most of them fulfil their duties, convinced me that no

one was more truly a labourer than he of the sacred vineyard. The Church was given up.

I returned, therefore, to the world, that is, to observe its manners, without mixing in its business; and this would have occupied and pleased me had my condition been lower than it was. But I had been at college, and had connections that gave me opportunities which many of my brother dreamers want. I criticised women as well as men; mingled in all ranks, and examined nature, animate and inanimate; and, when I had laid in a store for thought, my happiness was to think it over again, that is, to *dream* of it, though any thing but asleep.

Thus no man went beyond me in

"Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy."

I have compared myself to Horace, as an idler who loved a reverie, but I was not without resemblance to Johnson also, at least in watching mankind.

In many other matters I am not so presumptuous. But I did not, like him, devote almost all my best days to scanning human nature in a populous city. On the contrary, my happiness was to create an ever varying scene, and I was the happiest of the happy when, to relieve a glut of town observation, I flew to the country to breathe among the pleasant villages and farms.

Many, therefore, have been my country tours, as well as town speculations. As to the last, I am no stranger to political clubs; and as I value the elegancies of polished life, as well as the simplicities of nature, I am

not without self-complacency when I say that I have not been excluded from the drawingrooms of beauty.

And how did you escape?

Not unscathed, perhaps; but that is neither here nor there. Suffice it that I know something of the sex, which may be possibly discovered in the course of these lucubrations. Indeed, there have not been wanting persons who (whether meaning to compliment, or the reverse, I know not,) have not scrupled to hold me up to the world as a woman's man.

My readers, from all this, may be anxious to discover what I am in person and phiz; whether I am still young, or how near I approach to an old beau in his grand climacteric. Indeed they will think I ought to be the latter, to give lessons of experience and describe life. But I shall say no more than that any body, to look at me, would not guess there was much in me worth knowing; for I am eminently "cheto fuor," though "commoto dentro." And as to my phiz, I can only confess (for I know little of it myself) that in once rummaging a lumber closet, I found an old torn school-book with my face scrawled in the first page, and underneath it the nickname of "Big Head." Notwithstanding this, I hope I have said enough, so far, to bespeak favour to my intended pages, that the world may venture to examine them.

The title of "a series of papers (in other words, essays) on men, manners, and things," is, I own, dry and stiff, and in this tale-loving age it had perhaps better have been "a series of tales." I might then have stood a better chance of pleasing the ladies, and

of being even perused by ladies' maids, while sitting up for their mistresses when late at a ball. I might actually be experimented upon as an agreeable companion in a postchaise; and certainly might hope for a shelf in the library of a watering-place. As it is, spite of my title, I will not despair of this yet being my fortune, for my dreams will have little of the stoic turn. In fact, I shall endeavour to teach morals more by example than precept By this I shall not only save myself a great deal of trouble (an important object with a dreamer), but probably ingratiate myself better with my readers.

My only additional remark is, that I am too little fond of melancholy scenes or views of things, to obtrude them *par préférence* on my readers; and though I have the greatest reverence for

"A pensive nun, devout and pure,"

I have a livelier taste for the song of the milkmaid. This and the whistle of the ploughman, or the gambols of children in a hayfield, have often detained me under a hawthorn hedge from far more important concerns. With this account of myself, dear reader, I bid thee adieu.

No. II.

DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SPRING IN TOWN AND COUNTRY UPON A MAN OF THE TOWN, WHO IS ALSO A MAN OF MANY IMPULSES.

"A day in April never came so sweet,
To show that costly summer was at hand."
SHAKSPEARE.

I HAVE said in my preface, that I am never so happy as in a country tour, after a glut of the world in town.

Accordingly, no schoolboy ever rejoiced more at the approach of his holidays than I, when, Easter being over, the greenness of the hedges and the budding of flowers, to say nothing of the song of birds and perfume of gardens, warn all fashionable people to leave them for dust and noise and crowded streets. It was not so in older times, when my present date (the 4th of June) was the birthday of the most rational and most virtuous, as well as most just, of Britain's kings. George the Third had set the fashion of retiring to enjoy Nature where best she is to be seen, in the country. The courtiers, whether they liked it or not, felt bound in some degree to follow his example, and streets and squares began to empty, instead of filling to repletion, as they do now, about this time of the year. I am, however, for the good old fashion I have commemorated; and hence, after wandering in the green lanes that so cheer the

good citizens in the outskirts of London during the first few days of warmth and verdure, I am never easy till I am fairly off upon some country errand, which takes me twenty or thirty miles from the dissipation and turmoil that begin to thicken around me.

The signal for my annual progress is arrived. We have long "woo'd the tardy spring," which is at last come; and only more lovely for having been previously so coy.

But how strange, that in our capricious island, where sunshine is so scanty and the gifts of the seasons so uncertain, the arrival of this lovely time should be the reason for *leaving* the country, instead of seeking it! All the avenues to London are filled with travelling carriages, loaded above their roofs with animate and inanimate lumber. Among them I sometimes see (though rarely) Sir Francis Wronghead's "awld coach," creaking under four "portmantels" with my lady's gear, heavy Ralph, and the monkey behind, and Dolly Cook hoisted into the coach-box before, "because she ware sick."

Our squires, however, are now so refined, that this is, as I have said, but of rare occurrence; though, whether we have gained by exchanging their rough simplicity (which bordered, I allow, upon rudeness) for the refinement which now pervades all ranks, and sits very ill upon some of them, may be a question.

My friend Medlicott is a changed being. He triumphs in the return of the world (his world) to town. For he is a *cordon bleu de son ordre*, though,

it must be owned, his *ordre* is but a sorry one. He is the prince of the *ennuyés*, and I must waste a few words upon him. During the commencement of the year, he dragged on a listless existence, without any object to kindle him, having worn out the few faculties he had by over-indulgence.

If, indeed, you are not a denizen of St. James's Street, it is fit I should tell you something of the life of this illustrious person. He has been a gambler on turf and at hazard, till, by shaking the dice-box, he is considerably out at elbows. He has been in Parliament, but could neither speak himself, nor listen to others. He has belonged to all the clubs, in order to make sure of a diversity of company; but finding all his companions did the same, and he met with none but the same faces, that was a failure too.

He tried marriage, but thought his wife had too much vivacity (that is, spent too much money), while she thought him dull (that is, stingy); so they separated, she to Brussels, he to his beloved St. James's Street, where his face is to be seen in eternal sameness, through the seven different windows of the seven different clubs of which he is a worthy member.

He has a fine house near the Land's End, washed by the sea; but, *being* at the land's end, it leads to no other place, and nobody will take the trouble of going so far, merely to be bored and come back again.

He, therefore, bestows himself at Christmas upon any body that will put up with him for the holidays, over which he generally spreads what is called a "wet

blanket:" certainly little fire can burn where he has any connection. But he is now happy; for all his dinner-giving friends (the only friends he cares for) are come to town.

Yet he is a bad diner-out, for he is so *blasé*, that though he opens his mouth often enough, he never says a word. Yet he pretends to wit, and when he asked me what I was going away for, and I told him, to enjoy the fresh green of the country, he actually drawled out, that the only green he cared for was Green Street. So much for Medlicott.

I am not a little ridiculed, however, by others of a different calibre, who say I give myself airs, and set up for an original, because I presume to act for myself, and have the boldness to leave London when the best company is coming to it.

One reminds me of Will Honeycomb, in his banter of his dear Spec.:—"I suppose this will find thee picking a daisy, or smelling to a lock of hay." On the other hand, Lord Blatterthwaite, who always speaks *ex cathedrâ* (that is, from an arm-chair at Boodle's); who never comes to town till the middle of May, nor leaves it till Parliament is up, though at the end of August; who, moreover, is a remarkable good husband, having ten children by my lady (whom, with my lady herself, he keeps in excellent order in the country), declares it is always a bad sign when a *single* man presumes to set himself up against Custom. To this I answer, with a complete man of the world: "Custom! that result of the passions and prejudices of many, and the designs of a few! that ape of Reason,

who usurps her seat, exercises her power, and is obeyed by mankind in her stead." *

No; it is not Custom that will make me see the propriety of lingering in a place of which I am tired, even if it were not the end of May; so I am off to-morrow.

And whither?

Why, to another of my worthies, my man of impulses, — my friend Brudenell, as different from Medlicott as a black-cock from a barn-door fowl. Often have I thought of taking his portrait, and as he will be the hero of this lucubration, here it is.

He was a man of no small fashion — known at court and ball, and not ill-pleased to be so; a senator, a party man, and a diner out, though of a very different grade from Medlicott. He is, moreover, a man of some literature, and has attempted a novel. But his chief pride was to be, or thought to be, well with the ladies, to whom, while he flattered them in his *vers galants*, for which he had great reputation, he gave serious lectures as to female conduct, as well as *belles lettres*, sometimes venturing upon suggestions even as to dress. From this he would fly off to moralise, and talk Cicero and Seneca with the men, and contributed many papers, both ethical and political, to the periodicals of the time. In the course of all this he met with some rebuffs, as well he might. For he was generally in extremes, as to his opinions, or expectations, so that, like Villiers,

"Every one with him was God or devil."

* Bolingbroke.

Thus every new event, new beauty, or new work prompted new activity. Every prominent character, male or female; any great topic of inquiry, public or private; any prevailing toast, or prevailing taste, in love or literature, politics or scandal, moved him to enthusiasm, and ruled the passing hour. Of course his pursuits, and seemingly his principles of action, varied. At one time he was plunged chin-deep in party politics, till he met with a disappointment, which he aggravated into a breach of promise from the minister. But, though angry, his anger evaporated in a pamphlet tolerably written, and which had a run. This consoled him; and after this he gave himself up, heart and soul, to a certain Lady Thomasina, for whose sake, he said, he undervalued all that ambition could give; and for this the lady, whom, with all his knowledge of the sex, he had not discovered to be an arrant coquette, jilted and laughed at him. No matter, his spirit was too buoyant to pine, and he revenged himself in the novel which I mentioned, and which also was much read. While in love with Lady Thomasina, he was all for town pleasures and refined society: rejected, he swore no fine lady was worth pursuing; nothing, indeed, but the simplicities of Nature; and, as there were no simplicities in London, he took lodgings in a farm-house close to Windsor Park. Here he resolved to moralise in seclusion; satirise the inanities and iniquities of the world; rail at high-born flirts and faithless ministers; and shoot "Folly as it flies," with Pope and Boileau, Juvenal and Johnson. For this purpose he sent down a great

package of books, and many quires of paper, and soon followed himself, in a most indignant fit of virtue and philosophy.

For my part, as I knew the man, and knew he was neither Brutus nor Diogenes, but only a very honest agreeable fellow when tolerably well treated by the world, and, but for a lack of judgment and consistency, even of talents, I was curious to know the issue of his adventure (for such I judged it), and resolved, as it was a mere pleasant ride, to beat up his quarters unexpectedly. Yet, to tell the truth, though I had had a long and glowing letter from him, full of the charms of the country, and the beauty of the Great Park, I was not without misgivings as to the state in which I should find him, since I had observed that he never seemed fonder of society than when he most abused it. The result of my visit will form the subject of another dream.

No. III.

"One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms."

SHAKSPEARE: *As You Like It.*

I SUPPOSE my reader will think I found Brudenell with pen in hand, and an eye rolling in phrensy. No such thing! I had met his two bits of blood with his groom, parading a few yards before the door of his hermitage, and, expressing my surprise, the man informed me his master was that instant setting off for Ascot races. I found him, in fact, in the act of drawing on a pair of top-boots for the purpose.

The farm-house was all in a bustle; for, from vicinity, his landlord and his whole family considered the races as an annual fête; and as he had been an old huntsman, and was actually a yeoman pricker, he had covered his cottage with placards of the horses that were to run, and woodcuts of the jockeys in all proper costume, contesting the race with whip and spur. His wife and daughters, too (the last, by the way, two rosy girls in their teens), had just got into a market-cart with straw-bottomed chairs, to take them to the ground. They were all over cherry-coloured ribbons, the colour of a favourite jockey, and

looked themselves very ripe and blooming. I could not help darting a significant look at Brudenell, even before I shook hands with him.

"This," said I, "is your mode of moralising in seclusion! This your method of showing up the vices of the world! These the simplicities you so much prefer to the artificial manners of the town!"

He laughed, and said, "I see what you mean, but you are wrong, and I shall cut no figure in your notes."

"I don't know that," said I: "for I have not forgot the tirade you uttered not a fortnight ago, on the necessity of flying from the folly and treachery of society; and how do I find you?"

"*Fi donc*," said he; "these young creatures are as innocent as doves, and as ignorant of the world as the daughters of a Welsh parson."

"Which ignorance you, no doubt, think yourself bound to dispel by pouring fresh instruction o'er their minds, for which purpose you attend them to races."

"And no bad purpose, either," said he; "for a race is dangerous ground for a young girl, and she may want a protector."

"Your humble servant," replied I; "but are you not afraid of meeting your more refined friends, such as Lady Harriet, and Lady Thomasina herself, who may want a protector too? They, I know, have planned to be at the Heath to-day, and will murder you with quizzing, should you show your face with these Blowzelinds."

"Let them look to themselves," said he. "They

know that I am come in quest of pure nature, which I have long valued more than all their artificial life; and I have often told them, that an unsophisticated farmer's daughter was a treasure worth all the duchesses in London."

"Which treasure you have found in one or other, or perhaps both, of these damsels."

"Truce," said he; "I tell you, you are upon a wrong scent; and though, to be sure, to be going to Ascot is not positively an avoidance of the world, you will find that never was retreat so well chosen as this for my purpose. But we must not lose the race, and as your horses are not disposed of, I think the best thing you can do is to accompany us."

I complied; we mounted, and in a few minutes were in the middle of that world which he had fled from London to avoid.

"What a mob!" exclaimed he. "How many thousands have left their peaceful homes and profitable callings, to waste their spirits and the fruits of their industry upon vanity!"

"Why, yes," said I; "for a race is something like Vanity Fair. But pray inform me, if all these people are so reprehensible, what you yourself do among them."

"Why *I*," he replied, "as I suppose *you*, come to *observe*, and get acquainted with the levities of life, in order the better to lecture upon and avoid them."

"Of which lecture," I said, "I shrewdly suspect your cherry-coloured friends there stand at this moment a little in need;" and I pointed to his two

young hostesses, who, in their market-cart drawn up close to the ropes, were chattering, nothing loth, with the jockey with whose colours they had decked themselves, and who was treating them, though so early in the day, with cakes and ale. I observed our philosopher to change colour a little at the sight.

"I could not have thought this of Sarah," said he, (the eldest of the girls,) "after all the advice I had given against listening to a racing groom; and that Will Summers is perhaps, of all grooms, the most dangerous." At this he rode on in something very like disgust, which made me curious to probe him on the real state of his mind in his boasted retreat; but the opportunity did not arise till next day; for, with all his objection to a mob of any sort, and (while the fit was on him) his hatred of artificial society (as he now called any thing out of a village), he forced me with him to an ordinary at Sunning Hill, and afterwards to a ball at Lord Montresor's, near Windsor, where he passed great part of the night in dancing, and talking sentiment with several ladies and honourables, old acquaintances whom he met there.

Returned to our farm-house, and having agreed to pass the next day with him, he accompanied his invitation with the warning that he was true to his principles of living a mere life of nature, that is, of confining himself to natural wants; "and therefore," said he, "you must expect nothing but the plainest and most primitive fare. I always," continued he gravely, "admired that answer of Cyrus to Astyages, who asked what the Persians drank for, if they drank

nothing but water; "To satisfy their thirst," said Cyrus, "and that is all."

I began to be alarmed for my dinner, and particularly for my wine, and said with some seriousness, "You surely do not mean to confine me to nuts and water."

"Very little more, I assure you," said he.

"I am here really *en vrai hermite*, and you may think yourself well off with beans and bacon, and perhaps, as you are a stranger, an egg or so."

"Good," I observed; "and as to drink, I suppose the Persian beverage, though I beg to say I would rather have a little of the Assyrian."

"Not a drop, I promise you," answered he; "you know I told you I left the artificial to cultivate the simple life, so brought no wine."

"Which was the reason, no doubt," I replied, "for your paying such respect to your claret at the ordinary yesterday, and Lord Montresor's champagne after supper."

"*Raison de plus*," cried he, "for allowing you at best only some home-brewed ale to-day. But it will be served by Sarah, who will then appear what she is — a Hebe."

"Have you so soon then forgotten her coquetry with Will Summers, the racing groom — of all men you know the most dangerous?"

"Pooh! pooh!" answered he, "I tell you again, the child is as innocent as I am myself."

"I have no doubt of it," said I.

"You are but a dry fellow after all, Mr. Somno-

lent," answered he, "and have only come, I see, to spy out the nakedness of the land."

"No, indeed," I replied; "but I came, I own, to ascertain how your experiment answered, and what progress you had made in that code of ethics which is to reform the world. But I see no books; and, though plenty of pens and paper, not even a sheet of manuscript."

"To tell you the truth," said he, "my books are not yet unpacked."

I started, which a little disconcerted him. "However," he added, "though I have yet put nothing on paper, I have thought a great deal."

"And were the thoughts," asked I, "so profound that they could not be translated into language?"

"Not so. But to confess the real fact, I was at first so transported with liberty, and having got free from that confounded London, that, what with that, riding, and playing at trap-ball ——"

"What!" said I; "is there a school in the forest?"

"No," returned he; "I mean with my landlord's children. You know I was always fond of children."

"True," said I, "and the landlord's seem very fine ones, particularly the females; I suppose they play at trap-ball too?

"They do sometimes," said he, with a little hesitation; "but then it is merely to make out the game with their little brothers. But, to have done with this, I will fairly disclose how I came to retard the

commencement of my design, though with all appliances for it, in this abode of 'retired leisure.'"

He then informed me of his impressions during the first days of his retirement in this secluded nook, so formed, he said, for philosophic contemplation. "You see," observed he, "how romantically it is situated; how wild, yet how cultivated; how remote from disturbance, yet in a moment, if you please, in the midst of all the magnificence of art. For what can equal the grandeur of those towers, so associated with the ideas of history and royalty; overhanging, as they at the same time do, the majestic gloom of these venerable oaks, which might seemingly tell of tales before the flood! I assure you, when I first saw this spot, I approached it with reverence; and scarce ever greet it even now, when returning from a walk or ride, except in the language of Mason:

'How nobly does this venerable wood,
Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,
Embosom yon fair mansion!
The soft air
Salutes me with its cool and temp'rate breath;
And, as I tread, the flower-besprinkled lawn
Sends up a gale of fragrance. I should guess,
If e'er Content deign'd visit mortal clime,
This was her place of dearest residence.
Grant, Heaven! I find it such.'"*

"Amen!" cried I, somewhat moved with the emphasis with which he repeated the lines.

"Well," continued he, "my first hours, I may say days, were absorbed by the landscapes around me;

* Elfrida.

and a beautiful landscape, you know, is a great moral lesson."

"All very well," returned I, "if you had come to study mere inanimate nature; but as men and women were your objects ——"

"Pray let me proceed," said he. "I walked every step on classic ground; for in this neighbourhood Pope passed his early life, and first cultivated his muse by singing the praises of the forest; and you may suppose how proud and satisfied I felt, without attempting, for a time at least, to do more."

To all this I agreed, and could not help myself feeling his enthusiasm, so that I thought I was a little cruel when I told him he might as well have railed at man or woman kind from his lodgings in Piccadilly.

"Better, perhaps," said he, "as it turned out; for to these simple pleasures I have described it was owing that I did not immediately begin my work."

He then informed me that having been, during his ride from London, full of his speculations on the world, and worked himself up to a pitch of sacred fury, the moment he arrived he called for his writing apparatus, and actually grasped his pen, and spread his paper with vigour.

Thought after thought, however, rushed in such rapid succession into his mind, that he did not know where to begin, or how to choose, and the evening being particularly mild and pleasant, and the sun setting in glory, he thought he could ruminate quite as well or better out of doors than in. Having,

therefore, ordered a light supper, chiefly of milk and fruit (as became a philosopher), he sallied forth to enjoy nature in a stroll in the Great Park, while it was getting ready. Here he wandered in the twilight,

> "Rapt in meditation holy,
> Mixt with divinest melancholy;"

and so great was the charm, after London, that he stayed out till the twilight had become night, and his poetic imagination got so predominant over his worldly realities, that he had nothing of the satirist left in his composition.

While this pastoral fit was on him, his roasted apples and cream were brought in by the fresh-coloured Sarah, whom he afterwards christened Hebe, and whose freshness and sparkling struck him at once with pleasure and surprise. "There was a natural grace," he said, "about her, that put Lady Thomasina to shame, notwithstanding her Paris education."

At this I could not help laughing; for I had not been able to distinguish this Hebe of his from any of her sister milkmaids. I, therefore, complimented him on the strength of his imagination, owning that I had not discovered the charm of manner in her which seemed so to possess him.

He told me, very gravely, I was like the rest of the worldlings, who had no taste for nature; but went on with his history.

He passed the night, it seems, both sleeping and waking, in planning satirical pictures of human folly and wickedness; now a Democritus, now a

Heraclitus; in which neither friend nor foe was spared. In short, he resolved to dip his pen in gall, and he got up early in the morning to shape and sharpen sentences which had occurred to him in the night, as only properly biting in reprehending the abuses he meant to expose.

But the morning was peculiarly soft; the sun had warmed every thing into life, without destroying its freshness. Every thing was gratifying, nay delicious, to the senses; his mind soothed, his body refreshed. It was impossible to preserve ill-humour, even if it had not been, as it was, factitious; and, under this enchantment, Hebe laid a clean white cloth for his breakfast, under a lime-tree so sweet and fragrant, and seemed so sweet and fragrant herself, that he forgot a spleen which was more artificial than real, and gave himself up to the full enjoyment of what he then alone called nature.

His breakfast and his mind were the better for it. Lady Thomasina's wrongs, and the minister's lack of fidelity to his professions, were forgotten, at least for that day; though he some time after relapsed into the same moodings and indignation at the jilting nature of the women, and the specious deceptions of politicians and party men, which drove him to this retreat. Far, however, from finding the stern treatise of morals illustrated by living characters which he had projected, the only ebullition which I discovered was the following rhapsody, which, much laughing at himself, he showed me, as what he said was the only true philosophy. It was entitled

"THE BUTTERFLY; OR INDEPENDENCE.

I roam from flower to flower;
I change at ev'ry hour;
On painted wing I fly;
I bask in ev'ry eye:
Who jilteth me, I care not;
Who frowns on me, I fear not;
I frown and jilt in turn,
All constancy I spurn.
True love is but a fable;
I'll laugh while I am able;
Cajolery a trade is
To please great lords and ladies.
My joy is in illusion;
'Tis truth that breeds confusion:
All waking is but sadness;
A dream's delicious madness.
Then let me dream away my life,
Nor seek a friend, still less a wife."

It must be confessed, his sternness of purpose must have much evaporated, to have contented itself, during a whole fortnight, with this *jeu d'esprit*, and so faint an allusion to the particular wrongs of the minister and his mistress. But the truth must be told: he had, in the enchantment of the park and the forest, and under the influence of the fine weather, and perhaps Sarah's fine eyes, become an absolute Tityrus, certainly not a Timon. This, I suppose, will last till he goes abroad, as he now meditates; or till, in the Dog-days, in order to cool himself, he throws himself again upon Piccadilly and St. James's Street.

No. IV.

A PARISH PRIEST.

"That churchman bears a bounteous mind, indeed!"
SHAKSPEARE: *Henry VIII.*

My present dream will be very different from the last, and I by no means flatter myself that it will be favourably, or even kindly, received. Certainly not by the *bigots*, of whom, I am sorry to think, with all their learning, there is too plentiful a crop in these kingdoms. By bigots, I mean not those of any particular church or sect, but generally those, of whatever persuasion, Roman Catholic or Protestant, Methodist or Church of England, who are intolerant of any set of persons who do not think as they do. These hate one another with such cordial fervour, that the *odium theologicum* has ever been proverbial. Why this should be peculiar to the professors of the mildest and most merciful religion that ever was known, the Founder of which was the Divine Author of Peace, the Lover of Concord, and the Preacher of Good Will to all mankind; why this should be, I am not going to inquire. It is sufficient that, as a dreamer over passing scenes, I have seen with sincere concern our unhappy nation, not content with the violence and injustice of its political quarrels, split even still more into virulent dissensions in the Church. This, I hoped, had at least subsided during the last hundred years,

and that the days of Warburton, Hoadley, Waterland, and Berriman would not be revived, particularly in our universities. Those days indeed, with all their violence, were almost better, or had a better excuse, than the present. For in that time the whole gospel church was attacked by the Goths and Vandals of infidelity, and no wonder that even peaceable professors of very different creeds made common cause in its defence. In the present time the theologians seem warring, not against a natural enemy, but, most unnaturally, against one another: nor is this *odium theologicum* now confined to Oxford or London, but, strange to say, has extended to remote towns and even villages; and it is an interesting account which I lately received of the enormities of a very distant parish indeed, attended, however, with not unamusing topics, that has induced me to allude to a subject which otherwise might not be thought most fitted for this undertaking. The story delineates the character of a parish priest; a character which, when the person to whom it belongs is active and sincere in fulfilling his duty, and liberal in his notions of it, from being imbued with the true spirit of that gospel to which he has consecrated his life, is, if not the most illustrious, among the most useful and amiable, that adorn human kind. The reverse of this is he whose piety is ascetic, and whose zeal consists in preaching hatred towards those brethren who do not think as he does himself, of what he holds to be alone the truths of religion.

These remarks are, as I observed, prompted by a letter I lately received from a friend, a man who, like

myself, is fond of making excursions with a view to indulge his taste for grand or beautiful scenery, old churches and castles, and at the same time to gratify a curiosity which he has respecting what he calls primitive and unenlightened manners. 'Tis thus he writes: —

Whitby, Sept. 12.

My fondness for Gothic antiquities has led me to this holy ground, upon which I could learnedly expatiate, but that in my way to it I met with such a diversion of thought, that, for the present, I postpone my impressions of a most venerable locality, for the sake of a moral picture, which, as a brother dreamer, I think you will not be sorry to peruse.

It was evening when, having left Scarborough, I was proceeding to Whitby, which I hoped to reach by sunset, and might have done so had I kept the high road, though none of the best; as my horse was stout, and my chaise light. I was stopt, however, by a considerable hill, and as I knew I was close to the sea, though it was not there visible, I was struck with the thought of what a noble prospect I might have if I ascended the height before me. The pleasure of a tour is, as you know, to have no impediment to one's wishes, be they what they may, from being forced to consult others. It is, therefore, that I always travel alone; not from sulkiness, but because a companion, even an agreeable one, is too often in the way, and stops the current of silent thought, which, you know better than any body, is the first enjoyment of a contemplative man. I had no sooner, therefore, con-

ceived my design, than I resolved to execute it, and began to climb the steep. The road, to be sure, was rough, and, from its many zigzags to ease the acclivity, so much longer than I expected, that the sun was gone down when I reached the summit, so that when I might have been near Whitby by the main road, I was now ten miles off. This, and the dreariness of the fells, which I saw all around me, with no guide but the sheep-tracks (above a score in number, and so like one another that you could not choose), made me repent for once of my love of prospects. Nor was I consoled (though the very thing I came for) by the magnificent sight of old Ocean, who, groaning from his inmost bed, heaved "his tempestuous billows to the sky." The truth is, that the wastes and moors, which spread on all sides, without a thatch or distant smoke for the eye to rest upon, put me out of humour with this seemingly uninhabited region, and I began to fear, or rather feel certain of, being benighted if I proceeded in a *terra incognita* promising little hospitality from the natives, if even there were any. The shelter of the wood in "Comus," I thought, would be somewhat better than this desolation, which left me totally without the hope allowed to the benighted brothers in that exquisite scene of darkness and abandonment; and as the solitariness increased, and the twilight grew darker, I found myself with the younger one exclaiming:

> "Might we but hear
> The folded flocks penn'd in their watched cotes,
> Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,
> Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
> Count the night-watches to his feathery dames."

But this was denied me; for there were no folds, still less pastoral reeds, least of all a lodge to whistle from, and not even a cock to crow. In short, all seemed dreary and uninhabited, when, on a sudden, the road beginning to descend a little, I beheld a thatch with a garden under me, and a good-natured looking yeoman, smoking his evening pipe, leaning over the gate. You may suppose I addressed him, and asked if that was the way to Whitby, and whether he thought I could reach it that night.

"Not in your shay," replied he, shaking the ashes out of his pipe, which he had just finished; "nor even on horseback, if thou dost not know the way over the fells; and the chances are, thou wilt have but a cold lodging."

"I fear so," said I, shrugging, and looking wistfully at his snug cottage roof with a casemented window in it, which I thought looked more comfortable than any casement I had ever seen; "but what am I to do?"

"I would offer thee house-room," replied the good-natured yeoman, "though but a poor place for such a gentleman as you, if there warnt a much better thing close by."

"I see nothing," observed I, looking round.

"That's because them black pines, on the brow of the hill, stand between you and it; but, if you will go on, you will see the sign of 'The Swan,' and, a stone's-throw beyond, 'Traveller's Rest,' just round the corner: and a nice inn it be—the best ale and backy in all these parts, though I say it, and landlord be my first cousin."

Delighted at what I thought a deliverance, I thanked my new friend, and was proceeding, when he stopped me a minute to say, that, it being Saturday, it was club-night, and perhaps the best parlour might be taken up at first, but would soon be clear. "Oh!" said I, "I will not interfere with them. A benefit-club, I suppose?"

"Yes, sure enough a benefit," returned he; "but a benefit for Tim landlord; not what you suppose: and, truth to say, they ought to keep his tap agoing, since he have lost so much by them."

"A publican lose by a club!" said I.

"Yes! and all along of that swarm of Methodists in the village below."

"What!" said I, "the Methodists are thick even in these moors!"

"Ay, enough and to spare," returned he, seeing that I lingered as if for a talk: "and yet they be not all Methodists neither, for they have two or three worships; but we don't know what their doctrine be, so we calls them all Methodists for convenience."

Amused rather with this, and as "The Swan" or "Traveller's Rest" was said to be so near, I gave a minute to more information from the good yeoman (who seemed not at all averse to afford it me) concerning the parties and sects of what he called the township, though it did not, he said, including all outlying dwellings, contain more than two or three hundred inhabitants. Judge my surprise, therefore, to find, that such were the church divisions among them, that perhaps not more than fifty people could

be found joining in the same form of worship, though the particular creeds, or even denominations, of each class were far beyond the learning of my new friend to communicate. All that I could gather was, that all the sects, if in nothing else, agreed in cordially hating the orthodox church, which was, by degrees, left almost destitute of communicants. This however, as far as I could learn, was more owing to the intolerance of the last rector, than any great discontent with the doctrine, as my friend said, "in the Prayer Book," which, he allowed, was good enough. "But the last Doctor," he continued, "would, on no account, let any body go to heaven his own way, or unless he went through him. All others, he said, were damned, and would go into fire and brimstone; and he shunned them as much as if they were already there. Not satisfied with this, his reverence forbade the faithful (that is, his own congregation) from all communication with the condemned; and, being in bad health, he formed some of them into a club, under the direction of the parish clerk, who almost exceeded him in zeal. These met at 'The Swan' once a week, and drank each a pint to Church and King, and confusion to t'other side. But," continued my informant, "though this at first ware a benefit for Tim, in the end he lost by it; for, whereas he ware before of no party like, and every body drank his ale, all the t'other side now joined against him for setting up the club, though it ware all Doctor's doing, and they all went to 'Spotted Dog' for their beer, though it ware half a mile farther off."

Here my host paused; but seeing I seemed interested in his account, and flattered by it, he went on to tell me that things were now much better "sin' t'old Doctor died and t' new Doctor comed; for t' present reverend," he said, "ware quite a different person, and preached goodwill to all, and wanted to put down the club, only the clerk, who was firmer than t' old Doctor himself, had always opposed it, because he liked being in the chair. But they ware dropping off," said he, "one by one, and the folks were coming back to 'Traveller's Rest,' much to Tim landlord's delight, who said that publicans ought to have no religion at all; that is," said the yeoman, explaining himself, "no particular one. For this t' others twitted him, and teased him out of the Testament, which indeed, you know, always puts publicans and sinners together, as if they were one and the same thing."

I was more amused than ever with this gossip of my rural friend. Such people, you know, are my favourite game; but, desirous of securing my reception at the "Traveller's Rest," I took leave of him with many thanks for his pleasant discourse, and proceeded on the road he had directed, in which I found he was a correct guide. I had no sooner, therefore, turned the corner of the hill he had pointed out, than I saw I was in the middle of a small hamlet, wild enough, but in which "The Swan and Traveller's Rest" stood most conspicuously superior to all the surrounding buildings. What struck me was a most ponderous sign, fixed on a spreading tree opposite the door, and containing a most grim, though snowy,

swan, chained with fetters of gold to a rock, and having this ingenious inscription under it:

> "A Swan I am, you plainly see,
> Chain'd to a rock, nail'd to a tree;
> The reason why I am chain'd here's
> Because Tim Johnson sells good beer."

Over the door also, on a board, in large gold letters, was the inscription of "The Traveller's Rest."

Though it was now dusk, I observed, in front of the house, a tall mild-looking man in a shovel hat and a full suit of black, whom I rightly judged to be the *present reverend*, of whom my friend the yeoman had talked so honourably. He was discoursing with several peasant-looking people, who seemed very attentive, but who made way for me as I drove up, and was saluted by the landlord with the usual obeisances. On my observing that I had come from Scarborough, but was quite out of my way, and supposed I could not get to Whitby without a guide, "Nor even with one, at this time of the evening," said the gentleman with the shovel hat, touching it with great civility as he advanced. This made the landlord himself suspend the reply he meditated; for, though on the steps of his own house, he, as well as all the rest, seemed respectfully to await the intentions of their rector. Mr. Fairbrother (for that was his name) then went on very civilly to say, he feared I had been much misdirected, for there was no way for wheels over the fells, and that I ought to have continued the road without ascending the hill.

"I thought as much," I said, pleased with the interest he seemed to take in the matter; "but I own

I was tempted by the hope of seeing a glorious prospect of the ocean, in which, though so late, I was not altogether disappointed, for I could plainly see its white foam, and hear the roar of its surge."

Mr. Fairbrother seemed not displeased with this, for he said, "I honour you, sir, for this love of the grandeur of nature, which is here, indeed, magnificent; and I am only sorry you have missed its perfection for want of light; but I am still more concerned respecting your fate for the night. You surely will not attempt to go down the hill again in the dark, and there will even then be no rest for you except at Scarborough or Whitby.

Here the landlord, who had hitherto abstained from joining the talk, so deferential was he to his rector, could contain no longer; but, advancing to the parley, "You forget, your reverence," said he, to Mr. Fairbrother, "'The TRAVELLER'S Rest.'" The rector smiled, and replied: "Why true, Tim; and if you can accommodate the gentleman, I am sure I ought not to prevent it, for you deserve every thing from your good-will; but I doubt your power."

Mr. Johnson made a sort of bow for the compliment, but by no means implying his assent to the doubt. "You know, sir," said he, still very respectfully, "I have excellent stable-room, and should have plenty for the gentleman himself; only, unfortunately, the best chamber has all the window-frames taken out to be repaired; but the nights (here he hesitated a little), the nights are fine, and we could nail up curtains."

"No, Tim," observed Mr. Fairbrother, but kindly, "that wo'n't do; I cannot let you expose a fellow-creature to the risk of the night air in autumn, though your supper would, I know, be good, and you could do ample justice to his horse."

"If so," said I, stepping out of my chaise, "and if my steed can be taken care of, and the supper good, there will be no difficulty, for I can easily pass the night in an elbow-chair."

"That you shall not do," said the benevolent rector, who, as he afterwards told me, had been much struck with my enthusiasm for a view of the ocean, his own favourite pleasure, "that you shall not do, while the parsonage is so near at hand; and, as I am allowed by my good people here to do much as I please in this little domain, I must beg to extend my privilege to the stranger within its gates: so I shall use my power by making you come home with me, while Tim shall charge what he pleases for your horse's bed and supper instead of your own."

Tim, somewhat mollified by this latitude as to his bill, made a bow of acquiescence; and I, though rather overpowered with this unexpected incident, yet never backward at a new scene presenting itself, and charmed with Mr. Fairbrother's manner and seeming sense, allowed him to conduct me, nothing loth, to his comfortable rectory. What passed, however, with its amiable master must be the subject of another letter. Meantime,

I remain, your old friend,

CHARLES VIVID.

No. V.

"That churchman bears a bounteous mind, indeed!"
SHAKSPEARE: *Henry VIII.*

HAVING found, rather to my surprise, that the subject of my last number has not been disrelished by my readers, I resume it by introducing my friend Vivid's second letter, which arrived soon after the first, and which contained what he calls

THE RECTOR'S STORY.

As we proceeded down the hill to the parsonage, says my correspondent, I was struck with the beauty of the little dell in which it was situated, and which contrasted most pleasingly with the surrounding wildness. The dusk did not prevent my observing several little streams which gushed from the summit, creating a freshness in the green pastures around us delicious to the sense. There were rocks, too, in the fissures of which, among many other shrubs, projected a number of mountain ash, in all the glory of their gorgeous fruit. But this wildness yielded in beauty to a well-kept garden within á clipped hedge, the gate of which the rector opened with a key, leading me through a path lined with fruit and flowers to where

"The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

I could not help complimenting him upon his retreat, and wished I had just such a one to roost in.

"The place is loveliness itself," said I, "but you are surely not alone in it?"

"If you think," answered he, "that I am married, except to my parish (where, indeed, I have a plurality of wives, with some shrews among them), you are mistaken."

"Yet I am surprised that, in such an Eden, there should not be an Eve."

"All very good," replied he, "and the time may come; but at present I am so absorbed in healing divisions and reconciling creeds, that, being very much in earnest in this, which I conceive to be the holiest of objects in a gospel minister, I feel like Bernard Gilpin amidst his dalesmen and mountaineers, and put off matrimony for a time when I can more devote myself to its duties."

This made me recollect what the yeoman who had directed me up the hill had told me of the religious dissensions that had agitated the parish under the late rector, and the improvement which had taken place under the present. I observed, therefore, "You must have had a difficult card to play, for to settle religious disputes seems, I know not why, more difficult than to reconcile the interests of Europe after a twenty years' war."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Fairbrother, "for I have found it so to my cost. I had, however, one advantage, without which I never should have succeeded (if I have done so)—I had not an intolerant nature."

"Which your predecessor, perhaps, had?"

"He is dead," said Mr. Fairbrother, "and we will not inquire whether his high consciousness of being right in his intolerance (in which he was sincere) might not have done much mischief. Waterland was his oracle, and, like him, he carried his orthodoxy to such a height, that he thought it even enjoined by the mildest of all religions to refuse society and communion with what Waterland calls '*impugners of fundamentals*;' that is, with all who differed from himself in opinions."

"You have said enough," observed I, "to account for the schisms you found on your arrival; and, as I am curious in these matters, I should be glad, if it is not disagreeable to you, to hear something of them in detail."

"They were quite as ridiculous as lamentable, yet as amusing as instructive," said the rector. "But I see supper coming on table, so we will defer it till afterwards, when, if you are so disposed, I have no objection to tell you my impressions upon my first arrival."

I was thankful for the promise of what I expected would be a mental treat, meantime did not neglect the corporal one, which, in the shape of a roast chicken, parsley and butter, and artichokes, smoked upon the board. This we attacked, while a steady civil person in a Duffield coat, whom the rector called Matthew, administered to our wants at the sideboard.

After our repast, and we had sat a few minutes, the rector thus began:—

"I own, when I see the good effects upon my flock

of the duty I have always inculcated, of mutual forbearance and charitable feeling towards one another, founded upon a sense of our own blindness, and the injunctions of our great Master; and when I recollect what deadly feuds formerly prevailed among them, on what frivolous grounds, I give way to a little self-felicitation, which I trust is innocent."

To this sentiment I sincerely assented, both by manner and speech, and waited for him to go on.

"When I first came into the parish," continued he, "now some four years ago, I found every body labouring under the *odium theologicum*, the worst (though I, a theologian, say it) of all the odiums that agitate our poor nature. House was armed against house, and brother against brother; and all for what? For the most part (for I will not say in every thing), for trifles. It is, indeed, wretched to observe for what nothings men are ready to tear one another to pieces, and yet think they are obeying the gospel.

"Some would not come to church because the service was performed in a surplice. How many hundred lives, in the times of the Covenanters, were not sacrificed to and for this piece of ceremony! Some would hardly communicate, and complained bitterly of my predecessor for the unorthodox practice (unorthodox even in him) of allowing the communicants to come within the rails of the altar, instead of remaining in the body of the church. One party held Sunday to be the first day of the week, the other the last: and, on an appeal to me, when I said, that, though a proper question for the learned, they had better let it alone,

and, whatever day of the week Sunday was considered, think more of true religion, which consisted in purely worshipping God, and living in charity with one another; for this, both parties were ready to tear my gown off my back. Some of them, indeed, joined in showing me up to the archbishop, who, if he had not been a man of sense, as well as a divine, might have plagued me out of my life."

"You are lucky," said I, "in having such a diocesan, for I could name many who would have made a mountain of such a molehill."

He assented and went on. "But the great schisms are what, indeed, have set the whole Christian world in arms, as well as this obscure corner; I mean those between Athanasians and Arians, Calvinists and Arminians; and there was even a sect which some of the most orthodox, though not the most enlightened, of my parishioners called Scinians (meaning, as you may suppose, Socinians). These were attacked by all the others, but particularly the Athanasians, with a fury and bigotry which threatened their total extirpation; and because I attempted to protect them from the rage of their opponents, endeavouring to reclaim them by reason, not force, I was myself charged with being a Socinian."

"Is it possible," said I, "that you could have encountered all this in so small a district, where all the inhabitants together do not seem to muster more than a few hundreds?"

"Enough, and more than enough," replied the rector, "to foster even more dissenters than I have to

manage, where there is more religious pride than religious charity. What wars, indeed, are equal in horrors to religious wars? Perhaps, however, (poor people!) they were not so much in fault as the pastors who had misled them; for, as I have told you, I had the misfortune to follow an incumbent, who, though deeply learned (far more than myself) in all polemics, having Origen, and Jerome, and St. Austin at his fingers' ends, had unfortunately studied them more than the Scripture itself, and set up a religion of his own, which he defended with as much intolerance and as furious zeal as the Inquisition. In short, he leaned to the Roman Catholics in this, that he allowed no salvation out of his own church, according to his own notion of it; and, by consequence, half his parish was damned beyond redemption. Yet he was sincere in his belief; the only redeeming quality he had to set off against an intolerance leading to superstitions, which, I have observed to you, were as ridiculous as lamentable."

"This is what I like to hear of," said I; "for I am persuaded that to ridicule people out of superstition (which I trust, from this, you did,) is infinitely more effective than to oppose it by force. Yet I thought superstition nowadays, when infidelity has spread even to remote districts like this, could hardly find a place to hide her head in. A few ghosts, however, or perhaps witches, might be forgiven."

"There were neither ghosts nor witches," returned the rector, "but I am not so sure about devils. My first discovery, almost on the day of my arrival, was,

that, under my most orthodox predecessor, one half of the parish had been taught to consider the other as limbs of Satan."

"A very pretty proof of orthodoxy," said I; "but pray, how did you discover this?"

"I will tell it you," continued he, "in exact order as it happened. When I arrived at the inn we have left, I found waiting for their new minister, the clerk and sexton of the parish, and two or three more, who all made their obeisances with great respect; adding, that from what they had heard of me, they hoped I should preach as good doctrine as Dr. Tomlinson, and put down meeting *, which had held up its head, they said, 'quite peart' during his long illness. I was surprised to find myself thus plunged into the subject of doctrine so instantly on my arrival, and before I had even seen my parsonage. Nor did I augur much comfort from the eagerness with which my clerk, a thin, sharp-visaged man, seemed disposed to sift out of me whether I was a friend to the dissenters or not; for it seems he had been told I was. I, however, confined my answer to saying, that we were all children of one heavenly Parent, and that I hoped we might live happily together. This I found by no means palatable to my future friend and coadjutor, the clerk, who was the mouthpiece of a club, countenanced, if not instituted, by my predecessor, and called by way of distinction the Orthodox. This was held every

* In the northern *patois*, the custom is generally to leave out the article in speaking: thus, meeting, for *the* meeting; vicar, for *the* vicar, &c. &c.

Saturday night at the Swan, to attend which he and the others were already assembled, though they said, at first, they only came to pay their respects to me on my arrival. The village theologian seemed taken what is called aback upon this reply of mine, and shook his head in great seriousness; but the landlord, who, as you saw, was a round-faced jolly fellow, and a complete contrast to the clerk, saluting me with a bow of assent, said he was very glad to hear what my reverence had said, for that there had been no peace "of a long while" in the parish, and that no dissenter or Methodist had called for a pot of beer in his house ever since Dr. Tomlinson had allowed the Saturday night's club to be established. To be sure, the Orthodox, he said, drank very fairly, but what were ten or a dozen persons to a whole meeting-house, nay to two or three, for there were as many as that in the township.

"'You should be ashamed to say such things,' cried the clerk with a very verjuicy aspect, and was going on, when, not knowing how far this incipient difference might lead, I thought it right to interpose my authority with the clerk at least, by telling him he was to blame to dispute about doctrines in a public-house; and finally begged they would send somebody with me as a guide to the parsonage, which lay hid in this glen, as you have seen. I expected the clerk, as in duty bound, would have offered his services; but whether he did not like the seeming tolerancy of his new rector, or was afraid of not being in time for the club, he fought off, owing,

he said, to his being lame, and recommended the sexton, Matt. Mullings, in his stead.

"Matthew, the respectable person who waited upon us at supper, and who is now my *factotum* and clerk expectant, came forwards, made a leg, pulled his forelock over his forehead, and, taking possession of my cloak-bag, said he should be proud to show me the way, every step and stone of which he ought to know, having so long been Dr. Tomlinson's out-door man, and so often passed between Rectory and Swan.

"I took him at his word, not at all sorry to get rid of his polemical brethren, and wondering, as well as anxious, as to my future fate as ghostly director of these lay divines. The way, however, was so beautiful as we began to descend from the brow of the hill, and the evening shut in so sweetly, that the Orthodox controversialists were soon forgotten, and I was alive only to the impressions of nature.

"My friend Matthew did not think it civil, however, to leave me to myself, and as we passed different cottages would entertain me with an account of their owners; not so much of their characters or situations as their religious creeds, in all which he seemed particularly learned. One was a Baptist, one a Methodist, one a Quaker, another allowed no purgatory, another stickled for everlasting punishments, and insisted upon being damned to all eternity. I essayed to discover to which fraternity my friend belonged, but he was almost affronted at my question, saying, that it did not become one who was sexton, and had dug

most of the graves in the churchyard, to go a whoring after false gods. This I found was a phrase his old master, the Doctor, was very fond of, so he stuck, he said, by the true church, of course meaning his own.

"In this discourse we turned into a pleasant lane, where, perceiving the smoke of chimneys, I asked if we were near the parsonage? But Matthew shook his head, as I thought significantly, and quickened his pace in silence. We soon came up to the building whence the smoke issued; an ancient brick house with an old-fashioned doorway in the middle, divided into compartments, and painted almost black. It was, however, so hid by a high quick-set hedge, that we could see nothing but the chimneys till we came to an iron gate opposite the house-door. The hedge was kept with peculiar neatness, and a man appeared in the act of trimming it with a bill-hook.

"At this, I observed my friend Matthew quicken his step, and pass the dwelling with an averted eye. I asked him who lived there, to which, at first, he gave no answer, but, upon my repeating the question, and having advanced farther from the gate, he said he believed it was dangerous to tell or talk about him.

"Then hearing the gate open, and observing the man with the bill-hook (whom I supposed the gardener) had come out, and was looking after us, he hurried on very quickly. Wondering at this mystery, I again asked who the person was; and was surprised to be told that he believed nobody knew but

the Doctor, who disliked to keep company with him himself, and reproved everybody that did; that, from his hardly ever stirring out, except in his garden, and poring almost all day over great books with old black letters, where, it was said, there was a power of learning, people thought he was a magician, and dealt with the devil; but the Doctor as good as said he was the devil himself.

"'And yet,' continued Matthew, 'Dame Stobbs, who tend upon him, declare he be perfectly harmless, always keep a civil tongue in his head, and works in his garden like one of us when he is not reading. But Dame Stobbs do not sleep in the house, because she be afraid of a spirit, particularly after what she heard Doctor had said, though she be sure he ben't the devil.'

"'Devils,' said I, 'do not generally keep their hedges so trim, and the garden seemingly so well stocked.'

"'Oh, yes,' returned Matthew; 'and there be a mort of good fruit, but nobody wo'n't now eat any of it, even though he sometimes give it away. But Dame Stobbs, she say there is no harm in it, and that all that ware said about it ware a pack of lies.'

"'Pray what was said?' asked I.

"'Why, that no good ever comed of the devil's gifts, or, what is the same thing, a magician's. Indeed, that has been proved.'

"'How?'

"'Why, my own little brother Dick was passing by one day, and saw him come out of the gate, as we might,

perhaps, just now, and he had a parcel of fine apples in a basket, which he showed Dick, and said, kindly enough, that he was a nice little fellow, and he might take as many as he liked. Dick, you may be sure, stuffed his pockets, and being rather greedy, as indeed most children are, you know, he staid out of doors till he had eat all the apples, and, what was very remarkable, there were just thirteen of them, which you know is always the most unluckiest number of all.'

"I quite assented to this ancient proposition, and asked what came of it.

"'Came of it! Why poor Dick was that very night seized with such a fit of the gripes, there was no bearing his cries. Mother was up with him all night, and being no better in the morning, she went up to rector to see what could be done.'

"'And he?'

"'Oh, he said it was no wonder that the boy was sarved so for accepting anything from such a person, and he shook his head several times. So mother she began to think of what we had read, and what Doctor indeed sometimes said in his sermons upon the prosperity for a time of the wicked, which, he says, is always the devil's doing.'

"'I hope, however, that Dick got well.'

"'Oh, poor boy, he went pale and puling about the house for a month, and was near to die.'

"'Why, had you no apothecary?'

"'Yes, he came, but mother found, from Dame Stobbs, that her master the magician had sent him, because he had tempted Dick like with the apples;

and so she would not have nothing to do with him. Indeed, Doctor said it was not the first time that Satan had tempted people with apples, and that be true enough you know, for it is in the bible.'

"'You believe the bible, then?'

"'To be sure I do, or how could I be sexton? But I am afraid, though he sent 'pothecary to Dick, and may not be the devil himself, he is a very bad man. Master, indeed, called him a Scinian, which, he says, were worse than a murderer.'

"Amused with this, I had a mind to make honest Matthew open a little more of his divinity, to which, indeed, he seemed not at all disinclined. 'And pray,' said I, 'what did rector say, or what do you think a Scinian is?'

"'Oh, something very bad,' replied he, though I don't know exactly what, except that Mr. Graves never would say Nasius's creed at church, though it was ordered in the book. Yet when he first comed, he ware intimate with Doctor, who owns they were at the Varsity together, and then they were friends like; but that ware before Doctor found him out to be a Scinian, which was not till one day they fell out so about Nasius that Doctor forbade him his doors, and said, if he came to church, he ware afraid the roof would fall in and crush us all; which had been done once before, he said, a long time back, to one Cinthus, who went a bathing with St. John, but St. John would not keep such company, and made the bath tumble upon Cinthus and killed him.'

"You may suppose how much I was amazed by this

version of the story of Cerinthus, but was surprised when Matthew went on to tell me that Dame Stobbs said her master notwithstanding often read the prayer book out loud, quite beautiful, 'and that doesn't look,' said Matthew, 'as if he ware the devil. Yet Doctor told me one day, if I only went to meeting once, as I wanted to do, only to see what was their doctrine, I should certainly be damned; and, as I should not like that, I staid away.'

"'If you thought so yourself, Matthew,' said I, 'you did very right; but was that really the reason?'

"'Why, to be sure, Doctor added, that if I went I should never do a day's work in his garden again as long as I lived, which was like taking the bread out of one's mouth.'

"'Gracious Heaven!' thought I, 'is it thus that the benevolence, humility, and mutual forbearance enjoined by the gospel, and the just rebukes to the Pharisees for their spiritual pride, are treated by a Christian churchman!' Then turning to Matthew, I continued: 'Surely Dr. Tomlinson taught you in his sermons to have charity one to another, to hate no man, and consequently not to hate, but pity him, if his only fault was differing with you in opinion.'

"'I never heard nothing about that,' said Matthew, 'nor did Doctor preach about charity at all but once, when he said all the charity in the world would not save a soul from being damned if he did not believe Nasius.'

"'Mr. Graves, however, is charitable?'

"'Yes, he ware so at first, only since the apples, and

being a Scinian, nobody will take anything from him. Not but what I thought his ale, when I worked for him in harvest, ware better than Doctor's, there ware more malt in it, and that's the ale for us labourers; but Doctor's parlour ale ware quite a different thing.'

"Though I can scarcely tell you," continued Mr. Fairbrother, "how amusing I thought this conversation, it also gave me a sad foreboding of what I was to expect from my new parishioners; nor could all my respect for Dr. Tomlinson's learning, which was allowedly great, keep me from fearing that to thumb over the Fathers, and enter into all their subtleties, or even to have all the niceties and contradictory opinions of General Councils by heart, without humbler views of ourselves, and greater allowance for opposing creeds than they seem to have had, would not entitle a man to the character of a true Christian."

To this most reasonable and most truly Christian sentiment I heartily acceded, and began to conceive the highest liking, as well as respect, for my amiable host.

Mr. Fairbrother having referred to Waterland as the model of his predecessor, our remaining discourse turned much upon his bigotry, only aggravated and heated tenfold by a great mass of learning and a very subtle intellect, made worse than useless, and even mischievous, by the want of a liberal mind. "In another religion," said Fairbrother, "and even in his own, if our laws permitted, he would have been a Gardiner, or a Bonner. Here, however," added he, "is a man of a different complexion, whom, though I

do not follow, I approve always in his anti-bigotry, and particularly in what he says of the zealot we are talking of."

With that the rector took up a volume of Middleton's works, which lay on a study table, pushed on one side to admit the supper board, and, turning to this acute critic upon the story of Cerinthus (brought to mind by what he had been relating of Matthew's account of its impression *upon t' Doctor*), read as follows:

"The constant use which is made of this story (the destruction of the heretic by the bath, at St. John's prayer, tumbling upon him) is to demonstrate (according to Waterland) the duty of *shunning* and *affronting* heretics, *of denying them the common offices of civility, treating them as persons excommunicated and detestable in the eyes of God and man*, and this is pressed upon all Christians by the authority and example of St. John."*

"Gracious and long suffering compassionate Saviour!" ejaculated this excellent pastor when he had finished, "that such should be the tenet of one who is reverenced by our church as the best, or one of the best, expounders and defenders of our faith. Of what use is faith, if it lead to such detestable hardness of heart? What becomes of the example of the good Samaritan, if this be our duty?" Then turning more impressively to me, he added: "Think not from this that I hold it indifferent what our faith may be, pro-

* Middleton's Works, ii. 427.

vided our moral conduct is good. I side not with Pope, notwithstanding the fine sounding lines:

> 'For modes of faith let senseless zealots fight;
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.'

What I mean is, that if our brother, after seeking truth with all his mind, and all his heart, unfortunately miss it, or differ from us in our notions concerning it, we may pray for him to be enlightened, and endeavour to be the instrument of his being so; but dare not venture upon the presumptuous sin of supposing that we alone being right have the right to punish and drive him from our charity for ever."

I applauded this sentiment of my right-minded host, and agreed with him that Waterland, with all his learning, was, in his virulence against heresy, worse than any heretic himself, and that he ought to be a beacon against spiritual pride, rather than an object of imitation.

Let us thank God that there are few such pillars of the church remaining, and that the reign of fire and faggot is no more.

This closes my friend Vivid's last letter, who, I wonder, when joining Fairbrother in his blame of Waterland, did not recollect, out of the same Middleton whom he quoted, the ridiculous vanity as well as obstinacy which preceded, and perhaps hastened, his death. The anecdote is too good not to be recorded as a beacon against all pompous and intolerant divines, overrun with the notion that learning and wisdom are the same things.

It seems that Waterland, in his last illness, and last journey from Cambridge to London, in company of two friends, lodged the second night at Hoddesdon, where, being extremely indisposed, he was advised to send for an apothecary for immediate relief.

One of the friends received this gentleman below stairs; and, upon informing him who his patient was, the apothecary, who was also a great lay divine, could not forbear expressing his sense of the honour he received in being called to attend so celebrated a person, "whose writings," said he, "I am very well acquainted with, having read his ingenious book, *The Divine Legation of Moses.*"

The friend immediately ran up stairs with this to the Doctor, who flew into a violent passion with poor Galen, whom he not only called a puppy and a blockhead, but would have it that he must needs be too ignorant of his own profession to be able to furnish any relief to him; nay, that he might even poison him; nor could all his friend's representation of the man's capacity in his own profession, nor, what was more, the necessity of employing him at the moment, move him in his favour.

The man was discharged, and the remedies, however required, postponed; though, be it observed, this was but a little before this great divine's death, which was probably hastened, if not occasioned, by the delay. Of so much consequence is it that a village apothecary should not be ignorant of the difference between Waterland and Warburton.

No. VI.

MODERN CRITICISM.

"Cobblers with cobblers smoke away the night,
And in the common cause e'en play'rs unite.
Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother authors wage.
The pride of nature will as soon admit
Competitors in empire, as in wit.
Onwards they rush, at Fame's imperious call,
And, less than greatest, would not be at all."

CHURCHILL.*

A CLEVER predecessor of mine in the art of dreaming describes with humour his feelings of awe and curiosity when, in his nonage, he was for the first time introduced to an author. "I surveyed his whole person," said he, "from top to toe, with the strictest attention; sat open-mouthed to catch every syllable that he uttered; and noticed his voice, manner, and every word and gesture, with the minutest observation. I could not help whispering to myself the whole evening, 'I am in company with an author.'" †

Just so, I remember, when almost still in my childhood (little more than fourteen), and my father used to take me with him to different places of resort, I

* The Apology. † Connoisseur, No. 114.

once accompanied him to the Grecian Coffee-House, where many literary characters of the time used to assemble, and where my attention was arrested by rather a singular-looking personage, whose presence seemed in one way or other to have an effect on most of the company. Some showed him a ceremonious but distant civility, and retired from him as soon as they could; some gave a mere bow of recognition, and passed off in a hurry; and some (by far the greater number) seemed studiously to avoid coming near him. He was a jejune-looking man, of a supercilious aspect, pompous, with little conciliation in his countenance, and less in his manner; in fact, so cold (I had almost said ill-natured), that, in my young imagination, he inspired me with nothing but fear. I was to go off to school the next day; and, though he seemed civil to my father, I recollect I thought he was the last person in the world from whom I should expect a tip.

On leaving the coffee-house, I, of course, asked my father who the gentleman was, and he told me he was the editor of the * * * Review. Not knowing then very accurately what a review or its editor was, I soon lost sight of the abstract notion of them, if I had it; but the starch repulsive figure and manner of the gentleman I had seen haunted me for a long while afterwards.

And yet, of all subjects that engage a day-dreamer's attention, there is perhaps not one which, in the pleasure and interest it affords, is equal to liberal and polite criticism.

Critical works, therefore, when the fruits of real learning and liberal judgment, and not of envy, hatred, and malice, or, at best, of insolent self-sufficiency, are frequently my occupation, and always my delight. They really *do* "pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind," and exemplify the "emollit mores nec sinit esse feros," of Horace; they also charm the fancy till we are lost in what we dreamers so much love, a long, innocent, and elegant *reverie*. I know not, therefore, the path of letters either so flowery, or for leading us through which we are so beholden to the directors of our taste, as *liberal* criticism.

By this I by no means confine myself to learning, however deep; knowledge, however extensive; or taste, however elegant. For, contradicted as it may appear by many specimens of modern critics, there must be modesty, and even goodness, and a mind above envy and the abuse of power, all concurring to form such criticism as I have supposed. Above all, there should be the absence of all party feeling in politics and religion (or at least of their effects) as well as in letters, or the love of truth, which should preside over all and give zest to all, is gone. 'Tis hence I view with peculiar satisfaction the shelves of my library, where the works of genuine critics (by which I mean the liberal, as well as enlightened) repose.

Two accomplished poets, one a very sweet one, the other celebrated for strength and nerve, have given us a favourable, as well as adverse, view of the critic's character. The Essay on Criticism, by Pope, is in

every body's hands; but the strong lines of Churchill may, perhaps, not be so universally remembered:

"A critic was of old a glorious name,
Whose sanction handed merit up to fame.
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view;
His judgment great, but great his candour too.
No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;
Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide."

How amiable as well as estimable is this! How lamentable, therefore, the reverse of the medal!

"But now, O strange reverse! our critics bawl
In praise of candour, with a heart of gall.
Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night."*

That there are persons of both these characters who have filled the critic chair is known to all men of letters. Which have done most good to literature is with some a question. For my part, I have no hesitation in declaring for the former, thinking them the benefactors of real merit; the others, though often not unskilful judges, yet as often splenetic or curious detractors.

Such men as the first have dignified as well as enlightened both ancient and modern literature. Among the ancients we have Aristotle, who

"Steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star;"

Longinus, whom

"All the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire;
An ardent judge, who, zealous to his trust,
With warmth gave sentence, yet is always just;"

* The Apology.

Horace,

> "Who charms with graceful negligence,
> And, without method, talks us into sense."

Among the earlier moderns we have Boileau and Bossu, Dryden*, Pope, and Addison; and, in later years, the two Wartons, Lord Kaims, Campbell, Blair, and, spite of his prejudices, the gigantic Johnson.†

Such men (with, I fear, some exceptions as to the last) are really unprejudiced in the tasks they have undertaken, to set books before us according to their merits; and not, like lawyers, speaking from a brief for which they are paid. They do not grasp the pen less from the intention of reporting the character of a book, than the desire of showing how severe they themselves can be; and how brave, or even insolent, where (from not being known) they fear no reply; and, for the same reason, are luckily exempt from attacks upon their own works, should they have been guilty of perpetrating any. Hence, says the powerful satirist from whom I have taken my motto:

> "All men and things they know, themselves unknown,
> And publish every name except their own.
> Founded on arts which shun the face of day,
> By the same arts they still maintain their sway.

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* The ability of Dryden, when not personal, admits him into the list; when personal, as against a rival, his rancour would exclude him.

† Were we to point out one of the most beautiful instances of this species of criticism, eminent at the same time for thorough knowledge of polite literature and fair, though severe, judgment, it would be the review of Aikin's "Life of Addison," in a late number of the "Edinburgh," said to be by Mr. Macaulay.

Wrapp'd in mysterious secresy they rise,
And, as they are unknown, are safe and wise;
At whomsoever aim'd, howe'er severe
Th' envenom'd slander flies, no names appear.
Prudence forbid that step! Then all might know,
And on more equal terms engage the foe."*

Yet there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose the severest, and most chastened, judgment may not be pronounced without personal and vulgar abuse.

Often the judges are inferior to the supposed culprits; and, not unfrequently, provoke the contempt and disgust of that public whom, because, and only because, they have the command of the press, they think themselves called upon to instruct. How many of such critics have been laughed at for ignorance, as well as spleen! and how many have exhibited ludicrous instances of strained and forced comparisons, confused metaphors (pursued into nonsense), unnatural imagery, and even grammatical blunders in that very language in which they presume (from the mere circumstance of electing themselves into judges) to tell the world they are authorities! Even where real learning prevails, how erroneous sometimes have been their judgments and conjectures! Take such a man as Warburton; to the full as insolent as erudite. How was he not persecuted by the enemies he had made, who rejoiced in his frequent defeats! What a vivid picture is Johnson's of two of the commentators upon his Shakspeare!

"One ridicules his errors with airy petulance,

* Churchill's Apology.

suitable enough to the *levity* of the controversy; the other attacks him with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an *assassin* or *incendiary*. The one stings like a fly; sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more. The other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him."

He adds that, "one was a wit, and one a scholar."* Well, then, wit and scholarship may be found in uncomfortable exuberance in many who do not *profess* criticism, and may be exercised in unmerciful severity upon those who affect to castigate others. Hence, the throne of criticism is not an exclusive throne; and though a coxcomb, a malignant, or a blockhead, may usurp it for a time, he is as liable to be attacked, unhorsed, and conquered, as other usurpers have been before him. Even the slashing Bentley (any thing but a blockhead, but no pygmy in self-esteem) was slashed himself by Middleton, whom he at first affected to despise, but who whipped him with scorpions; and by Pearce, who, I believe, had entered under him at Cambridge.

But if this has been the fate of men so distinguished for real knowledge, what are we to say to the buzzing insects, the gay motes that people the sunbeams in the shops of modern bibliopolists, and who are therefore, not unaptly, known by the name of SHOP CRITICS? Any blockhead rich enough may set

* Preface to Shakspeare. The two critics of the critic were the authors of the "Canons of Criticism," and the revival of Shakspeare's text.

up a press, and with it the power of being impertinent with impunity. Can such a *métier* be that of a gentleman?

These drop honey or vinegar, accordingly as the book they pretend to criticise falls in with their own opinions or prejudices, or those of the clique to which they belong, and perhaps represent.* They form a class;

"Assume the god,
Affect to nod;"

and expect (nor are they always disappointed) that authors, generally their equals, often their superiors, are to fall down and tremble at their fee fa fum, like children listening to the nurse's tale of a giant. Nor am I surprised, when I recollect the sensations which the mere name of reviewer used to inspire into the palpitating hearts of the most adventurous authors.

I remember, myself, the time when I could as well have questioned the authority of an act of parliament as that of a reviewer. To me he was as a god in letters, or else, *how could he be a reviewer?* He was, in fact, the magician,

"Qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, *mulcet*;"

though there was very little of the last.

In time, however ("opinionum commenta delet dies"), the rest of the character of the magus drawn

* For the influence of cliques in letters, see a powerful article in Sir E. Bulwer, "On the English," p. 91.

by the poet was realised, and I found that he only spoke truth when he added,

"*Falsis* terroribus implet."

I have been led into these reflections by a letter I lately received from an enlightened friend, whom I will call Hortensius, and with whom I am proud to agree on almost all subjects.

He lives in a sort of meditative seclusion, though in close communication with the world; in fact, in a retired house, in the midst of a garden, in one of the suburbs of London.

From this he almost daily emerges to visit the metropolis, passing much of the time he spends there in its literary society; of course, not neglecting the parlours of the most eminent booksellers and publishers, where his face is well known, and his judgment much respected.

I should add, that he is himself occasionally a reviewer, but no author; and, as a reviewer, one of the liberal as well as enlightened to whom I have alluded in the beginning of this section. 'Tis thus he writes of that character which he calls

THE SHOP CRITIC.

This species of animal (he says), though apparently of modern growth, must certainly have been that of which King David complains, when he says, "Eyes have they, and see not; ears, and hear not; noses, and smell not:"* not (adds my friend) that they do not positively see with their eyes, such as they are,

* Psalm cxv.

but they do so like owls in the dark; or perhaps moles, who, delighting always to be under ground, the sense of seeing, as some naturalists have conjectured, has been made painful to them, in order to warn them of their danger when they see any glimmering of light, to which they have naturally a mortal antipathy.

I once knew one of these critics, continues Hortensius, the son of a farmer, who had originally been designed for an architect, and studied, or attempted to study, his elegant art under one of the greatest masters of the day. As an exercise, this master sent him to examine and report opinion on that beautiful specimen of the genius of Inigo Jones, Whitehall Chapel; and, on his return, asked him what he thought of it.

"Why, it seems a *strong* building," said the *élève.*

"Strong!!"

"Yes, plenty of brick and mortar, and a goodish parcel of stone. Plenty of windows, too: I counted them all."

"Most accurate observer! But was there nothing else to remark?"

"Not particularly, though I also counted the chimneys—and——"

"Damn the chimneys!" cried the master, losing patience (for he was an enthusiast for Inigo); "did you not observe the exquisite proportions of every thing, and the architraves and beautiful columns of the windows you took such pains to count?"

"I took little notice," replied the pupil; "I only

thought how much was unnecessary, and what expense might have been spared."

"You will never make an architect," rejoined the master, with a determined air, "though you may carry a hod. Go to your trowel, or back to your plough, 't will suit you better."

What the pupil immediately did, I don't know; but, when I first was acquainted with him, he was in the shape of a Shop Critic.

Now it strikes me that there are many such in the predicament which I, and King David before me, have described: "Eyes have they, and see not"—though they really can read. But not only to read, but understand (as the schoolboy scribble has it), is above them. They can count chapters as well as the architect did windows; but if called upon to report the real character of a work, to enter into the genius of the writer, ascertain principles, or take a large view of consequences, they will content themselves with saying, with our would-be architect, "there is a great expense of matter which might be spared;" and then, like the illustrious Marchmont, in Mrs. Trollope's admirable delineation of this character*, may perhaps review the book without having read it.

Here I cannot help thinking of an anecdote recorded by Mr. Lockhart, in his interesting life of Burns. The poet, in a dispute with a clergyman on the merits of Gray, having defied the clergyman to

* *Vide* Charles Chesterfield. The character of Marchmont is a jewel in modern satire.

point out a defect in the "Elegy," the challenge was accepted; but the critic so blundered and quibbled, that Burns, out of patience, observed: "Sir, I now perceive that a man may be an excellent judge of poetry by square and rule, and yet, after all, be a damn'd blockhead."*

How many Shop Critics would do well had they the modesty, in their vocation, to remember this discovery of Robert Burns! This, however, would far from suit them; for who does not know that

> "A man must serve his time in every trade,
> Save censure; critics all are ready made."†

Seriously, if one were to cast about for a severe satire upon the institutions and customs of civilised life, I cannot conceive a stronger one than the influence of these self-elected judges. Many of them are half-educated, vulgar in mind, worse in manners; some struggling to live, with little compunction how they may do so. These adopt ribaldry and abuse, as most likely to make their lucubrations accord with the depraved taste of *their* part of the public; and for this they throw their dung about, but not, as was said of Virgil, with dignity.

With a smattering of the literature of the day, some knowledge of technical terms, and perhaps with

> "Just enough of learning to misquote,"

they believe and call themselves men of letters; are pert, flippant, and impertinent; talk familiarly of Scott or Byron, Moore or Sydney Smith, as Master

* Life of Burns, 177. † Byron.

Shallow did of John of Gaunt; and, by their self-sufficiency, provoke enemies, if not a thrashing.

When we think what the calibre of some of them is, as proved in their own works when they are known, we are absolutely at a loss to account for the position which, from the indolence of better men, or the prejudices of particular parties, they have been allowed to usurp.

This has, however, been an old complaint, for I find it thus written by one who knew them well:

"How could these self-elected monarchs raise
So large an empire on so small a base?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius sleep when Dulness seiz'd the throne?
The Stagirite, who rules from nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reasons too.
Our great directors take a shorter way;
Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say?
But why repine we, that those puny elves
Shoot into giants? We may thank ourselves.
Fools that we are; like Israel's fools of yore,
The calf ourselves have fatten'd we adore.
But let our reason reassume her reign,
This god will dwindle to a calf again."*

A better description still of this critical god is perhaps to be found in a prologue to a new play, by George Colman:

"I am a critic, my masters; I sneer, splash, and vapour,
Puff parties, damn poets, *in short, do a paper.*
My name's Johnny Grubb; I'm a vendor of scandal;
My pen like an auctioneer's hammer I handle.
When employ'd for a play, to praise or to mock it,
I bring my critiques cut and dry in my pocket.
For we, great paper-editors, strange tho't appears,
Can often, believe me, dispense with our ears;
The author, like all other authors, well knowing
That *we* are the people who set them a-going." †

* Churchill's Apology. † Ibid.

Harsh and hard as this account may seem, it is not always confined to ignorant or shallow upstarts. Wherever there is pride, vanity, or innate ill-nature in the constitution, there is not a more convenient or potent outlet for these peccant humours, than the command of the critical press. This advantage is so valuable to a man who knows how to handle it, either in indulging a naturally ascetic humour which he cannot help, or from envy of a reputation which he cannot equal, that though it may damage, and has often damaged, the fair fame of him who stoops to it, men have not been deterred from using it by the certainty of being hated for their pains. "Pereat, modo imperet" is many a critic's motto. He has made his election; he cares not for being hated, provided he is feared. But if at the same time he fills his pocket, the temptation is irresistible, and all anxiety as to being loved or esteemed is abandoned as mere weakness.

Thus far Hortensius, of whom we now take our leave. Should the dissertation be not displeasing to the reader, we may possibly return to the subject in another dream.

No. VII.

"Choked with ambition of the meaner sort."
SHAKSPEARE: 1 *Hen. VI.*

NOT that ambition, any more than any other passion, should be wholly suppressed, but merely regulated. Under proper restrictions, it is even praiseworthy, and, without causing unhappiness, often leads to splendid actions. It is not, however, easy to say into how much unhappiness it may betray those who know not how to govern it, or into what numerous species it is divided. There is the high and the low; the generous and the selfish; the true and the false, or rather the foolish, ambition. The latter, though most contemptible, is the most harmless, and often causes amusement to those who witness, although those who suffer from its effects are, while it lasts, writhing under it in absolute torment. Of this last, ladies, and gentlemen too, who are left out of certain circles and parties above their station, which they are moving heaven and earth to enter, are pregnant examples. Of this too, though of a lower sort, was the air of superiority assumed by a lady of a home county over another whose house was nearer to the capital, when she said, I believe you reside at the *town end* of the county. Her creed was, that the farther she lived from town, the more she approached to the rank of a country family.

Upon this principle I was amused with another distress, of a whole family, whose chief, retiring from trade, had laid out his fortune in an estate in the county of Middlesex; and, though it consisted of a venerable mansion in a beautiful neighbourhood, they said all was provokingly spoiled, as three miles farther would have placed them in Hertfordshire, which was full of gentry.

Yet these would have laughed at the pride of an honest linendraper, who was painfully anxious that his correspondent, in directing to him, should never omit the word "wholesale" before linendraper.

This is the ambition of the *meaner* sort noticed by our motto; and, though more harmless than the more heroic passion that destroys its patient when disappointed, its mortifications are not the less severe because they are only ridiculous. Yet, if there is common sense in the patient, it is soon cured.

I have fallen into these reflections from an amusing, and, at the same time, instructive, account of this lower ambition, as it, many years ago, poisoned the youthful feelings of one of my oldest and most respected college friends. He is now a distinguished scholar and divine, one of the ornaments of Oxford, and particularly remarkable for a plain common sense, which renders both his conduct and opinions a sort of beacon for all his acquaintance, especially those much younger than himself, who all look up to him with pleasure and respect.

It seems, however, that this was not always so, and that, during his extreme youth, before he entered the

University (and occasionally, perhaps, as he says, for some time afterwards), he suffered great and real unhappiness, from causes so little proportioned to their effects, that he has often told me he was ashamed to confess them; and he allowed me to separate from him when I prepared to go into the world, leaving him happy in a philosophy as to the true value of things in an easy college life, which never failed him, but without informing me of what he called his silliness. He, indeed, often promised to reveal this part of his history to me, but never did. At first, as I have said, from shame, but afterwards from what he thought its insignificance. This continued till I set up for a dreamer, and renewed my application to him on the score of his owing it as a duty to make his weakness public, if it would help any young mind to a right view of itself. This won him, and a few days ago, in return for my numbers of the "Dreamer," which I sent him, he wrote me the following letter:

* * * Coll., Oxford, Oct. 18th.

My dear Somnolent,

Having read all your "Dreams," as you call them, I little thought that dreaming could be turned to such good account in, as I trust, rendering us wiser and better, if we please, than we sometimes are when awake. I know that I once suffered so long and so keenly from a waking excitement, in which I lost much of the little reason I ever had, that nothing but a series of sober dreams, by which I mean correcting lessons, restored me to my senses. This I have often

hinted to you, and, not to keep you any longer in suspense, my case was this.

I was the son of a little, or at least by no means considerable, tradesman, though a general dealer, in the good town of Reading. Our merchandise was various, for my father sold cloth and flannel, silk stockings and kid gloves, upon the strength of which he would have called himself a mercer, but that he also dealt largely in drugs, and made up prescriptions, on which account he had set up a pestle and mortar, of abundant dimensions, over his door, with the appropriate title of 'chemist and druggist.' He also added something to his revenue by occasionally letting two or three spare rooms to lodgers, whenever persons of a respectable class were in want of a temporary abode. Here, however, we enjoyed a productive, if not a flourishing trade, and were happy in one another; and one of the greatest pleasures in life, a progressing prosperity and perfect contentment with our lot. We had too the gratification of a *reasonable* ambition in seeing that, by our industry and good conduct, we grew in the estimation of our neighbours, and, though only fifteen, I was quite alive to the pleasure of our quiet and humble respectability. I was particularly fond of reading, and strenuously sought to improve my school-learning, and this led me in the end to the cultivation of very serious subjects — above all, divinity; so that, till I was full seventeen, my high ambition was to enter the church. I had indeed a fair, I may say good, school education, in the great free-school of the town, then under the

direction of the most skilful masters; and while I confined myself to classics, a little history, the soul-improving "Spectator," and a few of Shakspeare's plays, my life passed pleasantly, and wholly undisturbed by any discontent or hankering after what did not belong to me. On the contrary, my vanity, of which I had a reasonable share, was sufficiently gratified by being always thought a youth of great hopes, and likely to make a figure among my equals.

Thus I passed to my seventeenth year, unknowing and unknown, at least to any beyond our own walk of life. But, at this critical age, I unfortunately became a subscriber to a circulating library, and, leaving my pleasant guides, inundated myself with novels, at the head of which was "Evelina," then in its full splendour of reputation. But, while this inspired the greatest contempt for vulgar shopkeepers like the Brangtons, it filled me with the sensible notion that happiness and elegance of mind were only to be found among people of fashion, and to be a man of fashion and a Lord Orville was, I thought, the only lot in life worth aiming at. It is astonishing how rapidly absorbing this corruption became, and with what damage to my peace, when I thought of my own inferiority of condition. My views of life were changed, and all my notions and feelings towards men, women, and things, underwent a metamorphosis for the worse. Instead of the cheerful lad, happy in himself, his friends, and his duty, every thing was distasteful. My profession was not fixed, but my father inclined to the shop, and, though I knew not what I should like, I knew what I

hated; for a shop began to make me feel sick; and my father's pestle and mortar, indicating a ready sale of drugs, was no longer music. I could not bear to look at his brown holland sleeves while pounding; and once, when I had just finished the account of Lord Orville's triumph over all his competitors in goodness, elegance, and virtue, I thought I should have fainted to see my parent so pleased while measuring out flannel for an under-petticoat, to a snivelling old woman.

Had things rested here, I perhaps might have soon recovered; but, unfortunately for my common sense, a pert jaunty Frenchman opened an academy for dancing in the principal street in town, which he said he did purely to accommodate the *noblesse* of the place and its fashionable environs; and, whether to be ranked among this *noblesse*, or from a real love of dancing, I prevailed upon my good plain father to expend a few pounds in polishing his son, under the tuition of the accomplished Monsieur Dove. To do him justice, the fellow had astonishing powers of setting off himself and his art, and in a short time enlisted among his scholars, not only many youths of the real *noblesse*, but many of the *bons bourgeois* of the place, to whom, however, he made it appear "von very great preuve de sa condescendance." Be this as it may, by the help of straight limbs and a good ear, I made such progress, or rather became such an adept in his own art, under this prince of country dancing-masters, that he pronounced me born to do him credit, and only lamented that my talents should be

so thrown away, as they would be, if I continued a *boutiquier*.

The mischief this did me, in my then frame of mind, was incalculable. But for this terrible *boutique*, the sagacious Monsieur Dove, who said (and I believed him) that he knew human nature *à fond*, assured me I might be *beau garçon* in any company in England, perhaps even in France; and, if dancing could effect this, I was at least in a fair way, for I was acknowledged, without a dissentient voice, the first scholar in Monsieur Dove's illustrious academy.

Alas! how little do we know what is good for us! This only tended the more to sophisticate and ruin my mind, for the more accomplished, the less fit for the shop; and as I was incontestably a better dancer than young Mr. Fitzstephen, though an honourable, and always stood up with him in the minuet, or cotillon, which forced a sort of acquaintance *in* the *salle à danser*, I saw no right he had to cut me every where else, which he seemed to do upon system. I am ashamed to say how many pangs, both night and day, this gave me. But this is not all.

Become not a little of a coxcomb by the new reputation I had acquired, you may suppose I easily listened to a proposal from the mayor of the town, a very honest mercer (who did not conceal that his daughter, Miss Betsy, who had heard of, and indeed seen, my proficiency, had prompted him to it), to accompany them to the Town Assembly, with a view to be her partner. The lady was just my own age, and was also very pretty, as well as daughter to the

mayor; and though this might give her a claim to something of more consequence, yet, this being her first appearance, and all things uncertain, she not unwisely preferred a known good partner, whom she was acquainted with, and could depend upon, to what at best might be the chapter of accidents. I should have been giddy with vanity at the proposal, even though Miss Betsy alone had been concerned; but when I recollected that the Honourable Mr. Fitzstephen, and probably his sister, that the Englefields, Annesleys, Walters, and a cloud of other aristocrats, generally graced this assembly, I was in a delirium of expectation. But vanity being uppermost all through, it ended in a complication of what I thought disasters. The first mortification came from this confounded Fitzstephen, who, when with an humble doubting step I went up to him for the chance of a recognition, coolly turned upon his heel, and, by his interchange of laughs and sneers with some of his polite friends, told me what I was to expect from him. However I recovered, for I was sure at least of Miss Betsy, who, as the mayor's daughter, would certainly give me consequence, which I, by my excellent dancing, might improve. Alas! the best dancing in the world seemed thrown away upon this sour *noblesse*, whom, while I tried to despise them for awkwardness, I could have worshipped for a single smile. Miss Betsy and I acquitted ourselves *à merveille*, and she, at least, was much looked at; nay, an introduction to her was courted by the officers of the county militia quartered in the town, every one of whom appeared to me a Lord

Orville or Sir Clement Willoughby. What, therefore, was my gratification (as my age seemed to excuse all necessity for ceremony) to hear myself told to my face, that I was a lucky dog to have such a partner. Nay, though it made me relinquish her for a time, my pleasure was at its height, when the member for the borough, to whom, in a late contest, Miss Betsy's father had brought full twenty votes, *asked my leave* as well as hers, to go down a couple of dances with her. This was not much, but he sweetened the sacrifice by saying that he should be happy if his dancing could at all be thought bearable after such a partner as myself. The member was a wag, and put his tongue in his cheek as he said this, which I did not see, but I was told of it by Miss Betsy's brother, one of my "d—d good-natured friends," before I left the room. As it was, both Miss Betsy and I thought him the highest-bred man in the kingdom; her father declared there was no one fit to be member but himself; and that I did not burst with the pride which I felt swelling within me seemed to myself almost a miracle. It is true the major of the militia gave a most malicious sneer at the speech of the member, and another winked significantly at the major, while both smiled at my gracious and blushing acceptance of the compliment; but at that time I did not understand this dumb show, and knew not that I was quizzed. It is certain I was elevated to an elysium such as I had never known before. I seemed to have suddenly become one of the gentry, and began distantly, and not

very precisely, but still perceptibly, to conceive a sort of plan, as well as wish, to bid adieu to the church, as well as the pestle and mortar, and assume a red coat. From this dream, however, I was awakened before the assembly was over, and in a manner sufficiently severe to my sensitive feelings.

Though as great a fool as ever was self-deluded by a paltry ambition, I was not so blinded as really to lose all power of observation; I was even naturally quick, and, when not fettered by prejudice, not without sagacity, or, as my father used to say, could look as far into a millstone as another. And this quality, after my first exultation had subsided, found an employment which I little expected. In the first place, I observed that though Miss Betsy was the mayor's daughter, and therefore, as I thought, entitled to stand at the head of the dance, she, even when the member's own partner was most pertinaciously denied this rank by all the ladies not in the station of tradesmen, the member's own sisters among them. On this point they seemed most studiously resolved to preserve their distance, and not even the borough interest of the mercer her father (indeed parliament was then only at the end of its first session) could induce them to relax. Miss Betsy, therefore, was resisted by the *élite* of the room, in every attempt to edge herself in above a certain number of couples acknowledged to be of the *bourgeoisie*. Not only this, but the *bon ton* of the company refused all approach to conversation with her or any others of her level, while, as if to

mark the distinction more pointedly, they were to one another all

"Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles."

Then, at the upper end of the room, the only half-dozen arm-chairs possessed by the town hall, formed into a circle which no one not of the *vraie noblesse* dared approach, were allotted to as many dowagers or matrons of quality, all decked in brocades and jewels, which added strangely to my infatuation upon this occasion. Oh how I envied every human being who was permitted to enter this charmed circle, with the happy privilege of apparent equality! What demi-gods I thought the squires of the neighbourhood, and even the militia subalterns, who were allowed at pleasure to enjoy the converse of these high exclusives. And here I must own all my poignant mortification, brought on, I confess, by such an infatuation as no one but such a greenhorn could have felt, much less displayed. And yet I know not that I can say it was out of nature, though certainly out of all bounds of conventional law. In a word, totally ignorant of this law, and thinking that all persons who met together in the same room, for the same purpose, and had paid their money, had a right to, nay, would be desirous of, a little cheerful intercourse together, and, above all, smitten with the ambition of being allowed to make one in this great presence, I had the courage (it was called impudence) to address myself to a knight's lady in one of the arm-chairs which conferred such dignity upon its possessors. I

observed therefore, with some hesitation indeed, but yet with something like resolution, that it was very warm. The lady, raising her eyes from vacancy, or which she seemed to have fixed them, turned to see who the stranger was who had been so rash as, without the license of acquaintance, to address her; but soon turned back again, with a look of most supercilious coldness, while I distinctly heard a lady who was twirling her fan in the next arm-chair, and had observed my attempt, exclaim to her neighbour, "How forward and ill-bred! One of the tradespeople's sons of the town, I suppose." On which the knight's lady, after coolly scanning me again with her glass, turned her back upon me still more decidedly. This left me in a most mortifying state of humiliation at this proof of my inferiority; while, to complete my disgrace, the Honourable Mr. Fitzstephen, walking up to the chairs with a most enviable confidence, the whispers of both ladies to him, and the laugh they all gave when he returned their whisper, after directing his eyes to me, convinced me that it was at my expense. I can myself now laugh at the feeling of shame which this affront to my aspiring spirit occasioned, but indeed it was bitter, and I could willingly have challenged Fitzstephen to a boxing match, but was restrained by a sense of his superior rank, of which, much as I hated him for it, I could not divest myself. The effect was fatal to my peace for the rest of the evening. I felt myself disgraced and degraded, because I was not admitted where I had no right or business to be. Instead of seeking Miss Betsy again, as I was expected

to do, I looked upon her as one of the proscribed as well as myself, and (shall I confess it?) felt unwilling to confirm the notion of the squirearchy as to my inferiority by dancing with her again, and actually quitted the assembly in a paroxysm of disgust.

It is inconceivable how long the derangement of mind occasioned by this ridiculous incident lasted. I was no longer the same lad whose good spirits made him every where so welcome. Indeed I did nothing but mope in holes and corners about the house, and neglected (for I hated) the shop and brown sleeves more than ever. Even a cousin Sukey, who lived with us, and whom, in my natural days, I had used to romp with, and regard with a degree of pleasure, became hateful to me too, on account of a vulgarity which had never struck me before. Indeed I had begun to be indifferent to her ever since I had read "Evelina," but I was now completely estranged, and could not bear her to call me Dick Danvers, as she everlastingly did. I stole every moment I could from my father's eye in the shop, and passed hours in reading in my bedroom, which faced the street, and allowed me to add to the spleen which devoured me, not merely from its solitude, but by showing me from the window every gentleman's carriage that passed, filling me with envy of those that were in them. In this way of passing the time I was any thing but cured, when another incident, by laying still stronger hold of my vitiated mind, made me more unhappy than ever. The account of this I shall reserve till I hear whether you think what I have already written

is worth reading; certainly, whether it falls in with the plan of your dreams for the improvement of the world. Adieu, then, till I receive your verdict.

Meantime I am proud to sign myself your friend,

RICHARD DANVERS.

I beg to say I highly approve of this communication from my old friend, and trust that it may be continued. The result cannot but be favourable to a knowledge of themselves, and do good to all mistaken young men.

No. VIII.

"Choked with ambition of the meaner sort."
SHAKSPEARE: 1 *Hen. VI.*

PERCEIVING that my last Number has not been displeasing to many of my readers, nay, has by some of them been highly approved, as conducing to an improvement of mind, particularly among the young, I proceed with my friend Danvers' narrative, as he gave it in another letter, as follows.

* * * Coll., Oxon.

My dear Somnolent,

As you have so encouraged me, I will proceed with my story, though it will require not a little firmness to confess all the silly weakness which disgraced the earlier part of my life.

I who, in my natural days of good spirits, and ignorance of the difference of ranks, had never cared what part of the house I was in, when at home, and thought the shop an amusing place, where I used to quiz the customers, had now come to loathe it. I could hardly tell why, and did not like to inquire. But it was too true that, after the assembly adventure, I never condescended to sit any where but in a room up stairs, dignified with the name of the "dining-room."

As I have observed, my professional destination

(though my father inclined to trade) was not yet positively fixed, and my love of reading was so much indulged by my good parent, that I was allowed this sort of retreat, from which I now scarcely ever stirred. Here, though sometimes occupied with Plutarch, I more frequently watched from the window the gentlemen's carriages as they went by, sadly envying, I fear, their possessors, and thinking how well I should become one of them myself. This curiosity of mine produced my second great mortification, far greater, I fear, than the first. For, on one of those occasions, I was roused by the clattering of wheels and horses, and, running as usual to the window, saw the General of the district (it was during the war), attended by his staff and orderlies, proceeding to a review in what I thought nothing less than glory. This, indeed, I perhaps might have borne, but there followed in his wake his handsome post-chariot, which from some momentary embarrassment stopped exactly opposite my window, and I beheld the General's wife and daughter, arrayed for the review in such fashionable morning attire, and the daughter at least so lovely as well as so superior, that I felt (and was almost content to feel) a worm to be trodden under foot by such a sweet and silken sylph. Moreover, one of the aides-de-camp, a man, as I thought, of inimitable grace, and inimitably beplumed, on a charger fit for Mars, was all the time the carriage stopped saying pretty things through the window to this elegant creature. She seemed to accept them, too, with the most smiling good-will, so that I thought him the most fortunate, superior, and happy

man upon earth. Alas! it made me turn to my wretched self with tenfold disgust, to think what I was in comparison. I had never spoken to a female worthy seemingly to be the Abigail of such a daughter of gentility; and when I saw the apparent favour shown to the aide-de-camp, and the ease with which he seemed to take it, as if no more than his right, when I did this, and turned to my own homespun attire, looks, and manners, laugh as you may, I own I felt sick with envy. What right, I thought, had he to be so familiar and so acceptable, where I did not dare show my face? My inferiority made me both unhappy and angry, when my pride felt a sort of gratification in seeing my goddess look up from the carriage window, as I supposed, at me. What could prompt this? Certainly not my phiz, which could not be compared to the aide-de-camp's, particularly in his cocked hat. As certainly not my old coat, which I wished at the devil a thousand times over, when this elegant girl raised her eyes to my window. How will you laugh when I tell you, from the remarks which I overheard, that she did not even see me, and that her curiosity was solely directed to my father's confounded pestle and mortar, which, with his tradesman's vanity, he had had new gilt but two days before, and which, exactly on a level with my window, had been stared at all the morning by every jackanapes in the town! The *cortége* now moved on; the aid-de-camp kissed his hand most gracefully to the young lady as he followed his chief, and the young lady preserved all her elegance in returning the salute. Good heavens!

what misery to be born a plebeian, sprung from a dealer in flannel and drugs, with a pestle and mortar for his sign; whose daughters were clad in stuff gowns, and sons in thread-bare coats, while others were dressed in scarlet and feathers, and allowed to revel on an equality with angels,

"Deck'd in silken sheen and jewels rare!"

After this there was no remaining quiet. Seized with mad curiosity to see more of the manners of these brilliant people, and unaware of the mischief I was about to incur, I ran down stairs, was angry with my hat as well as my coat for being old and unfashionable, and would have changed every thing but for the loss of time it would occasion; so darting through the shop in a manner to astonish my father, who was pounding with a most satisfied air of content, I never ceased running after the General's chariot till it stopped upon the exercising ground, where I got as close to it as I could, reeking with the effects of the precious race I had run. For it was in a burning sun, and I was still more exhausted by emotions which those may fancy who understand human nature better than I then did. The best part of the *embarras* was, that though irresistibly impelled to get as near as I could to my cynosure, I yet wished to avoid being noticed by her in a trim so unseemly as I thought would disgrace me. As if there was any thing about me, even in my Sunday clothes, that could make me distinguishable from any other member of the mob, or that my sordid or brilliant appearance could have been of the smallest consequence to this

unapproachable person. Yet my mad feelings continued. Curiosity, envy, intense interest, I had almost said love, though at first sight, and then the misery of utter hopelessness, all concurred to overwhelm me. I was in a sea of unhappiness. I was distracted to obtain a look from this young scion of fashion and beauty united; and yet I felt certain that the look could only be one of contempt. How wretched to him who, under all these disparaging convictions, thought himself still a Lord Orville! Like the blockhead I was, I cursed my fate for being born to be a dealer in flannel, instead of a general, or at least an aide-de-camp, or one of the gay squires on their beautiful bloods, who came galloping up to the carriage-window, conversing with an ease with its young mistress which gave a pang to my heart amounting to death; for I could not avoid the conviction that I never could be partaker of such bliss. In this miserable plight, both of mind and body, the accursed Fitzstephen again crossed me, and I actually crouched low lest he should discover me, and reveal my base condition to her, who I began actually to think was Evelina, and my mistress. Certainly I could have died on the spot to have enjoyed a kind look from her, and would have thought my death a boon, could it have produced a sigh of compassion. How different was the result! The rascal Fitzstephen made me out, and, as he addressed my fair one instantly afterwards, and she looked towards the spot where I was, and a slight laugh ensued between them, I was certain it was at me, and I slunk away to my

now wretched home, feeling all the pains of the damned. Here I was not relieved when the first person I saw was my cousin Sukey, whose eyes gladdened, as they generally did when we met; for she was a frank hearty girl, and at her age (sixteen) made no attempt to deny her feelings of or to any one. But, though I had liked this before, I now felt disgusted, and shrunk from her as if she had been a viper; for, though sleek and rubicund, I never thought her so ugly. Besides which she wore a woollen frock trimmed with *washed* ribands, and never appeared in such vulgar health and spirits. Will you believe that, what with the scene I had just left, and the exhibition before me, added to the consciousness that to this I was born, to this condemned, while the other was for ever out of my reach, I felt absolutely sick, and rushed up to my chamber, where, throwing myself on my bed, I gave vent to my misery in a torrent (yes, I confess it, a torrent) of tears? My trials continued, as, with such folly as I have described, well they might; but I think even you, my good friend, will pity me when I tell you that, with these my nascent feelings of refinement, I was doomed to enact a part which I had sometimes seen advertised for in the papers, with ineffable disgust, that of "A genteel young man wanted, to carry out small parcels."

The case was this. I have told you that my father, among other things, dealt in gloves. But two days then after the review, and while my heart was still throbbing with the too mortifying interest it had

occasioned, judge of my tremor on beholding, as I stood at the shop-door, the General's carriage, with Mrs. and Miss Brownlow in it, stop, and the footman despatched, desiring to see some of the best kid. Oh, miserable and untoward! my father was absent, and Miss Brownlow, supposing I represented him, requested me, though I professed ignorance of all shop business, and indeed was ready to sink into the earth at being thought a shop-boy, to send somebody with the gloves to be tried at the General's lodgings. Oh! how I blushed and stammered, between my incipient love and shame at being detected in the very fact of being a shopkeeper; a wretched Brangton, as I thought I should be considered, though no doubt Miss Brownlow never wasted a thought upon me, good or bad! However, thus it was on my father's return, and I related the order that had been given by these high ladies. But what was my increased distress, when my father, having selected a proper parcel of his best gloves for this young aristocrat, and the shopman being absent, desired me to carry them to the General's house! "And lose no time," said he, "for no doubt they are for the assembly to-night." I had always loved my homespun parent for a thousand indulgences, and six months before would have obeyed him with alacrity; but I now thought him absolutely cruel and a tyrant, to order me on such an errand, and I remonstrated warmly against it. "What!" said he, "are you getting above yourself, and your old father? Go this instant, or it will be worse for you." He even stamped with choler, and never did I see

him so angry. But he had suspected the change in my notions for some time, and, being a firm though a kindly man, "was resolved," he said, "to eradicate this folly;" and, though the shopman had at that instant returned, he insisted upon my doing the duty for him, "in order," as he said, "to teach me my place." Seeing no help for it, I took up the parcel, which I doubly wished at the devil, because it was too big to be concealed in my pocket, resolving, however, to elude the disgrace by giving the only half-crown I had in the world to the first person I should see likely to perform the degrading commission for me. But, alas! never were the streets so devoid of passengers whom I could trust, and I arrived at the General's door, where the pomp of two orderlies and two sentries, whose stiffened necks and limbs seemed made to scare away all profane persons, and yet bend at the mere nod of their superiors, only completed the triumph of degree over my humbled vanity. Nor can I tell you my misery, when I explained to the steward the nature of my business, and was desired to walk up stairs. It was in vain that I requested him to be the bearer of the parcel. Without knowing the prices, he said he could do nothing; besides which, he added that a thousand questions were always asked by ladies of their tradesmen, which he should not know how to answer. And thus I was forced (nay, I believe, shoved) up stairs into a presence which, for a long time afterwards, I did not cease to think of as that of a goddess. Nor, indeed, is it surprising; for Miss Brownlow had attractions, from manners as well as

beauty, formed to win all hearts, even without the dazzle and infatuation which had so cruelly tyrannised over the silly feelings which then unnerved me; and this, in one respect, made my case worse, though ultimately it made it better. For example, with the softest voice, and the most graceful condescension in the world, she actually began a sort of apology, and gave me dear thanks for having, as she supposed, gone out of my way to serve her (as I had said I had nothing to do with the shop), adding, with a sweetness I have not even yet forgotten, that, as no one belonging to it was in the way, she ought to have sent a servant for the gloves. She then withdrew with a mixture of gentleness and dignity such as I had never before, nor have since, witnessed, leaving it to her maid to choose for her what she wanted, and be sure not to omit settling the account.

To say I was dazzled, overpowered, astounded with this delightful demeanour, would be nothing; I no longer cursed my destiny for having been cast so low; and my mortifications, and all the silly consequences of my most trumpery aspirations, were in an instant forgotten. They yielded, indeed, to far purer feelings, those of high and deserved respect and admiration, perhaps I should not be wrong if I said love; for if ever love, pure, sincere, and respectful, was felt, it certainly was at that moment by the envious shopkeeper's son, who, expecting to be despised, slighted, scorned, had been treated seemingly with all the civility which an equal might have expected. It was at least that civility which good minds think due to

the poorest in degree; nay, so gracefully was it dealt out, that I almost thought it kindness. Oh! how much do those of superior station lose of power and real consequence, when they depart from the laws of their being in the treatment of their inferiors; when they suppose themselves privileged to deny them the rights of humanity instituted by their common Maker, the rights of kindliness and good manners from all to all, during their temporary sojourn together in this state of trial!

Well, what is most remarkable is yet to come; for my being thus converted from an envious coxcomb into a respectful lover went far to free me from the ridiculous thraldom I had suffered. My admiration of this pleasing young lady was so deep, so pure, and I so overflowed with gratitude for the unexpected notice she had been pleased to take of me, her softness and grace so worked upon the better part of my nature, that I felt my mind, as it were, enlightened with a new sense of things. One would have supposed that the vanity and false, because silly, ambition I have described would have raged more tormentingly than ever; that I should have become more and more moody, more proud and angry at the inequality of my lot than before. Not so. It is certain that the moment of my feeling the love which the manners of Miss Brownlow, more even than her beauty, had inspired, while it was also the moment of a thorough and entire despair of obtaining more notice than I had enjoyed, brought along with it a cure for all the discontented feelings which had preyed upon

me; for it brought home to my reason, as well as to my heart, the extreme madness and folly of those feelings, and this was the first step to the deliverance I ultimately experienced. I asked myself, a thousand times a day, what I could propose to my waywardness in thinking as I did of one so much above me, the folly of which could not be exceeded had I been angry for not being married to the moon. It is astonishing what a change was wrought in me by this plain and obvious question, so obvious, that it was only remarkable that it had not presented itself before. It proved to me, young as I was, that the simplest and most forcible truths depend often upon chance and opportunity for development. Thus, then, my great admiration of Miss Brownlow, accompanied with the rational conviction that I never could turn it to account, carried along with it that what I considered such hardship and injustice in the lots of men was the work and intention of Providence. Against this no good or pious mind could ever murmur, but must submit to it with resignation, and therefore with content.

This was a great advance, and I claim to say it was made without the assistance of what afterwards fully completed the triumph of reason. For, as I lived on and observed farther, I felt and saw that happiness, and even personal respectability, were the creatures of no particular station; but that, founding everything upon the will of God, all depended upon our doing our duty in that state of life to which it had pleased Him to call us. This discovery, however, was not the

immediate result of my despair of Miss Brownlow, and yet my attachment to her, though the growth of a day, was so pure and unselfish, that I rejoiced without alloy in the prospect of happiness which a marriage worthy of her afterwards held out. No reverse of hers, therefore, opened my eyes to the conclusions I came to; but what I subsequently saw in the history of the different ranks of mankind, showed me that neither rank, nor birth, nor fortune exempted their possessors from disgrace, nor worldly prosperity from care; that happiness was the production of mind alone, and that he who rose from small beginnings (whatever they were) to higher fortune had more enjoyment by the superior interests it created while progressing, than he who was born to the highest. Perhaps, too, I thought the summit of philosophy was to discover that he had the best chance of all who *repined* not at the place he was in, even though he had sought with fair ambition to improve it, and had failed.

Some of these reflections were prompted by the events which occurred in the history of those I had so much envied. One of them, not very honourable to the Honourable Mr. Fitzstephen, whom, you may remember, I described as my rival, or rather enemy, in producing the mortifications that attended my first attempts to get beyond my sphere in the assembly room at Reading. And yet this low-minded, though high-born, unfortunate filled me with pity, for his sad change extinguished in an instant all that gnawing resentment which too long preyed upon me. In a

word, the *auri sacra fames* destroyed this supercilious sprout of fashion, and effectually prevented all farther attempts upon the happiness of his inferiors, not the lowest of whom would have changed situations with him. Wanting money to supply his extravagances, he had become a better upon the turf, and, in order to win, bribed an inferior rogue to administer a strong dose of aloes in a cold drink to a favourite horse, against whom he had given odds. The affair got wind, the fact was proved, and the money refunded; but the Honourable Mr. Fitzstephen never again showed his face at the Reading or any other assembly. It cured in a moment all my deceptions as to the superior chances of happiness *necessarily* derived from birth. Then, again, the brocaded dame of the arm-chair in the assembly room, who made me feel so little, and by it caused such mortification to my ambition, gave me ample revenge had I chosen to indulge it. You may recollect she was a knight's wife, to whom I ventured to speak without being introduced, and who disdained me as *canaille*, or, what was the same thing, one of the *bourgeoisie* of the town. But knights die as well as other men, and sometimes also, like other men, leave their wives poor and unprovided for. In this instance, Sir John having from ostentation lived upon his capital until it was nearly all exhausted, his lady was reduced from a gay park house in the neighbourhood to a little lodging at a tradesman's in the town, and ventured no more on the exclusive arm-chair in the assembly room. I was not malicious enough to rejoice, but had sense and

gratitude enough to be pleased, on comparing it with the comfortable results of my father's quiet industry at the pestle and mortar.

But it seemed as if Providence had determined upon giving me powerful lessons upon the mistaken notions of prosperity I had indulged; for the next overtake happened to the gay and plumed aide-de-camp, who, by appearing so much at his ease with his general's daughter, had formerly seemed equal to the emperor of the world, and made myself feel like the dust at his feet. Had I here also wanted revenge, it was offered; for, within a few months, this gallant captain was torn from his horse in the very midst of parade, surrounded by all that was gay and fashionable, by a hard-hearted sheriff's officer, and conveyed to prison by virtue of a vile writ. Trust me, these vicissitudes were not without their impression, and I was already much mended by my own observation, when a fortunate change in my destiny, by my coming under the direction of a very wise man, completed my cure.

And yet this wise man was no more than a country parson, though perhaps endowed with more common sense than half his cloth. Family business led him to make an annual visit to Reading, where he lodged at our house, and he was pleased to distinguish me for what he called my *aptitudes*, which, he said, might easily be turned into acquisitions; to prove which he used, in his annual visits, to examine me in my reading. As I highly esteemed, I concealed nothing from him; and when I told him the impressions made

by novels and Lord Orville, and especially the consequent miseries I have recited, there was no end to his ridicule. This, perhaps, was the most effectual way of recovering me, particularly as it was always founded upon that sterling good sense for which, added to his good heart, I chiefly admired him. He was pleased, however, with my frankness, and lent himself to perfect the improvement which my own reflections had begun; and, when he found my disposition to the church as a profession, set himself seriously to examine both my attainments and sincerity. By the last he avowed his design to ascertain whether the angel of religion, or the devil of false and silly pride, such as I had confessed, had inspired my choice. Having satisfied him in this as far as my sentiments on the books I had read could go, he said, provided I would submit to an experiment and come off conqueror, he would use his influence with my father, who was more and more thriving, to countenance my choice. This experiment was a bitter one, but proved my sincerity in my views, for it was no less than that I should consent for a time to assist my father in his business, with a view to prove that my stomach was come down. "I need not tell you," said he, "that the great Master you wish to serve loves humility, and holds the proud man in derision." To this, such was my real bent to the profession and the charms of scholarship, I without hesitation submitted; and so pleased my father, who was let into the secret, by the cheerfulness with which I went through my noviciate as to the shop, that he as cheerfully consented

to further my wishes, and I thus, not from vanity but principle, became a gentleman. It was in this capacity, my good old friend, that you first knew and liked me; and, as I liked you, not for your gentility but your sterling worth, I trust you will not reject me as a friend, though I have thus confessed all the mortifications I once endured from being the son of a shopkeeper.

Adieu! make what alteration you think fit in this narrative. It will be a gratification to me if the substance of it is thought of importance enough to contribute to the spread of the *petite morale* you so well advocate by your dreams; and so believe me

Your friend,

RICHARD DANVERS.

THE DAY-DREAMER.

PART II.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF AMBITION.

No. I.

CHARACTER OF THE FIRST LORD HOLLAND.

"Cromwell! I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?"
"O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!"
SHAKSPEARE: *Hen. VIII.*

THIS lesson, clear, forcible, and important as it is, does not seem to have been learned, certainly not taught, by the cardinal, until he had run his full career, and surmounted a thousand storms without a reflection on their danger. He was swamped at last, when it was too late to profit by his knowledge, and only then gave in to the above most moral precept. His *protégé* Cromwell, though he had the reputation of a clever man, does not seem to have acted upon it any more than his master; and the end of both was unhappy.

The sage of an after reign analysed the subject, as he did every other, with great knowledge and power

of illustration. "Ambition," says he, "is like choler; which is an humour which maketh men active, earnest, full of alacrity and stirring, if it be not stopped. But if it be stopped and cannot have its way, it becometh adust, and thereby malign and venomous. So ambitious men, if they find the way open for their rising and still get forward, they are rather busy than dangerous; but if they be checked in their desires, they become secretly discontent, and look upon men and matters with an evil eye." *

We shall see, in the course of our speculations, how well this was exemplified in the instance of Swift and others; and, as my two last dreams were occupied with the lower sort of ambition (the ambition of vanity), unworthy in itself, and ridiculous rather than dangerous, we will now, from the above exhibition of the cardinal, take a higher flight, which leads to fear and pity more than laughter.

In truth the rise and fall of Wolsey was no common history, and it is difficult to say whether his success or reverses were the most striking. There is this essential difference, however, in his history from that of the thousand other victims that engage our notice in the world's page; that he was no mere adventurer, the child and sport of chance or fortune, like Alberoni, Ripperda†, or the Russian favourites, but a man *trained* to state affairs.

* Bacon's Essays, art. "Ambition."

† A notable instance! Now Protestant, now Catholic; now Mahommedan, now the founder of a new sect; now the favourite minister of Philip V. of Spain, now leader of the armies of Morocco: but the slave of ambition throughout. — E. P.

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
. . . . . .
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. . . .
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."

That such a man should fall, after attaining to the height he did, is nothing new in the history of man. That one who could reason so correctly on the subject, and give such rules to avoid misfortune, should almost court it, is somewhat more surprising; though that also is not new in cases where self predominates to the extinction of wisdom. This self was Wolsey's real sovereign, and blinded him to the evils the nature and consequences of which he so perfectly understood, and so well described to his amazed secretary.*

All these evils, too, are thoroughly foreseen by the tens of thousands who embark on the same sea, and view him in this admirable play as the useful beacon the deep-skilled poet intended him to be, and yet who fall in the same manner as if they had never perused this pathetic lesson. Why this is, is the first, and a most pertinent, question.

The answer is as ready. Because, when unregulated passion and self-interest predominate, history and example avail nothing. 'Tis hence that I am never more interested and engrossed than when, in reading some eminent man's life (statesman or warrior), however he may have figured in the eyes of men, I come to his reflections at the close of it, and find, in his opinion, that all is vanity.

* "Enter Cromwell, *amazedly*."—*Hen. VIII.*

This original absorption of *self;* this yielding up of the senses to the mere dazzle of things, excluding all reflection as to their real value founded upon God's moral government of the world; this selfishness lies, I say, at the bottom of all those complaints of the instability of fortune, of the disappointment of (supposed) reasonable expectations, of the fallaciousness of promises, and of the virtuous indignation at the success of rogues and rascals, which all successful rivals are in the mind of him who is an example of mere worldly, and therefore of a vicious, ambition, that has been disappointed. A picture of this ambition has been so fearfully drawn by an eloquent and clear-minded prelate, that I do not scruple to present it to the reader. "How can he," says this eminent divine, "who, in climbing the ladder of ambition, tramples at every step on sincerity and truth; who scruples not to circumvent a *friend*, to flatter a fool, to hold commerce with a knave, to descend to every mean compliance with the vices of the great and the follies of the vulgar; how can such a one think with patience of a religion which sets no value on the pomp and glory of the world?"* Even the feelings of humiliation which old labourers in the political vineyard scruple not sometimes to relate to their friends, although the world at large stamp them with the character of fortunate, take their rise from any thing but modesty, and are the creation solely of an exuberant spleen.

A pregnant, and at the same time melancholy, in-

* Bishop Watson, Tracts, i. 232.

stance of this is to be found in some letters lately published of a person in any point of view, whether public or private, of no mean consideration; in fact, with the imputation of very sad faults from many who have drawn his character, beloved by numerous friends in social life, and a statesman of the very first class in the times in which he lived. Such was the first Lord Holland, to whose letters in the "Selwyn Correspondence" I advert. To be sure Lord Chesterfield shows him little mercy in his character of him, telling us that "he was of the *lowest* extraction; had consumed a fair younger brother's portion in the vices of youth (gaming included); and that he had no fixed principles, either of morality or religion, and was too unwary in ridiculing and exposing them;" meaning, of course, in *endeavouring* to do so. Nay, Lord Chesterfield goes on to say, that as he advanced in life his ambition became subservient to his avarice; that "rem, quocunque modo, rem," became his maxim; and that he lived as Brutus died, calling virtue but a name.*

Whether this was deserved or not, is not here the question; my point being only that Lord Holland, according to the views of the world, was a man of successful ambition; and yet, from a want of proper regulation and sense of religion, at the end of his life, unhappy. Lord Chesterfield testifies to his success. "He had," says he, "very great abilities, and indefatigable industry in business; great skill in managing, that is, in corrupting, the House

* Characters, art. "H. Fox."

of Commons; and a wonderful dexterity in attaching individuals to himself. He wisely and punctually performed whatever he promised, and most liberally rewarded their attachment and dependence. By these and all other means that can be imagined, he made himself many personal friends and political dependants." *

All this confirms what I have said as to his good fortune, which is only the more proved by the glance given at the lowness of his extraction; and, as if nothing should be wanting to his wishes, he was successful in another field of ambition, as well as politics. For perhaps his highest object of all was the match he at length accomplished, after a long and strenuous opposition from her family, on account of his inferiority of birth, with the sister of the Duke of Richmond. This, it should seem, ought to have perfected his worldly prosperity; for, already in possession of wealth, power, and reputation for abilities, it gave him the only other advantage which, had he been wise, was necessary to his well-doing, the lustre of family connection. One would have thought, therefore, that all this would have crowned him with felicity; and no doubt it was thought to do so by the common world. Those, however, who could look into his closet, saw that it was not so; and that, under the constant good-humour and *seeming* frankness for which Lord Chesterfield gives him credit†,

* Characters, art. "H. Fox."

† "A constant good-humour and seeming frankness made him a welcome companion in social life."—*Characters*, art. "H. Fox."

there must have lurked that discontent which he afterwards confessed in his letters to Selwyn. The truth is, that during a considerable part of his tumultuous life, though his abilities made him a most desirable colleague in subordinate offices, he was long kept down and prevented from rising to the highest, which his services had earned, by the jealousy of men far his inferiors in energy and talents, but superior to him in rank and court interest; while, on the other hand, he was beat, and for ever kept out of the field of popularity and public opinion, by the greater energy and virtue of the man* who disdained to be his rival, and treated him always as his master. This could not be borne; and, although wealth and a barony were his ultimate rewards, the latter at least mortified as much as it pleased him, because it was not an earldom. In this, if not in other disappointments, he resembled another great type of ill-regulated ambition, Bolingbroke; the origin of whose quarrel with Oxford, involving the total ruin of their party, was, as may be remembered, the circumstance, that while Oxford attained at once to an earldom, Bolingbroke only became a viscount. What littleness was this! and how easily guarded against by a small, a very small, portion of that philosophy to which this philosopher among lords, and lord among philosophers, was so perpetually laying claim. It must be owned, however, that Bolingbroke carried it more gallantly than Lord Holland. He complained of the world, but he

* Lord Chatham.

did not whine. It is possible, indeed, that Lord Holland's feelings towards Rigby, acute as they appear in the following passage of one of his letters, might have arisen from the disappointment of a real affection (if such can exist among rivals for power); and, if so, we will not harp upon it as a proof of mortified ambition, though, from the language, it is difficult to separate the two. "Surely," says he, "you must have known all I know of Mr. Rigby's unkind behaviour to me. I never hid any thing from *him when he was my friend;* I had nothing to hide on my part when he ceased to be so. I must not trust myself to write any more on so *tender* a subject; but my weakness is such that I am afraid you can write upon none that I shall listen more to."*

This is the letter of a hurt mind; but whether from the inconstancy of a friend, or the successful opposition of a rival, may be doubtful. If the first, he was to be pitied; if the last, himself was to blame for not being better armed against a very common contingency.

In another letter, his confessed disappointment and consequent unhappiness and humiliation are even disgusting. "*Do I authorise you* to speak to the Duke of Grafton about what I mentioned to Mr. Walpole? *I shall take it very kindly if you do* †, and perhaps it is the only notice that any body will take

* Lord Holland to Selwyn, "Correspondence," ii. 264.

† Lord Holland, the Secretary of State, and Minister of the House of Commons, to be reduced to seek the patronage, as it were, of a mere country gentleman, or, at most, a man of pleasure on town.

of one so *universally despised* as I am. I am humbled, and shall endeavour to conform to fate."* Again: "In spite of all your kind, and, for aught I know, *good* reasoning, you see I am *humbled*, and I believe (whatever they may pretend) that *old age humbles every body*."†

This, at least, is contrary to the general drift of every thing that has been said or written of a respectable old age, which rather, if there is no extraneous reason for the contrary, elevates and recommends itself to every body's esteem. If irrespectable from the life and character of the party, whose fault is it but his own?

Lord Holland finishes the subject by saying, "The spirit and fire of youth subsist no more, and

> 'Old age so weakens and disarms the mind,
> That not one arrow can resistance find.'"

In these sentiments there is at least nothing of Cicero; and, for the cause of the despair and lamentation which seem here to characterise this supposed successful son of ambition, we can only look to that total want of hope of a hereafter, which, from Lord Chesterfield's account, must have been his melancholy lot.

How infinitely better had it been for this supposed fortunate, but in reality unhappy, man, could he

* Selwyn, i. 209. If he was humbled, surely it was by himself, for wanting the common wisdom and virtue which make other men superior to outward circumstances. Would either of the Pitts have written thus?

† Selwyn, i. 209.

have looked differently upon old age in general, and upon his own in particular, instead of whining (as I have said he did) at the loss of his youth! could he have sincerely applied to himself, as Bishop Watson (a more useful public man) did, the eloquent consolation of another considerable person, on the close of his labours! "Ingruit senectus, appropinquat mors, et melioris ævi dies, cum hæc clarius elucebunt. Juvat interea tenue aliquod monumentum reliquisse vitæ non otiose peractæ, et brevi quasi functum militia, deinceps a laboribus requiescere."* Instead of this, he could only apply to himself the conscience-struck reflections which the mighty master puts into the mouth of a man ruined by crime and unworthy ambition, when in the wane of life he exclaims,

> "I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
> Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
> And that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have."

Lord Holland's redeeming qualities were his social accomplishments, and an indulgence for his children carried to dangerous fondness; if that can be said to be redeeming which went far to ruin his most illustrious son, though it made that son adore him. But with respect to the manner in which he bore his supposed disappointments in the pursuit of power, can we help contrasting it with that ever memorable and ennobling account of his own feelings by Mr.

* Burnet, Pref. to his "Archæology."

Pitt, on his contemplated loss of office (as it should seem for ever), in the most elevated speech, though then but three and twenty, which perhaps he ever made. "You may take from me, Sir, the privileges and emoluments of place, but you cannot, and you shall not, take from me those habitual and warm regards for the prosperity of Great Britain, which constitute the happiness, the honour, and the pride of my life, and which I trust death alone can extinguish. With this consolation, the loss of power, Sir, and the loss of fortune, though I affect not to despise them, I hope I shall soon be able to forget.

'Laudo manentem. Si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.'"*

This dignified submission in a mere stripling, to a fate so different from what had been promised by an

* Parliamentary Debates, 21st Feb. 1783. Thus poorly translated by Francis:

"I can applaud her [Fortune] while she stays;
But if she shake her rapid wings,
I can resign, with careless ease,
The gifts her worthless favour brings;
Then folded lie in Virtue's arms,
And honest Poverty's undower'd charms."

HORACE: *Odes*, iii. 29.

Wraxall has given an interesting variation to the account of this incident in the "Parliamentary Debates." He says: "Mr. Pitt, when he came to the words, 'et mea virtute me involvo,' struck with the apparent ostentation of the passage, paused, looked on the floor, and, after a moment or two of silence, while all attention was directed to him from every part of the house, and drawing his handkerchief once or twice across his lips, with emphasis continued the quotation at 'probamque pauperiem sine dote quæro.'"—*Own Times*, iii. 317.

opening career of unexampled brilliancy, contrasts pointedly, and with little credit, to the conduct of the veteran slave of ambition whose disappointments we have been noticing. And these can only be explained and accounted for by the fact of the want of that proper training in early life, that beneficial attention to the history and nature of human events which we have adverted to, and which should form the groundwork of all education, but particularly that of men intended for public affairs. For, strange as it may appear, the first requisite for a man who makes ambition his mistress is, that he should be able to quarrel with, and leave her without a sigh.

This is not unknown, in theory at least, to most of the candidates for fame and power, who seek them in the hard-fought fields of party strife. And, accordingly, there is hardly one of them who is not, or does not think he is, armed with a sort of spurious self-called philosophy, which is to keep him, like a talisman, from the perils of shipwreck. Most of the eminent statesmen who have experienced the caprice of fortune, and lost their power, have pretended to this philosophy as a thorough balance, nay, as more than a balance, to what is vulgarly supposed to be misfortune, but which, they would have you believe, brought them nothing but relief.

There is scarcely one of these who, after pursuing the race untired as long as it is successful, is not ready, on a reverse, to repeat with unction the verses of Cowley on a retired garden:

"Oh! who would change these soft, yet solid, joys
For empty shows, and senseless noise;
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flow'rs, and are such noisome weeds?"

Sir William Temple, in his "Memoirs," has given a striking as well as amusing picture of an ambitious man, in the person of the celebrated Marquess of Halifax (Saville), upon a threatened reverse. "I found him," says Sir William, "in physic; but plainly saw his distemper was not what he called it. His head looked very full, but very unquiet; and when we were left alone, all our talk was by snatches; sickness, ill-humour, *hate* of town and business, ridiculousness of human life; and whenever I turned anything to the present affairs, after our usual manner, nothing but action of hands or eyes, wonder, and signs of trouble, and then silence."*

After this, things apparently promising better, Lords Halifax and Essex used Temple ill, which made the latter resolve to retire, and he kept his word, for his philosophy was not pretended; but Halifax being soon again subjected to disappointment, he told Sir William his resolution also to quit, and go down into the country (the usual relief); and though he could not plant melons, as Sir William did, being in the North, yet he would plant carrots and cucumbers, rather *than trouble himself any more about public affairs*, and accordingly he went down to Rufford.

This is no more than the usual proceeding of great

* Temple's Works, folio, i. 345.

men when thwarted in their career. They generally choose not to remain in the actual field wherein they have been defeated, but in rural or domestic retirement pretend to find enjoyments far cheaper, and at the same time far more rational, than those they had so long been courting. Nay, they would have you believe that they have always been beforehand with fate; have anticipated the event in their *wishes* as well as expectations, and have lived in a constant state of preparation for it. This, therefore, not only lightens, but makes them laugh, or pretend to laugh, at the reverse when it comes.

How many self-deceived persons of this sort have there not been? Some of them soured into misanthropy by disappointments which they tell you they are above feeling. Of these, the most striking because the most considerable, and at the same time most querulous, example was Swift; that extraordinary mixture of good and bad, great and little, generosity and avarice, philosophy and spleen. He was, however, every way a man so remarkable, that he deserves a dream to himself.

No. II.

CHARACTER OF SWIFT.

"Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition."
SHAKSPEARE: 1 *Hen. VI.*

SWIFT was a man like the cardinal we have quoted,

"Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes;"

in short, of inordinate pride, yet not above little vanities, though he denied it, and never above spunging for a dinner.

A slave to ambition, to believe him as painted in his own verses, one would suppose him the old Corycian of Virgil, content with a garden and unbought feasts.

"Thus, in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat;
Oh! could I see my country seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town."

All this, while he was tearing himself to pieces at losing the high reward of his services, which he thought within his reach.

That that was a mitre, and not the dean's stall he afterwards obtained, appears from numberless little allusions in letters as far back as 1712, when he was

advancing to the height of his favour with the Tories. Even while thanking Lady Orkney for a writing-table, he cannot help saying, "I plainly see, that, if you were first minister, it would have been a *cathedral.*"* Yet, after a thousand hopes of better fortune, he was dismissed by those whom he thought he had saved by his abilities alone, growling to Ireland, when his fondest object was preferment in England; and there he continued to growl for thirty years more, and yet, during the whole time, breathing homilies in the shape of letters, *de contemptu mundi;* nursing and exhibiting an outrageous spleen, which he denied to have the least power over him. His boast was, independence of all those persons and things which he most courted; and, whenever vexed or thwarted in the pursuit which led him from Ireland, he was always, according to himself, ready to forego it, and return with equanimity to a country which he pretended to love, yet cordially hated.

During all this time he played the most consummate actor, in a part not new or original, indeed, but requiring cunning and uncommon impudence to succeed in it. A part copied from that assumed disguise of the virtuous Kent, of whom it was said, that "having been praised for bluntness, he did affect a saucy roughness."† Hence, rogue, knave, and fool were ever at his tongue's end, or his pen's point, and gave him a character for most intrepid independence; though, in reality, nothing but *designing impudence.* For it

* Works, xi. 247. † King Lear.

was a finesse easily seen through (and only foolishly submitted to by his superiors), of exacting from people of the highest consequence of both sexes, that they should always make him the first advances. This, too, was conveyed in an affected sauciness of language which generally succeeded (and was, therefore, often repeated) in persuading the world of his independence. He used it, therefore, as an admirable channel of flattery while professing the most homely freedom, the better to deceive those on whom he had designs. It is astonishing how this sort of stratagem took; and no wonder it turned his head, and completed his own self-deception as to other parts of his character. Thus he says to Lord Carteret when Lord-Lieutenant, and whom he most egregiously flattered: "I told your excellency that you were *to run my errands; I expect* you will tell your successor how impartial I am in giving you characters of clergymen, and that you let your *said successor know* that you *lament* having done nothing for Mr. Robert Grattan, and give him such a recommendation that he may have something to mend his fortune. And I desire, that I, who have done with courts, may not be used as a courtier."*

Hence, too, the following specimen of the same artful flattery, under the same rough exterior, to Queen Caroline when princess, disgusts as much as it amuses†: "*I am sorry I have no complaints* to make of Her Royal Highness, *therefore*, I think I may *let*

* Works, xii. 28. 382. † In a letter to Mrs. Howard.

you tell her, that every grain of virtue and good sense in one of her rank, considering the *bad education* among flatterers and adorers, is *worth* a dozen *in any inferior* person. Now, if what the world says be true, that she excels all other ladies, at least a *dozen times*, then multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be 144." If this did not deserve a bishopric, I don't know what could. But the honest dean was disappointed notwithstanding. In another letter to the same lady, he says, his deafness will force him away, and then the queen will have the *misfortune* not to see him, and he, the *satisfaction* never to have seen her since she was queen. And although she were a thousand queens, he will not lose *his privilege* of never seeing her but when she commands it."† It is evident, that he here expected Mrs. Howard to lay these letters before the queen, and that he *should* be commanded; but they were not even noticed, and that they were not, did not diminish his virtuous indignation. With the same designing policy, whenever the great men did not show him sufficient attention, he boasted, that "he could be perfectly content with his present fortune, small as it was‡, and return to his willows at a day's notice, *without the least reluctance.*"§

"Contempt in Ireland," says he, "will be no mortification to me. When I was last there, I was alone half the time, retired to one scurvy acre of ground, and I always left it with regret. I am as well re-

* Works, xii. 233.
† Ibid. xii. 349.
‡ Little more than 200*l.* a year, if so much.
§ Sheridan's Life of Swift, i. 139.

ceived and known at court, as perhaps any man ever was of my level. I have formerly been the like: I left it then, and, perhaps, will leave it now (*when they please to let me*), *without any concern* but what a few months will remove." This was to Archbishop King, 1st Oct. 1711.

In another letter to the same: "I thank God I am not very warm in my expectations, and *know courts too well to be surprised at disappointments.*"

In adopting this policy, although he might be sincere in displaying what, after all, were merely strong proofs of the pride and vanity, the ambition of a selfish nature, not of a really high and generous character, he knew that he turned a sound general principle to his own advantage. His biographer, Sheridan, says, "he had long beheld with indignation the mean condescensions and homages paid by men of genius to *scoundrels* in power, and titled *fools*, and was determined to afford a striking example in himself of a contrary conduct, by *reclaiming* the rights due to superiority of talents over *those of birth and fortune;* and, in one of his 'Tatlers,' says, 'If those who possess great endowments of mind would set a just value on themselves, they would think no man's acquaintance whatsoever a condescension, nor accept it from the greatest upon unworthy or ignominious terms.'"

Nothing can be more just; but how does he himself act upon it? He struts into a court drawingroom like a peacock with his tail erect, upon which, instead of eyes, you find inscribed, "Behold, I am a man of genius and superior talents, and possess great endow-

ments of mind, much greater than those of any of you here, who are, for the most part, a set of scoundrels in power, or titled fools, and therefore all who are desirous of the honour of my acquaintance must make me the first advances."* Who would not laugh at such an ambition as this; or, if it should end in the mortification and neglect which he afterwards actually met with, who would be sorry?

We now, however, come to proofs of a self-deception so glaring as to be even ridiculous, though he was much too great a despot for any one to dare express an opinion on it.

In a letter to Stella, he says: "Remember, if I am ill used and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, it's *what I am prepared for*, and shall not wonder at. The ministry all say they love me, I count upon nothing." Then to show his philosophic state of preparation, he says: "My friend Lewis showed me the order for the three vacant deaneries, but none of them for me. This was what *I always foresaw*, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected." He (Swift) then desired Lewis to tell Lord-Treasurer he had nothing to do but go to

* A curious instance of this is found in his journal to Stella, May 19. 1711. "Mr. Secretary told me the Duke of Buckingham desired my acquaintance. I answered, it could not be, for he had not made sufficient advances." He adds, "In the drawingroom I am so proud, I generally make all the lords come up to me." I suppose he did not quite tell them it was because he was their superior in talents, while they were all fools or scoundrels. The fact is, he was a piece of successful impertinence, and knew his men. What if they had resented it, and refused to come up to him? There would have been no end to his mortification, and complaints of mankind.

Ireland immediately; and when Oxford tells him something might be done for him that night, his remark is, "I believe him not." Yet all this while Oxford was his hero, and he dined with the Secretary, and declares he (Swift) was as good company as ever. No doubt he thought himself so, when he thought himself trifled with as to the promise of the deanery of St. Patrick's; for he writes: "I am less out of humour than you would imagine; and if it were not that impertinent people would condole with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it less. But I still avoid company, and muster up my baggage and go to see my willows, against the expectation of all the world. *What care I?*"

He little knew himself, for he cared a great deal, and his spleen at the uncertainty and delay of his appointment got the better of him, so that he began to rail at the man, whom, of all others, he professed most to love and admire, Lord Oxford.

"I dined," said he, "in the city, and ordered a lodging to be got ready against I came back to pack up my things, for I will leave this end of the town as soon as ever the warrants for the deaneries are out, which are yet stopped." "Lord-Treasurer," he goes on, "told Lewis that it should be determined to-night; and so he will say a hundred nights, so he said yesterday; but I value it not." Again: "I will send away this and follow it myself, and design to walk it all the way to Chester. It will do my health a great deal of good."

Once more: "Do you think anything will be done?

I don't care whether it is or no" (credat Judæus). "In the mean time, I prepare for my journey, and see no great people" (this is the "Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye," of Wolsey); "nor will see Lord-Treasurer any more, *if I go.* Lord-Treasurer told Mr. Lewis it should be done to-night. So he said *five nights ago.*"

Yet this man, according to his own account, was not splenetic. "The doctor tells me," says he, "I must go through a course of steel, though I have not the spleen, for *that* they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive."

The pouting goes on. Bolingbroke told him the queen would determine something that night, and that the dispute lay between Windsor and St. Patrick's. "I told him I would not stay for their disputes, and he thought I was right."

No doubt, his mind at that moment preferred (or thought it preferred) the willows, and he held Larracor and Irish clowns a finer sphere than St. James's and polite promise-breakers. But his sincerity was not tried, for in a few minutes every thing changed. The queen signed the warrant, and our resigned philosopher immediately forgot his willows, his cherry trees, and his walk to Chester, and went to court. Here a thousand people giving him joy, he was affronted the other way, and ran out, it being, as we suppose, too impertinent for his dignity to bear.*

* "I was at court to-day, and a thousand people gave me joy; so I ran out."—*Swift's Works*, xv. 432. *et infrà.* The whole is as interesting, amusing, and instructive a picture as any we meet with in the science of human nature.

As for Oxford, he was soon forgiven all his wrongs. "Yesterday, I dined with Lord-Treasurer and his Saturday people as usual, and was so *bedeaned!*"

And thus ends the account, by himself, of a *philosophe soi-disant*, while pursuing, yet at the same time disclaiming, ambition. Let us finish the picture as it appeared when he supposed himself still further cured, in his retirement from the naughty world, to which he held himself so superior. In truth, to an investigator of human nature, the picture is a great moral banquet, affording a pregnant lesson upon the futility of self-deception.

We have seen him in the height of philosophical pride contemning all ambitious intrigues, weary of courts, mistrustful of ministers, and panting to return to the calm pleasures of honest private life. To read him, one would suppose that Larracor, and a country walk, and his willows formed his *summum bonum* as a wise man, and that his only care was to be able *decently* to withdraw from slavery to the ministers. To be sure he was very angry, and would never speak to Oxford again for delaying his warrant; but that was only because it did not become his dignity to be trifled with, "*not that he cared;*" and as for the spleen, "that they could never give him, though he had as much provocation to it as any man alive."* But though thus above spleen, he is not above now and then, and in the mildest terms possible, venting a little unphilosophical complaint at his lot; such as

* Works, xv. 360.

Pray God, forgive *them*," (by which he means those he professed most to honour and to love,) "by whose indolence, neglect, or want of friendship, I am reduced to live with twenty leagues of salt-water between your lordship and me."* Even after being installed, and "so bedeaned" that he could not conceal the pleasure it gave him, he affected to persevere in preferring his hollow tree. "I returned," said he, in a letter to Miss Vanhomrigh†, "not one visit of a hundred that were made me; but all to the Dean and none to the Doctor" (naming the individual). "I hate the thoughts of Dublin, and prefer a field-bed and an earthen floor before the great house there, *which they say is mine.*"

"They *say* is mine." Why, was it not his? And if so, what is this but ridiculous affectation?

Again: "I design to pass the greatest part of the time I stay in Ireland here, in the cabin where I am now writing; neither will I leave the kingdom till I am sent for; and, if they have no farther service for me, I will never see England again. On my first coming, I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me."

Why this? Was it because his preferment was too great for one of his philosophy, or too small for one who had served so well? However, "it begins to wear off, and change to dulness."

Ay, there's the rub. It is plain, notwithstanding

* To Bolingbroke. Works, xi. 430.
† July 8. 1713. Works, xvi. 285.

the canal, and the willows, and all his wrongs with the ministers, that he missed the *noctes cœnæque Atticæ* with Harley and St. John. That these should haunt him during the first months, or even the first years, of what he called his banishment, is not surprising. What does surprise is, the length of time to which the memory of it in undiminished bitterness extended, scarcely less than the rest of his long life. In 1729, we find it undisguised in a letter to Bolingbroke. "My greatest misery is, recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then, all on a sudden, dropping into the present."*

Twenty years past takes him to 1709, a little preceding what may be called his palmy days, when he mingled almost as an equal with nobles and ministers, days which he never forgot or ceased to lament. But this was constitutional, as he discloses in the same letter to his friend, the ex-Secretary. "I remember, when I was a little boy†, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment *vexes me to this day*‡, and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments." He adds what is a complete key to that character which was so peculiarly formed to be the sport of a vicious ambition: "I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect by what qualities wealth and greatness are got,

* Works, xiv. 19. † Ibid.

‡ When he must have been above sixty years old.

and by what qualities they are lost?" (Poor man!) However, he consoles himself in his letter to Miss Vanhomrigh, under the *horrible melancholy of his installation*, by recollecting that his river-walk is extremely pretty, his canal in great beauty, and he sees trout playing in it. "I know not any one thing," he adds, "now in Dublin; but I am now fitter to look after willows and to cut hedges, than meddle with affairs of state. I must order the workmen to drive those cows out of my island, a work much more proper for a country vicar than *driving* out factions, and fencing against them. I must go and take my bitter draught to cure my head, which is spoiled by the *bitter draughts which the public has given me.* So go to your dukes and duchesses, and leave me to goodman Bumford, and Patrick Dolan of Clanduggan."*

Who, after this, would suppose that his heart was bursting with mortification at the failure of his hopes of high preferment in England? What they were may be inferred from various passages in other letters. One to Gay, in Jan. 1723, ten years after the commencement of what he called his exile, shows that his concern at it was not softened. "The best and greatest part of my life," says he, "until these last eight years, I spent in England. There I made my friendships, *and there I left my desires.* I am *condemned* for ever to another country. What is in prudence to be done? I think to be

Oblitus meorum, obliviscendus et illis.'"†

* To Miss Vanhomrigh. Works, xi. 285. † Ibid. xii. 89.

His spleen must have gained great head, notwithstanding his denials, before he could have recorded such a confession. Two years afterwards it had visibly increased, since to his friend Sheridan, who had been misrepresented at the Castle, he writes thus: "If you are, indeed, a discarded courtier, you have reason to complain, but not at all to wonder. It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so. Contract your friendships, and expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my description of Yahoos more resembling.* *You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so.*" †

May we not here say, *hæret lateri;* and can any one believe that this man was not ambitious; ay, and splenetic too, though he boasted the contrary? He now grew daily more and more peevish; his thoughts perpetually hankering on what he and his friends had been, and might have continued to be, if certain most untoward things had not intervened. For this, he is rightly reprehended by Bolingbroke, for whose disappointments he professed more feeling than his own. "Whatever your intention was," says St. John, "I will not be brought in among those friends whose misfortunes *have given you an habitual sourness.* I declare to you, once for all, that I am not unhappy, and that I never shall be so, unless I sink under some

* This completely refutes Sheridan's strange notion, that Swift did not mean his fellow-man by a Yahoo.

† Works, xii. 167.

physical evil. Retrench, therefore, *the proportion of peevishness which you set to my account.* You might, for several other reasons, retrench the proportions which you set to the account of others, and so leave yourself without peevishness, or without excuse. I lament, and have always lamented, your being placed in Ireland; but you are worse than peevish, you are unjust, when you say it was either not in the power or will of a ministry to place you in England." *

A year after this check, the deadly arrow appears again in a letter to one of his female correspondents. Thanking her for the gift of a skreen, on which was a map of the globe, he says, "I never expected to be sheltered by the world, when I have been so long endeavouring to shelter myself from it." †

Why shelter himself? He was in no danger, and he had a thousand comforts; but they were unhappily not of the sort that suited him, nor equal to those he coveted, for the *cathedral* was not among them. He goes on: "See how ill you bestow your favours, where you meet with nothing but reproaches for thinking, in the midst of courts and diversions, upon an absent and insignificant man, buried in obscurity." ‡ As this, however, was in 1724, ten years after his professions of weariness of courts and ministers, and of his devotion to his walks and willows, we must suppose his weariness of the great must have gained head, so that we are not surprised at finding him in the next year

* Works, xii. 112. † Ibid. 140. ‡ Ibid. 141.

writing to Lord-Chancellor Middleton: "Although it is long *since I have given myself the trouble* of conversing with people of title and station, yet I have been told by those *who can take up with such amusements, et cetera.*"*

This is not even cynical, but a compound of the impertinent vanity and self-deception, not to say falsehood, which filled him, the result of spleen and disappointed pride. The assertion was not only rude and unseemly, but not true; for, at that very moment, Lord-C. Middleton must have known (and laughed at him for it) that he was proud of the titles and stations of his correspondents; proud of the Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, Peterborough, Carteret, and Bathurst; proud of the Duchess of Ormond, Lady Betty Germain, and Lady Markham; Sir Constantine Phipps, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and a long list of other high names. Be this as it may, it was not very long before he changed his note; for, after the accession of George II. in 1727, founding his hopes upon some favours promised him by the queen when princess (among them a gift of medals which never were sent), and a friendship he had cultivated with Lady Suffolk, we find him only not turned once more into a complete courtier, and disposed to ogle queens and ladies of the household, because the same hard fate awaited him that had before cut short his career. For after a fair prospect of renewed ambition had been held

* Works, ix. 144.

out to him, as he said, by Lady Suffolk and these condescensions of Queen Caroline, which he was by no means so much his own enemy as to despise, that prospect was once more closed, and "cloud instead, and ever-during dark" surrounded him. In short, after offering incense to the queen, and professing more than ever to admire Lady Suffolk, though both in the blunt and affected rough manner we have noticed, and which he had often found successful though it now failed, he was dropped by the queen, who even broke her promise of the medals in the most heartless manner. This, as might be expected, was never forgiven, and rankled within him ever afterwards. An interview also with Walpole, who never favoured him, and heard, but did not heed, him on the subject of Ireland, led to nothing but invincible hatred; and no doubt greatly contributed to kindle that rage so dreadfully indulged, as to make him forget, as we shall presently see, the most sacred of his duties as a clergyman and a Christian.

From that time, therefore, he began to pout, rail, undervalue, and quarrel with Lady Suffolk, whose innocence of all offence towards him was incontestable, and for the rest of his life he returned to his old hatred of courts, kings, and ministers, and particularly Sir Robert. These he satirised in verse and prose, and dipped himself deeply in gall in both, though in the first, as may be supposed, he was most pungent; nor can we more strongly portray the grief and violence of mortified, because ill-regulated ambition, than by copying a few of these effusions.

In "Hamilton's Bawn," Sir Arthur Acheson is made to say to his lady:

"If I make it a barrack, the Crown is my tenant.
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't;
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent.
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And, rather than that, I would lose my estate." *

If this were Swift's own case, we doubt it. In the poem on his own death he had a rare opportunity, which, cynic and injured as he thought himself, he seems eagerly to have seized, of doing himself that justice which it was his perpetual curse to think the world refused him. In truth, the colours are laid on with no sparing hand.

"He never thought an honour done him,
Because a duke was proud to own him:
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes.
Despis'd the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration." †

Again:

"*Though trusted long in great affairs,*
He gave himself no haughty airs;
With princes kept a due decorum,
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just,
In princes never put thy trust.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin;
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair."

* "The grand question debated, whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malthouse."

† All this is contradicted by every trait recorded of him.

This, at best, was a violent self-deception, for it was the court that left him, or rather that died with the queen, when the Tories were all ruined.

But how well he understood himself may be seen in the following lines:

"Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men;
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat.
In exile, with a *steady* heart,
He spent his life's declining part.
His friendships were to few confin'd,
And always of the *middling* kind."

Then in regard to what so cankered him, the queen's and Lady Suffolk's asserted ill-usage, 'tis thus he vents himself: —

"Kind Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs *laughing* up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, 'Is he gone? 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say? Then let him rot;
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promis'd him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then;
But now, as consort of the king,
You know 'tis quite another thing.'"

The wit of these lines does not do away our disgust at their malignity and falsehood. For the representation of Lady Suffolk's laughter is an absolute and ungrateful untruth. She never abandoned or deserved ill of him; and, even if the story of the medals was founded, it was mere littleness, and any thing but what he thought it, courage, to lampoon his queen, an indecorum in every body's power.

In the lines on Dr. Delany he thus invokes Pope, who, as we have seen, was his fellow-coxcomb in pretending to despise the world, particularly ministers and crowned heads, when cut off from them:

"Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind,
*Detesting all the statesman kind,**
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen.
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a *rascal* statesman's spittle."

In the same spirit, but whether true or false may be questionable:

"But I, in politics grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a diff'rent mould,
Who, from my soul, sincerely hate
Both kings and ministers of state."†

This was in the year 1729, after, as we have seen, he had paid his court to Queen Caroline, Lady Suffolk, and Sir Robert Walpole, and flew back in a passion to Ireland, the better to libel them.

Then comes a more direct allusion to himself, and to those who had passed him in the race, little curbed by too much modesty, or unreasonable charity:

"A genius in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down."

This may be forgiven, as the "Tale of a Tub," and the lampoon on the Duchess of Somerset, deprived him of a bishopric. But he goes on to scan his successful brothers:

* When he ranked them among his friends, he detested no statesman.

† Works, viii. 6.

"Round all your brethren cast your eyes,
Point out the surest men to rise:
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack;
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd;
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob;
Will sooner coin a thousand lies,
Than suffer men of parts to rise."*

In the epistle to a lady we have the same spite, the same self-deception, the same gratuitous abuse, all arising from the same cause, disappointed pride, which he had not power to bear. In dignity and firmness, Bolingbroke, though the child of passion, beat him as a philosopher, as much as he did as a man of quality. Thus writes this mortified clergyman:

"Wicked ministers of state,
I can easier scorn than hate;
And I find it answers right,
Scorn torments them more than spite.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
Spy the strutting chatt'ring vermin?
Safely write a smart lampoon
To expose the brisk baboon."

It is lamentable to see to what meanness and *cowardly* revenge this self-called philosopher, and supposed great man, was now reduced; cowardly, because what so easy, or so safe, as to abuse a king?

* Works, viii. 6. (Himself *subaudiitur*.)

But now come the Commons.

"When my Muse officious ventures
On the nation's representers;
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools;
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull.
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry;
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names."

This last we do not question, but we doubt the madness, or any thing else (spite of the affected *vive la bagatelle*), making him *merry*. As a last fling he tells the lady he addresses:

"You are not so great a grievance
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's;
You are of a lower class
Than my friend Sir Robert Brass."

But we now come to the "Character of Sir Robert Walpole himself, afterwards Earl of Orford," so entered in form in the collection of Lady Suffolk's letters, and published then, in 1824, as is thought by the editor, for the first time:

"With favour and fortune fastidiously blest,
He's loud in his laugh, and he's coarse in his jest.
Of favour and fortune unmerited vain;
A *sharper* in trifles, a dupe in the main.
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,
By dint of experience improving in blunders.
Oppressing true merit, exalting the base,
And selling his *country* to purchase his place;
A jobber of stocks, by retailing false news;
A prater at court, in the style of the stews;
Of virtue and worth, by profession a giber;
Of juries and senates the bully and briber.

> Though I name not the wretch, you all know who I mean,
> 'Tis the cur-dog of Britain, and spaniel of Spain."*

The greater part of these heavy and shameful slanders is absolutely false, and Swift must have forgotten what it was his function to teach, that, among the duties necessary to enable us to rest upon God's holy hill, was that of not slandering our neighbour.

If it be urged that he believed what he wrote, the answer is, that he has not even pretended, much less shown, a ground for his belief, and it must have, therefore, been founded in malevolence alone. Hence he must have been either the greatest fool, or the wickedest of men, to have composed such a libel. The editor has not related his authority for calling it Swift's, but, from its internal evidence, there can be little doubt of it. It will ever deprive him of all claim to the character of a just enemy, or even a Christian, and remain a monument of a black heart, corrupted to the core by the rage of disappointed pride. He almost tells you so himself in one of his letters to Gay, where he says, after the queen's death, "all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I, therefore, sat down quietly at my morsel, *adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministers, by way of sauce to relish my meat.*" †

* Lady Suffolk's Correspondence, ii. 32.

† In Pope's Works, ix. 179.

Derogatory, nay ruinous, as this is to the character of this insolent and overbearing, yet querulous man, it yields in malignity and worthlessness to what he does not scruple himself to call a *satirical elegy* on the death of the Duke of Marlborough, death, which generally disarms even the most violent opponents of their resentments. Now, whatever were the duke's faults (and they were great both in character and conduct), one thing was undeniable, that he carried the glory and spread the fame of his country over the world, beyond any thing known in her previous history, the effects of which subsist to this day. If Swift, therefore, had had a particle of an English heart, even if the duke had ever injured him, instead of being a mere party object, one would have hoped that the grave might have been allowed to close upon his frailties, and even personal injuries, had they existed, in the same manner as with many or most others who have been engaged in political warfare. But no! It was reserved for this *philosopher*, who boasted that nothing could give him the spleen, and that he could return to his willows at a day's notice without reluctance; a clergyman too, the preacher of a religion whose peculiar characteristic was humility, and the forgiveness of injuries to the living, much more to the dead; it was reserved to the unforgiving unrelenting spirit of such a man, because his ambition had been thwarted, to pursue a political opponent beyond the grave, and exhibit the dreadful brutality of Vitellius, who held that a dead enemy always smelt sweet. We give the following lines, therefore, less for any wit or

poetry that appear in them, than for the proof they show of the effect upon an imperious and spoiled malignant, of that sin by which, as Wolsey discovered too late, the angels fell:

> "Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
> 'Twas time, in conscience, he should die.
> This world he cumber'd long enough;
> He burnt his candle to the snuff,
> And that's the reason, as folks think,
> He left behind so great a stink.
> Behold! his funeral appears;
> No widow's sighs, no orphan's tears,
> Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
> Attend the progress of his hearse.
> 'But what of that?' his friends may say,
> 'He had those honours in his day;'
> True to his profit and his pride,
> He *made them weep before he died.*"

Such is the proof of Swift's obedience to the great precept of Christianity, and his exemption from the evils of ambition. All that we will add to what we have said upon it is, that the sting with which it ends is false. At least there is no proof from any part of Marlborough's history, that he ever made the widow and the orphan "weep before he died."*

A person who could thus spit forth the bile that consumed him, whether in prose or verse, could be little expected to show leniency at any time; and no wonder that his effusions in prose should be more or less of the same character. To say nothing of "Gulliver," published in November, 1726 (thirteen years after he had,

* Swift alludes, no doubt, to his bloody victories: as if the duke, and not the instigators of those wars, had to answer for the tears thus caused.

as he said, done with all public men, and sought the balm of oblivion as to statesmen), he details to Gay his thirty-six years' experience of courts, and finds, though they differ in some respects, they all are constant in never forgiving those whom they have injured; in the insincerity of apparently the best friends; in the love of cringing and tale-bearing; in sacrificing those they really love to their own interest, and in keeping every thing worth taking for those who can do service or disservice. After this, as a climax, he asks Gay, by I know not what appositeness of allusion, whether he (by the "Beggar's Opera") "had made as many men laugh, as ministers can make weep." * And yet nothing could give this man the spleen.

Well, then, might that honest, unaffected, sensible woman, Lady Betty Germain, though a woman of quality, a courtier, and a friend of courtiers, tell him that he saw with very large spectacles when he blamed them.† "You say," she adds in another letter, "you will say no more of courts, for fear of growing angry; and, indeed, I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think that no one who belongs to a court can act right." The good sense and penetration of this lady are then charmingly exhibited to the discomfiture of this affected despiser of what he most desired. "I am sure," she says, "this

* Works, xii. 262. 264.

† "I know those out of power and place always see the faults of those in with dreadful large spectacles; so experience has taught me how wrong, unjust, and senseless, party factions are." (Feb. 8. 1732.) With all his wit, violence, and pride, what excellent lessons in prudence, and even knowledge of the world, might not this supposed great man, but real child, have derived from this good and sagacious old lady!

cannot be really and truly your sense, because it is unjust; and, if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it (which I ever admired and found true), that you must have offended them, *because you don't forgive.*" *

Notwithstanding this, in another part of the correspondence with her, he again † lets out the ruling feeling of his heart, disgust at having lost greatness in losing his great friends. "When I was leaving England," he says, on the queen's death, "I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from ministers for several years before." (N.B. Was this because he was *weary* of them, or could enjoy their sunshine no longer?) "I burnt all my Lord * * *'s letters, upon receiving one where he had used these words to me, 'all I pretend to is a great deal of sincerity;' which was the chief virtue he wanted. Of those from my Lord Halifax, I burnt all but one, which I keep as a most admirable original of court promises and professions." But the best is to come: "I have conversed with some freedom with more ministers of state of all parties than usually happens to men of my level; and I confess, in their capacity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people whose acquaintance no *man would court*, otherwise than upon the score of vanity and ambition." ‡

After this he complains (upon what foundation he does not show), that, though he was known to be a

* Works, xiii. 11.
† To Lady Betty Germain. Works, xiii. 216.
‡ To Pope. Works, xiv. 22.

common friend to all persons in distress, he was not allowed "to run quietly among the common herd of people whose opinions unfortunately differed from those which lead to favour and preferment." This was in the year 1721, when all danger to him as an individual was confined to his own fears, probably thus proclaimed from that very circumstance.

We close this part of the subject by observing, that here again he is well chidden by his "comrade and partner in exile" (exile from the dearest objects of the pursuit of each). For Pope having mixed up a similar strain, affecting to despise and complain of the world, Lord Bolingbroke thus addresses them both, whom, it should seem, he well knew:—"Pope and you are very great wits, and I think very indifferent philosophers. If you despise the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. That founder of your sect, that noble original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble (Seneca), was a slave to the worst part of the world, the court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation."* This was in 1725; twelve years afterwards, it does not seem to have converted him to a better sense of his condition, since in one of his last letters (to Pope) he has the same jaundiced view of the world in regard to its treatment of him, consoling himself with the thought that ages to come will celebrate him as Pope's friend, although "he died *the object of court and party hatred.*" † This was in

* Works, xiv. 54. † Ibid. 193.

1737, when from his increasing infirmities, and their occupation by very different interests, the court and party had long ceased to think him of the least consequence.

Before this, however, as age crept on, the effects of age showed themselves in garrulity, which let out much character; and we will wind up this long, but I trust not uninteresting, account, with what he says to Pope of his early and latter life. It is worth examining, as the most authentic account that can be given of his ambition, though savouring a little of what he always denied, as well as his spleen, his vanity.

"I am ashamed to tell you that, when I was very young, I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle.* I hate a crowd, where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed and obscure as a porter at a coronation. I tell you it is almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits; and I will farther tell you, that all my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only *for want* of a great title and fortune, that I *might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts* (whether right or wrong, it is no great matter); and so the reputation of wit, or great learning, *does the office of a blue riband, or a coach and six horses.*" Again: "I never loved to make a

* Quære de hoc.

visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they got all the eyes and civilities from me." *

Swift used to say he was too proud to be vain. Whether this showed most pride or vanity, may be left to my readers; but it explains pretty clearly, while it does away all pity for him, the faulty nature of his ambition, and the *peine forte et dure* which it made him suffer. But peace to his manes! During the last years of his life, from the violent irritations of his mind, operated upon much by disease, but much also by the mortifications which neglect occasioned to his high-blown pride, he sank a miserable example of the little certainty of happiness which the greatest talents, and even the widest reputation for wit, can obtain for the victim of ill-regulated ambition.†

* Works, xiv. 100.

† The other parts of this extraordinary man's character; his good or bad qualities; his gross and cruel selfishness in the destruction of the amiable and too-confiding innocence of two (if not three) accomplished young women, whose hearts he won and then broke, by leaving them to the bitterness of perfidy and neglect; all these crimes (for crimes they are), not being connected with his ambition, do not fall within our subject. But those who would see more of him, portrayed in his true colours of meanness, avarice, self-interest, false pretences, black ingratitude, and raging tyranny over all who would submit to it; added to the most brazen impudence and hypocrisy, and the barbarities of heart which have been mentioned; would do well to read Lord Jeffrey's masterly review of Scott's edition of his works. From this I cannot help recording, as a short summary, the following sentences, confirming, I conceive, what we have said of him in this sketch. "With the consciousness of having thus barbarously betrayed all the women for whom he had ever professed affection, it is not wonderful that his latter days should have been overshadowed with gloom and dejection. But it was not the depression of late regret, or unavailing self-condemnation, that darkened his closing scene. It was but the rancour of disappointed ambition, and the bitterness of proud misanthropy; and we verily believe, that if his party had got again into power, and given him the preferment

he expected, the pride and joy of his vindictive triumph would have been but little allayed by the remembrance of the innocent and accomplished women of whom we have no hesitation to pronounce him the murderer." —*Edinburgh Review*, 1816, xxvii. 24. Again: "He followed, from first to last, the eager but steady impulse of personal ambition and personal animosity; and, in the dirty and devious career into which they impelled him, he never spared the character or the feelings of a single individual who appeared to stand in his way. In no respect, therefore, can he have any claim to lenity." — *Ibid.* 42. It could not, therefore, be laxity, but inadvertence, that made this acute critic omit (for, strange to say, he has omitted) one other striking characteristic, which disgraces no author of repute in any language to a greater degree than this reverend offender. He was innately fond of filth and dirt; he revelled in ecxrementitious images, and loved nastiness for the sake of nastiness. Yet he set up as the instructor of young ladies in polite literature, and Sheridan calls him a great man.

No. III.

BOLINGBROKE.

"Why was my choice ambition? the worst ground
A wretch can build on. It's indeed, at distance,
A goodly prospect, tempting to the view;
The height delights us, and the mountain-top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to heaven.
But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation;
What storm will batter, and what tempest shake us."
Renault, *in Venice Preserved.*

We closed our last dream with an account, not, I trust an unfair one (for it was drawn from his own documents), of a considerable, but faulty, man. Another adverse exemplification of the same passion which influenced him, and was equally ill-conducted, now awaits us in one who was more brilliant and less unhappy than Swift, but who affords an almost equal example of self-deception. It is also equally a lesson on the necessity for moderating what admits of no composition, but must either govern or be governed; *quæ nisi paret, imperat.* The reader anticipates that I mean Lord Bolingbroke, who, during almost the whole of his long life,

"Stream'd like a meteor on the troubled air."

His character, however, has been drawn by so masterly a hand, that, for those parts of it which, though connected with, do not immediately bear upon, the subject before us, I cannot do better than extract them from

Lord Chesterfield's admirable performance. According to him, then, "it was impossible to find lights and shades strong enough to paint the character of Lord Bolingbroke, who was the most mortifying instance of the violence of human passions, and the most improved and exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. These passions were never interrupted but by a stronger ambition. So violent were his impulses, that even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject would provoke him, and prove him no *practical* philosopher at least.'

We may expect on a mind so composed, how the all-engrossing all-stimulating power we are discussing would operate; and how opposing feelings would disguise the great passion to himself, according as events might thwart or humours colour it.

Not so adust or saturnine as Swift, and with more elasticity and good-nature, and at the same time brooding less over disappointment as an evil, he was less unamiable in his anger; and though, like Swift, professing to seek consolation for the loss of power in the same resources (a philosophic retirement), he so far appears to have had the advantage of him, that he possessed better qualifications for the retirement he affected to court, than the jaundiced dean.

After an extraordinary career in business, such as

few ever equalled, and none exceeded (except Mr. Pitt), at the age of twenty-five secretary at war, and at thirty-one secretary of state, by far and long the first man in the House of Commons; we find him in the midst of his power, and dazzling all eyes at home and abroad, affecting, like others of his caste, the calm joys of a rural life, and almost another Swift, in his asserted readiness to quit business, and return without reluctance to his Larracor and his willows.

After some little ostentation of official fatigue*, it is thus he writes to his friend and confidant Drummond. "I thank you very heartily for your care in procuring me the bay-trees, and I hope you will advertise me in time of their arrival, that I may have one of my gardeners ready to take them out of the ships, and convey them to Bucklebury. I cannot plunge myself so far into the thoughts of public business *as to forget the quiet of a country retreat*, whither I will go sometime or other, *and am always ready to go* at an *hour's warning*." †

Who would not suppose he here beheld a man above all the tumults of ambition; almost a Cincinnatus, complaining that his little field would remain unploughed, and only engaging in office from genuine patriotism? How much the contrary this was to the

* Shown by such passages as these, in a letter to Prior. "It is now three o'clock in the morning; I have been hard at work all day, and am not yet recovered enough to bear much fatigue.

"Adieu; my pen is ready to drop out of my hands.

"Sept. 10. 1712."

† Correspondence, i. 127.

truth, his real bias and well-known exertions of an opposite character sufficiently attest. His effervescences, indeed, on the death of the queen, we can neither be surprised at nor blame; they were but too natural. He was promised to be first minister, expected it, and almost the first letter he wrote was to Swift, in the following terms:—"The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday; the queen died on Sunday. How does Fortune banter us! The Whigs are a pack of Jacobites. That shall be the cry in a month, if you please."* Of Oxford he says: "I shall never forgive myself for having trusted so long to an air of such familiar friendship, and a heart so devoid of all tenderness; to such a temper of engrossing business and power, and so perfect an incapacity to manage one, with such a tyrannical disposition to abuse the other. But enough of this; I cannot load him as a knave, without fixing fool upon myself." Here is an excellent lesson for those who enter the arena of politics together, and take no thought of the possibility, or at least likelihood, of adverse fortune.

The vicissitudes he underwent, from almost the moment of the queen's death to his own, are so well known, that even were it necessary to advert to them for the purpose of this essay, I would not trouble the reader with their details. My business is rather with the effects of those vicissitudes upon a mind and temperament so mercurial, and liable to such paroxyms of contending feelings, that no illustration can be found equal to them, in the extremes of

* Swift's Works, by Sheridan, xi. 402. Aug. 3. 1714.

real violence and pretended philosophy to which they extended; a philosophy which shone upon paper, but nowhere else. The contrast between these extremes, as gathered from himself, will form, at the same time, an amusing picture, and a lesson of the first importance, upon the necessity for a man of ambition to be also a man of wisdom; not that worldly wisdom which benefits him in his generation, but that which enables him to rise superior to adversity, because founded on a sense of religion, a real independence of mind, and a knowledge of the true value of things. This was not Lord Bolingbroke's case, who, from being the child of passion, was the ball of fortune; and whose eloquence, though always vivid, was that of the imagination, but seldom of the heart. Hence, though equally self-deceived, he was not perhaps so sincere in his rage as Swift; and, though less unhappy, was more inconsistent. This will explain those warm and beautiful effusions in praise of retirement and independence of the world, and the pleasure of escaping from the storms of life into the calm of philosophy and natural feelings, which so please us in his letters. Yet these, we find from the dates, were composed almost at the same moment when he was moving heaven and earth to return to the world he affected to despise, and to gratify animosities which he held to be unbecoming a wise man. Thus, on his dimissal immediately after the queen's death, he writes to Atterbury: "To be removed was neither matter of surprise *nor concern* to me; but the manner of my removal shocked me for *at least two*

minutes."* He adds that he is not in the least intimidated by Whig malice and power; that power from which he soon after fled into exile, prompted by the very fear which he said he did not feel, and into treason, prompted by the desire of revenge, for he owned his attainder "tingled in every vein." Yet the treason was scarcely embraced, before it was repented; and though a very unsound ambition had made him descend to be once more a secretary of state, though to a mock king, he felt he had become a laughing-stock both to friend and foe. He therefore (as *he* says) *quitted*, (as *they* say) was dismissed, a service which (they also say) he betrayed. This last he denies; but certain it is, that the very moment he was free from this, at most six months, farcical dignity, he commenced a negotiation to return to the king he had abandoned, and the country whose protection he had forfeited.† This was accompanied with such profuse professions of fidelity, and contempt for his last master, that his greatest admirers must give him up as a man of principle, and laugh at him, as Lord Stair, the ambassador at Paris, to whom he applied, could not help doing. Yet Lord Stair believed him as sincere as he was capable of being‡; and

* Letter upon ministerial plans, ii. 651.

† At that very time, too, he thus writes to Swift:—"A commerce of letters between two men who are out of the world, and do not care a farthing to return to it again, must be of little moment to the state."

‡ In Lord Stair's letter to Horace Walpole (which, however, acquits him of double treason), he says: "They abuse poor Harry most unmercifully, calling him traitor, and God knows what. He had a mistress here at Paris, and got drunk now and then, and spent the money upon his mistress that he should have bought powder with. I would not have you

in consequence of this belief, and overtures having, as Bolingbroke says, been made to him by the court of England, who gave him credit for power with the Tories, he was promised his pardon. This, whether from fear or distrust, they made him wait for seven years after it was promised, and even then without restoration to his estate or seat in the House of Lords. However, in the year 1725, his estate was granted him by act of parliament: and from this time, though he had laboured, as is said, with servility, and by all sorts of offers of services to the Walpoles, for his complete restoration; and they struggled successfully, with all their power, against their own party, for the recovery of every thing but his seat in Parliament*; the want of that which he himself had renounced, in order to obtain his estate, threw him into such uncontrollable rage, that he pursued Sir Robert to his dying day with the most deadly and virulent hatred. From the year 1725, therefore, he commenced a series of the most desperate attacks on Walpole, which the bitterest spirit could invent, or talent instigated by supposed injury could conduct. He became the active leader of all who were discontented, and organised that energetic opposition which, for so many years, annoyed the minister, who, before this time, had little trouble in maintaining himself. And yet about this time, or

laugh, Mr Walpole, for all this is very serious." In another letter to Craggs, Lord Stair details Bolingbroke's own account of himself in language and professions which were those of a man of *unimpeachable fidelity, probity, and honour*, who would *scorn to betray a cause*, and was incapable of doing any thing by halves.

* Coxe.

very little before it (for there is no date to it), appeared that beautiful letter to Swift, which would make every reader overcome passion, and renounce the world for the pleasures of retirement. "I would not say one word about myself, were it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's manner of life and mine may be carried. I have been, then, infinitely more uniform, and less dissipated, than when you knew me, and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter, with some profusion, among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly), and a retirement from the world, have made that just discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends which we seldom have sagacity enough to make for ourselves. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit. A few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate have not altered you from what you were nine years ago.* The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place: I forgot I was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as party.† I am under no apprehensions that a glut of study and retirement should cast me

* As the last time Lord B. saw Swift was in 1714, this will bring the date of the letters to 1723, about the time that he settled at Dawley, which must, therefore, be the hermitage he talks of.

† Swift's Works.

back into the hurry of the world; the single regret which I feel is, that I fell so late into this course of life; my philosophy grows confirmed by habit.

"The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all. Some have cured me of my fears, by showing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by showing me how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and *in stripping me of titles, and rank, and estate, and such trinkets which every man that will may spare*, they have given me that which no man can be happy without."*

This is the effrontery of a mountebank. At this very instant he was labouring might and main, and stirring every interest, to recover all those trinkets of titles and estates which he pretended so to despise, and return to all those party exertions which he so felicitated himself on having quitted for ever. But let us see how he goes on.

"Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it. *Perfect tranquillity* is the general tenor of my life." All this while he was writhing in the pain occasioned by his pursuit of the restoration, pain from the

* Swift's Works, xiv. 33, 34.

fear of not succeeding. Even Swift, as unhappy, as disappointed, and as self-deceived as himself, saw through this, and returned the remark which we may recollect Lord Bolingbroke had made to him on his own complaints. "I have no very strong faith," says he, "in you pretenders to retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga seculi.*" * Sensible as this is, it had no effect on the noble recluse, for whom, such was his disgust at the world and the country he could no longer govern, that France or the hermitage of Dawley was not sufficient retreat; and he once actually contemplated a retirement to Bermudas. "My spleen against Europe" (he writes to Swift) "has more than once made me think of buying the dominion of Bermudas, and spending the remainder of my days *as far as* possible from those people with whom I have passed the first and greatest part of my life. Health, and every other natural comfort, are to be had there better than here. As to imaginary and artificial pleasures, we are philosophers enough to despise them." †

During all this time, as we have observed, open war was raging against the minister, in order to procure the philosopher complete latitude and means to abandon his philosophy, and return to political ambition, while at the same time he neglected no act of secret intrigue to accomplish his purpose, in which,

* Sept. 20. 1723. Works, xiv. 37.
† July 24. 1725. Swift's Works, xii. 159.

as we shall see, he exhibited little of those sentiments which flowed so sweetly and calmly from his pen.

What would have been the consequence had not the king (George I.) been removed by death, Walpole himself at least doubted. It is certain that, having a few months after this last letter gained the Duchess of Kendal by a gross bribe (of 11,000*l.*), and, as he *gave out*, after a long audience of the king obtained a promise to be first minister, the demon which he worshipped seemed once more to smile upon him. Yet at this very time his hypocrisy (for we can scarcely call it self-deception) was such, that he writes to Swift in February of getting to Dawley, where, he says, "I purpose to finish my days in ease without sloth, and believe I shall seldom visit London, unless it be to divert myself now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two."* In another letter, the following May, he tells him: "I lived on Tuesday with you and Pope. Yesterday, another of my friends found his way to this retreat (Dawley), and I shall pass this day alone. *Would* to God, *my whole life could be divided in the same manner!* two thirds to friendship, one third to myself, and not a moment of it to the world."† The mind on these occasions shrinks from him with disgust, and no one pities when they find him doomed once more to be sported with; so that he might again have written, "How does Fortune banter us!" In short, the king died in the following June, and the power

* Feb. 17. 1727.

† May 18. 1727. Swift's Works, xii. 229.

of the minister being more than ever confirmed under his successor, the virulence and violence of the philosopher, after raging for eight years more, made the Tories so unpopular, that Pulteney forced him abroad, which, be sure, he converted once more into his own love of retirement, and contempt of the world. Meantime, and while the storm of his mind was raging highest in the "Craftsman" (lasting, as we have seen, till his second exile to France in 1735), he thus writes concerning the illness of his wife: "If she should be taken from me, I should most certainly yield to that strong desire which I have *long* had of *secluding* myself *totally from the company and affairs of mankind;* of leaving the management of even my private affairs to others; and of securing, by these means, for the rest of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philosophical quiet."* In another letter to Swift, during this period of his greatest though unsuccessful struggles, he says: "What hurt does age do us in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning. I recall the times (and am glad it is over) when, about this hour, I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business; my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, *refreshed*, *serene*, and *calm?* that the past, *and even the present*, affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me?"†

How serene and calm he was when he rose, pro-

* To Swift, Aug. 2. 1731. Swift's Works, xii. 433.

† Pope's Works, ix. 165.

bably to write the "Craftsman," may be imagined; and I have made these extracts to guard my younger readers especially, not to be led away by the glitter of this man of genius, to suppose that he was not among the grossest of the self-deceived.

The subject is not over. He says (still in the same period): "My part is over; and he who remains on the stage when his part is over, deserves to be hissed off." He adds that he was sure he could live out of the world with satisfaction, when he could not live in it with dignity.*

These are all good resolutions. Were they kept? As we may suppose, No!

Even in France he continued to direct the operations against Sir Robert, through his great political second Sir William Wyndham, particularly in the famous secession by the latter in 1739, eight years after he had foresworn the company and affairs of mankind.

Two years before this, so little had he done with party, that he not only cultivated the intimacy of the Prince of Wales, with a view to politics, but was the chief instrument in instigating him against his father, with a view to embarrass the minister. As the spleen continued (indeed, it seems never to have abandoned him from the death of Queen Anne), we must not be surprised to find, in the first year of this second exile (1736), such passages as these. "You will be sorry, I am sure, if I wanted courage to say to myself, Thy

* To Sir W. Wyndham, 1735, *apud* Coxe.

part in public life is over:" and with respect to his restoration to Parliament, "The opportunity is over, and in the present state of things *the end is no longer desirable.*" Then, as to a return to power, he adds: "If any thing of that kind is said to you, or any other friend, I desire the answer may be, that I neither expect nor desire power; *and, as to my being restored, I am perfectly indifferent.* I think myself at liberty to live where I amuse myself the most, and enjoy the greatest ease." He then observes: "If you hinder the constitution from being destroyed, I shall end my days in the obscurity of retreat with far greater satisfaction than the splendour of the world ever gave me, as busy as I have appeared in it, and as fond as I have been of it. I grow every hour more indifferent to life, and the common concerns of life."* This was in January, 1736. In February, writing to the same person, he calls the Duke of Newcastle the greatest jackanapes, and Walpole the greatest bear, upon earth; and, after other exhibitions of the malady that cankered his heart, assures his friend that he enjoys his soul in great serenity, and that no one circumstance in which his enemies, he supposes, triumph, takes away in the least from the quiet of his mind, or the happiness of his life. He adds: "I assure you, upon my honour, it is strictly true." †

What credit is due to his honour, on this point, may at least be doubtful, as six years and eight years after this (in 1742 and 1744) the rancour

* To Wyndham, *apud* Coxe, ii. 338. † Ibid. 346.

against Sir Robert is not at all abated; accusing him, as he does in letters to Lord Hardwicke, though Walpole's colleague, of meanness and treachery in having obstructed his favour with the king (George I.), an accusation proved to be without foundation.* Yet he calls Walpole's "the weakest and wickedest administration that ever was; the most hateful and most contemptible that our nation ever saw."† All this we might forgive; the man might believe it, though blinded with passion, and mortified by disappointment. What we do not forgive is his hypocritical profession to the contrary. In one of his latest letters to Wyndham he says: "and though I have as little of the spirit of party *about me as any man living, which you know to be true.*" At this we think Sir William, much as he was attached to him, must, to use a vulgar expression, "have laughed in his sleeve."

Thus have we pursued the course of what we have justly called a meteor; now flaming through the troubled air, which seemed his element; now trailing his wounded body, like the snake, unwillingly along the ground. However, though he was the most eccentric and violent of his class, and among the most disappointed sons of ambition, to say he was the most unhappy would not be true. His spirit kept him up; and, with a pursuit perpetually exciting hopes or animating passion, he was always active, never dull; and he who is so excited can never be a prey to

* To Wyndham, *apud* Coxe, ii. 342, 343. † Ibid. 506. 549.

melancholy. Besides this, his love of letters was sincere, and he amply indulged it. In this his *vacare literis* was far superior to the maxim, more ostentatious than effectual, of his friend Swift, *Vive la bagatelle!* He had also this advantage over his brother in disappointment, that he was always liberal, and had the fascinations of a man of quality; and, as such, shone in high society; while Swift growled among hangers-on and dependants, a severe petty tyrant, and at length a curmudgeon. Still they both exemplified, by the mortifications they endured and exhibited, the necessity we have set forth, that a man of ambition, to be useful either to himself or the world, should be also a man of wisdom and of virtue.

No. IV.

ATTERBURY.

"You, Lord Archbishop,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war,
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood?"

SHAKSPEARE: 2 *Hen. IV.*

THE epoch when the individuals last named lived was also that of another considerable person, designed like them for better things, and like them ruined by an extravagant ambition. Nor can we, without pity and grief, contemplate the fate of Atterbury. The politeness of his mind as a scholar and man of taste, his learning as a divine, his influence in his great college* over the studies of the high-born youth whom he governed, his eloquence, and the veneration shown him by some of the best spirits of the land, all combine to make us regret that these advantages were so thrown away by the devastating power, when ill-regulated, of which we are treating. View him in his private and professional life, and we love him. We can scarcely believe that the cloistered yet amiable scholar and divine, as he appears in his correspondence with Pope, so seemingly above the struggles of the world, and so little looking for happiness to anything but his

* As Dean of Christchurch.

sacred functions mixed with the graces of polite learning, could have been politically ambitious, much less a dabbler in treason. Courts or factions, least of all treason or rebellion, seem not to have belonged to him, yet they absorbed, and in the end destroyed, him. What is remarkable is, that he too, while most meditating on dangerous changes in the state, looking at nothing less than the dethronement and restoration of kings, seemed most smitten with the love of sacred song, of ease, and philosophic quiet. His correspondence with Pope, even at the moment when plotting these changes, possesses a charm which every lover of letters must feel with delight. He loved the poet both for his poetry and good qualities, and shows it amiably as well as amicably. Of course the subjects between them are poetical, and we feel and admire the bishop's taste and criticisms on Milton, Homer, and other favourites. We see him, too, with interest, in his matted room, recovering from illness, little thinking, God knows! that he must even then have been contemplating revolution. As to his fondness for ease and learned leisure, he says: "If I am good for any thing, 'tis in *angulo cum libello*. In the meantime the judicious world is pleased to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which *I from my heart despise*. Let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books." In another letter it should seem that he disclaims all worldly concerns,

and says that the single point he now aims at is to be allowed to be quiet, and live to himself with the *very* few friends he likes, though he knows the generality of the world, who are unacquainted with his intentions and views, think the very reverse of this belongs to him. At another time he is annoyed at being dragged to town as Dean of Westminster, to perform "the last scene of pompous vanity" at the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough. "I know," he says, "I shall often say to myself, while I am expecting the funeral:

> 'O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
> Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?'"

Seemingly still more estranged from the world, particularly the ambitious world, he says (April, 1722) in regard to the great: "Visits to statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things; let the men that *expect*, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; *I* am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors; when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance." Then follow some observations on the great men of the time (1722), in which, whether merited or not, he seems at least sincere. "When I come to you, it is in order to be with you only. A president of the council, or a star and garter, will make no more impression upon my mind at such a time, than the hearing of a bagpipe, or the sight of a puppet-show. I have said to greatness some time

ago, 'Tuas tibi res habeto; egomet curabo meas.' *The time is not far off when we shall all be upon a level*, and I am resolved for my part to anticipate that time, and be upon a level with them now, for he is so that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and less pride, and then I'll court them as much as anybody; but till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and I think I have a right) to be as proud as they are, though I trust in God my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence." Who that reads this would not suppose that he had here met with a man who had subdued all worldly cares, certainly all worldly ambition, and was saying to himself, 'mea virtute me involvo?' Indubitably one would not suppose that this seemingly wise and virtuous person, who apparently was contemplating his worldly end, was at that instant engaged in a conspiracy against the state.

Here then let us pause, to ascertain, if possible, the prompting cause of this spleen (for surely it was spleen) in one usually so decorous and polished, though he is represented as of a warm temperament. Had it been Swift's or Bolingbroke's case, we should have understood it at once; they were angry, and kept no terms with those that angered them. But Atterbury not only had far more of the decencies of life than Swift, but, from his rank and power in the church, almost approached the level of Bolingbroke. Yet the complaint seems to savour more of some little

commonplace heartburning, found chiefly in vulgar life, the consequence of an affronted though little pride, than belonging to one of his dignity, or size of mind. It is evident that he had been neglected by some great people (probably Whigs, on account of his party), and resented it accordingly; but we should be loth to attribute to this, in a man of his sense, those treasonable machinations which, spite of his eloquent defence, were proved against him. Be this as it may, this letter, as well as the case established on evidence of his intended guilt, not to mention the facts related of him on the death of the queen *, prove beyond question, that, with all his beautiful cultivation, he also was influenced by what we have called the *unsound* ambition. How compatible that is with the sentimental turn of a delicate mind, a classic elegance, and a philosophic feeling, the farther investigation of his correspondence will show. Meantime it is not incurious to remark that he too, when exiled and disappointed, sought for consolation in rural retirement like the rest. For, from the Oxford papers preserved by Coxe, it appears that at Montpelier, though even then engaged in violent intrigues to remove rivals in the Pretender's service, he affected a love of retreat, and the calm pleasures of a country life.† Yet much of what is said of his restless and

* That he was willing and ready to assist in proclaiming the Pretender in his lawn sleeves, and that never was so good a cause lost for want of spirit. This accusation was made by Lord-Chancellor Harcourt. (*Coxe, Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole*, i. 167.) He certainly refused to sign the declaration of his brother bishops in favour of George I. (*Ibid.* 168.)

† Ibid. 173.

aspiring temper, and the views of high preferment which were some at least of the causes of his treasonable conduct, is but too true; and we grieve to think we may apply Pope's severe but (considering the person designated) affecting lines on Addison to him:

> "Who would not laugh, if such a man there be?
> Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"

On the other hand, when we read the last of his letters in England, written from his prison in the Tower, just before his trial, contemplating its result, and bidding, like Wolsey, "farewell to all his greatness," both the language and the topics are so touching, that we more than ever grieve at such a termination to the career of such a man. "A little time," he says to Pope, "will separate you and me for ever; but in what part of the world so ever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me. Give my faithful service to Dr. Arbuthnot; let him know my defence will be such that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory."

These topics we expect, as what may belong to any public man about to undergo a reverse of fortune; but we feel the tenderness of our interest for the amiable private man revive, when we read: "You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which

you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate * * *

> 'Some natural tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon;
> The world was all before him, where to choose
> His place of rest, and Providence his guide.'"

I wish that the last years of this highly cultivated man admitted of panegyric consistently with truth. But they do not; for, though the soothing love of letters and his attachment to the Protestant religion never abandoned him, it is only due to truth to say, that, in the first moment of his banishment, he fully confirmed all that had been said of his guilt, by entering, and continuing almost to the end of his life, in the service of a Roman Catholic pretender; in which, mockery as it was, the bent of his mind showed itself in every variety of intrigue and struggle for power which had characterised him at home. He adds therefore, spite of his fine mind, one more to the many examples of the unhappiness caused by vicious ambition.

No. V.

COWLEY.

"In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a bower for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade
Of the black yew's unlucky green,
Mixt with the mourning willow's careful grey,
Where reverend Cam cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay."

The Complaint.

As the operations, as well as visions, of vicious ambition are boundless, as the whole world in all ages is full of them, and there is no passion so creative of crime, and therefore of interest, we might (especially if we dived into antiquity, or passed into foreign history) greatly extend the subject that has engrossed us, till Memory had her fill. As it is, we look wistfully at the weaknesses of Cicero, the secret unhappiness of Charles V., Richelieu, and Cromwell, to which we might add Napoleon and other great names; but as we are nothing but idle dreamers, and write only for our dreaming countrymen, to amuse the passing hour, we think it best to confine ourselves to our home, and with regard to the mortifications and self-deceptions of the passion when not properly regulated, think enough has been done: "Ambition's debt is paid."

As, however, we have taken such large draughts of

bitterness, let us now sip a little honey, and touch upon a few of those characters founded, some in real philosophy and real moderation, some in gentler wishes and a more genuine dignity of character, with full as much benefit to others, and far more happiness to themselves, than the names we have been investigating. There is, indeed, a repose, after the stormy lives we have been reviewing, in watching the effects, to use Cowley's soothing language, "of that quiet which is the companion of obscurity;" or, still more poetically, in contemplating the sequestered vale wherein travellers keep "the noiseless tenor of their way." This calms the soul; and, though it adds little to our energies, yet is not the less, if it is not more, productive of the happiness of content, the only happiness of a wise and good man. Hence the constant and never-varying delight which all, whether of the sound or unsound ambitious, always take in those pictures of tranquil moderation, and even of the obscurity above mentioned, which so abound in the poets and philosophers, real or pretended. In fact, those who are least qualified to enjoy them, from the tumult in which they pass their lives, are generally, from that very circumstance, the loudest in their praise; and the "O rus!" and the "Beatus ille!" seem most peculiar to those (especially when they are disappointed) who live in the midst of struggle. We have seen how self-deceiving these have often been. Nor is the deception confined to unsuccessful statesmen; there are pseudo-philosophers, and insincere theorists on this subject, as well as every other. It

has been said indeed, and truly, of Cowley, that "we love the *language* of his heart;" yet, from what we know of his life, we do not believe even him to be free from self-deceit, when he says so prettily, but at the same time so falsely:

> "If ever I more riches did desire,
> Than cleanliness and quiet do require;
> If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat
> With any wish *so mean, as to be great;*
> Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
> The humble blessings of the life I love."

That he might love an humble life is very possible, but that it is *meanness* to wish to be great is not true.

Nevertheless, he is the poet of retirement and simple life, and, therefore, of nature; and hence all who are tired or vexed with the world, who are disappointed in their ambition, or have failed in their pursuit of riches, love him. Hence, too, he is a book for the closet, and we readily beguile ourselves with his rhapsodies in praise of the farm, and the garden, and obscurity; Aglaus, Abdolonymus, and Diocletian; Aglaus, who, though he lived unknown, was pronounced by the oracle as the happiest of men; Abdolonymus, who unwillingly exchanged his garden for a throne; and Diocletian, who willingly exchanged his throne for a garden.

As to obscurity, he thinks it the pleasantest condition of life, for "What a brave privilege is it," says he, "to be free from all contentions, from all envyings, or being envied; from receiving and paying all kinds of ceremonies! It was the case of Æneas and Achates,

when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage, Venus herself having thickened the air on purpose for their concealment."

Much as may be said against this position, far be it from me to take away from him who is disposed really to enjoy what Cowley so strongly fancied, the pleasure, if he find it such, of the

"Secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ."*

Nor would I dissuade any one who courted independence, from the pleasing elucidation of it to be found in this amiable poet's essays in verse and prose, in which the lover of romance and a life free from restraint may lose himself with much enjoyment. Let him particularly look into the essay upon Liberty, in which the poet's favourite maxim is supported with a great deal of agreeable argument as well as learning. The picture of the slavery of those Romans whose ambition made them candidates for popular honours is forcibly given; and the apophthegm of Seneca, that "a great fortune is a great servitude," well illustrated. The impression, however, that Cowley exaggerated, if he did not coin, his own fancies in favour of retirement, as he did in his "Mistress" in favour of his supposed attachments, weakens the force of this otherwise pleasing rhapsody. Yet, so smoothly do his beguiling numbers flow on the all-attracting subject,

* Not easily translated, from the ambiguity of the word "fallentis." The best version of it is, perhaps,

"The secret path of life, led, as it were, by stealth;"

in other words, "in obscurity."

that many a young mind has, like his, renounced ambition to cultivate the muse. I am not sure that some of the lines in the "Complaint," perhaps the most pathetic of his strains, had not their effect in turning me into a dreamer in early life, and making me remain so ever since, instead of the man of business which I at least *intended* to be.

What youth of the least sensibility could resist the fond reproaches of his Muse, who appeared to the bard in a vision, after he had broken the fetters which bound him to the court?

> "Art thou return'd at last (said she)
> To this forsaken place and me?
> Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste,
> Of all thy youthful years, the good estate;
> Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,
> And gather husks of learning up at last,
> Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
> And Winter marches on so fast?
> But when I meant to adopt thee as my son,
> And did as learn'd a portion assign
> As ever any of the mighty Nine
> Had to their dearest children done;
> Then I resolv'd t'exalt thy anointed name
> Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
> Thou, changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and show,
> Wouldst into courts and cities from me go;
> Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share
> In all the follies and the tumults there:
> Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a state;
> And business thou wouldst find and wouldst create.
> Business, the frivolous pretence
> Of human lusts to shake off innocence."

In another poem, less dignified, perhaps, in imagery, but more home to the feeling, he thus begins the praises of a country life:

"Blest be the man (and blest he is) whome'er,
Plac'd far out of the roads of hope and fear,
A little field, and little garden feeds.
The field gives all that frugal Nature needs;
The wealthy garden liberally bestows
All she can ask when she luxurious grows.
The specious inconveniences that wait
Upon a life of business, and of state,
He sees; nor does the sight disturb his rest,
By fools desir'd, by wicked men possest."

These two poems paint beautifully the charms of

"Retired leisure,
That in trim gardens takes its pleasure."

No doubt the author was sincere in all the sentiments that pervade them; and if the leisure he recommends, and a retirement from struggle, do not make men mere idle dreamers; if they use this leisure and independence to master science, and perfect themselves in that innocency of life which temptation and the world oppose, we should *toto corde* agree with him. 'Tis therefore, if only for the chance of it, that we give these pleasing pictures of the mind of a man well versed in courts, and for years active in their business, without being corrupted by their vices. That he was not allowed to profit long by the tardy justice done him, when he at last reaped the reward of his service, must not make us question his sincerity, or repine at his fate. To death, it belongs to man only to submit; we must not, and we dare not, canvass the circumstances, or the justice, that attend his visitation.

No. VI.

SIR JOHN HARINGTON.

"'Tis an unseason'd courtier. Good, my lord,
Advise him."

SHAKSPEARE: *All's Well that Ends Well.*

FROM the "melancholy Cowley," discussed in the last Number, we cheerfully turn to a very different person; an actor on life's theatre, whose independence being seemingly founded more in his constitutional feelings, though by no means devoid of the supports of a wise and observing mind, was, perhaps, less questionable than Cowley's. Yet he also was a poet, and, therefore, given to fiction. He, too, had seen courts, wherein he sought fortune and missed it; but he did not on that account, like Swift, though he retired, retire in a pet. I mean the gay, joyous, spirited, and natural Sir John Harington, to whose cultivation, though born a country gentleman, his translation of Ariosto bears testimony; and who to courts was so far not averse, that he consented to seek fortune in them, but, failing of success, left them without remorse, and returned to the peace of private life unchanged and unscathed.

He had been induced, by the hope of success, to seek the service of Queen Elizabeth, who was his godmother, and not indisposed towards him. Nevertheless, whether from philosophy, or a sturdy indif-

ference of nature, he was too little disposed to go through the necessary dependence upon the great, with even the queen at their head; that is, to waste his time, his spirits, and his means,

"In awe of such a thing as he himself."

Though by no means above the care of his fortune, he had not a mind that could submit "in suing long to bide." He had, in fact, "a hollow tree;" and to this he gladly returned, the uncorrupted, though unsuccessful, adventurer, who had left it with hope, and returned to it with equanimity.

'Tis thus he writes: and what a contrast does it form to the heroes we have been describing; and who, as fortunate adventurers, might, in the eyes of the world, have been supposed his superiors!

"Who liveth in courts, must mark what they say;
Who liveth for ease, had better be away."

"I talked much to the Treasurer on sundrie matters latelie."

The Treasurer, however, does not appear to have satisfied the country mouse.

He goes on: "In August I was much troubled at sundrie grievances from diuers menne in high states; but envie doth haunte manie, and breede jealousie.

"I will bid adieu to good companie*, and leave suing and seeking at courte; for if I have no more friends nor better at Heaven's courte than at this, I shall begin to thinke somewhat of briefe damnation."† This,

* *Quære*, meaning *what is called* "good companie."
† Nug. Antiq. i. 168.

without pouting, is his simple determination; and, accordingly, he returned to his home and Ariosto, of the former of which he says, with pregnant satisfaction, having evidently the contrast of the court in his mind: "I came home to Kelstone and found my Malle*, my children, and *my cattle*, all well fedde, well taughte, and well belovede. 'Tis not so at court. Ill-breeding, with ill-feedinge, and no love but that of the lustie god of gallantrie, Asmodeus." †

This was a better way of bearing a disappointment, though a real one, than to eat his heart, like Swift; write malignant pamphlets, like Bolingbroke; or sink into the slough of despond, like Lord Holland.

The careless easy Sir John was indeed, as we have said, a poet and a wit, and had a ready and never failing resource in polite literature, nay, in *deeper* learning; but so had the others; and let us not, on that account, suppose him insensible to the advantages of a fair ambition, or even blind to what was demanded for it by a wise conduct. Of this, his observations on the character and proceedings of the patron assigned him by the queen (Essex) are an abundant proof.

"It restethe wyth me (says he) in opinion, that ambition, thwarted in its career, dothe speedilie lead on to madnesse. Herein I am strengthened by what I learne in my Lord of Essex, who stryftethe from sorrowe and repentance to rage and rebellion so suddenlie, as well provethe him devoide of goode reasone,

* His wife. † Nug. Antiq. i. 165.

or right mynde. In my last discourse he uttered strange wordes, borderinge on suche strange desygnes, that made me hasten forthe and leave his presence. Thank Heaven! I am safe at home; and if I go in suche troubles againe, I deserve the gallowes for a meddlying foole. The haughtie spirit knowethe not how to yielde, and the man's soule seemeth tossed to and fro like a troubled sea."

After this, the queen's death having for a time (for it was only for a time) blasted his hopes, he rose again by his merit to favour with James and his accomplished son. Yet he indulged in the moderation and liveliness of his nature, which seems with him tantamount to happiness. "Here now," says he, "wyll I reste my troublede mynde, and tend my sheepe like an Arcadian swayne, that hathe loste his fairie mistresse. For in soothe I have loste the beste and faireste love that ever shepherde knew, even my gracious queene, and since my goode mistresse is gone, I shall not hastilie put forthe for a new master. I wylle keep companie with none but my oves and boves."

The lords and gentlemen we have been commemorating were not of a disposition to act the Arcadian shepherd, like Sir John when he succumbed to his fate; but they might have profited by the example of this reasonable and cheerful man, to show themselves equally independent of the frowns and smiles of fortune. Should they, however, refuse the comparison under the plea that Sir John was of too slight a calibre, from not being a statesman, or otherwise high enough in rank to compete with them, let us come to

one who, whether in station, fortune, or employments, reputation, or services, yielded to no one of his time, either in his use of power, or the dignity with which he renounced it. In these respects, I own, among all the great actors of that time in the state, I have always contemplated the character and history of Sir William Temple with a sort of fondness, mingled with the respect due to his services in all his capacities, and I now produce him as an unblemished instance of true ambition.

No. VII.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

"His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number nor example with him wrought,
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single."

MILTON.

THE uniform integrity, industry, and love of country, which marked his career for above twenty years, inspired universal esteem; but it is the dignity and calm firmness which characterised the close of his public life, and the grace and cultivation which attended him in his retirement, that particularly win our admiration, and make us regard him as equal to Sully in integrity, and superior to Cicero as a practical philosopher.

Perhaps the most comprehensive panegyric as to the requisites he possessed for a practical statesman was pronounced by Hume, "that he was a man whom philosophy had taught to despise the world, without rendering him unfit for it; that he was frank, open, sincere, and superior to the little tricks of vulgar politicians." * Of how many men of ambition, who have passed their lives in its contests, can this be said? and how do we not honour the person to whom it can

* Hist. vii. 433.

justly be applied? That it peculiarly belonged to the character of Temple, everything we read of him and in him testifies. All that we know of his actions and habits, the course of his life, the manner in which he conducted the greatest public affairs, the pursuits that elevated and gilded his private life; the studies of his closet, their usefulness as well as elegance; the polish of his manners, his liberal literature, and the respect paid by all to the weight of his character, both at home and abroad; all these tell of his excellence in a degree and universality which delight us in his history, and seem to elevate ourselves in elevating the common nature to which we belong. But it is the pure and unaffected independence of his mind, so superior to all the pomp of power or vain glory; proposing nature and the intrinsic value of things as the only objects worth cultivating, and uniformly, therefore, despising, for their sakes, all false glosses and trappings which lead so many brilliant but weaker men astray; it is this which chiefly fixes our admiration, and inspires our attachment. Hence, when the Arlingtons, the Cliffords, and the Shaftesburys, the Danbys, and the Buckinghams of the times were pursuing a wicked race of corruption, venality, and bad faith, of disaffection and even treason, for the sake of their own power, this accomplished minister and honest man, this able statesman and true patriot, showed that the one object that pointed his exertions was the real interest of his king, identifying it with that of his country; and, when thwarted in this, he proved with-

out effort that he could despise all attempts to make him deviate into a contrary conduct, or renounce for the sake of what, at best, would to him have appeared a criminal ambition, his darling views of private happiness. Brilliant, indeed, and powerful as were his talents for the business of the state, and his consequent reputation, so wedded was he to the philosophy and moderation of private life, accompanied with the elegance of a highly cultivated mind, that our wonder is, that, with such a decided bias, he could have ever suffered himself to engage as he did in such momentous labours, successful as they were, in the public service.

This was the real virtue of the man; nor can I do better for his memory, in winding up this part of his character, than by transcribing what was so feelingly said of it by another statesman, who in this, at least, so resembled him, that in reading it we cannot help thinking he glanced (without intending it) at himself. "*When* he had reason," says Mr. Fox, "to think that his services could no longer be useful to his country, he withdrew wholly from public business, and resolutely adhered to the preference of philosophical retirement, which in his circumstances was just, in spite of every temptation which occurred to bring him back to the more active scene. The remainder of his life he seems to have employed in the most noble contemplations, and the most elegant amusements; every enjoyment heightened, no doubt, by reflecting on the honourable part he had acted in public affairs, and without any regret on his own

account (whatever he might feel for his country) at having been driven from them." *

What I have called his decided bias may be not unpleasingly collected from the well-known passage between him and his master, who seemed to have known him well; and who, having sent for him from negotiating the Peace of Nimeguen, in order to make him secretary of state, and finding him rather absent in his answers, exclaimed: "Go, get ye gone to Shene; we shall have no good of you till you have been there."

His disinclination to the secretaryship was as extraordinary as determined; since it could not, as in the few other instances of a refusal of preferment that occur in the history of man, have proceeded either from want of abilities or want of disposition. On the contrary, above twenty years of most active administration of very high charges had shown his admirable fitness to fill the public eye, and obtain the public esteem. It was simply owing, therefore, to the moderation of his wishes, and his preference of the studious hours, the elegancies of cultivated leisure, and the enjoyments of a life of nature and philosophy, to the hubbub and distractions of a struggle for power, and the envy and corruption that belong to it. So deeply did he feel this as adverse to his happiness, and so much more attractive was his garden than a court (though his figure in the last was equal to that of the best), that no man ever

* Fox's James II.

sought office with more ingenuity or perseverance than he displayed to avoid it. This was, not merely that he was not fitted for the secretary's place by habit or disposition, but that he disapproved the dishonest policy proposed to be pursued; that of assuming the existence of a plot which neither his colleagues nor himself credited, in order, by humouring the people, to confirm their own power. His friends told him, "that the Parliament and nation were so generally and strongly possessed with it, that it must of necessity be pursued as if it were true, *whether it was so or not;* and that, without the king's uniting with his people upon this point, he would never grow either into ease at home, or consideration abroad."

His account of his conduct upon this does him honour. "Upon three days' thought," says he, "of this whole affair, I concluded it a scene unfit for such actors as I knew myself to be, and resolved to avoid the secretary's place, or any other public employment at home, my character abroad still continuing. This I acquainted my nearest friends with, ordered the money to be returned which had been provided by them, and fell into consultations how I might get off this point, without anything that might appear undutiful or ungrateful to his Majesty." *

One of these consultations marks at least his sincerity in his resolution; for, there being a new Parliament, "I ordered," says he, "my pretensions so as they came to fail. But when the Parliament was chosen, and I not of the House, I represented to his

* Works, folio, i. 332.

Majesty how unfit it was to have a Parliament meet without his having one secretary in the House of Commons." *

The stratagem succeeded, and he escaped the secretaryship.

After this he had the honour to propose and accomplish that famous, though unsuccessful, plan for a strong and honest government, the Council of Thirty, half to be composed of the great officers of state, half of men of the greatest personal consequence, and therefore, as was erroneously supposed, the freest from party ambition. This, as might be foreseen by persons even as little corrupted by intrigue and self-interest as himself, almost instantly failed, through the jealousy, machinations, and treachery of those in whom he most confided. And this gave him such a disgust (the disgust of a virtuous mind) at any attempt to improve the current of affairs influenced by such incendiaries as Shaftesbury, and such devotees of private ambition as Essex and Halifax†, that from this time he resolved (and kept his word) to withdraw from all public employments, and devote himself in earnest to the sweets of that philosophic contemplative life for which by disposition and education he was so well fitted. Thus he who, in the course of his able fulfilment of the most important public duties, had acquired the praise of all Europe, and the friend-

* Works, folio, i. 332.

† The scheme of the Council failed chiefly through the intrigues of Essex to get back to the government of Ireland: yet Essex was a patriot, engaged in treason for the good of the state.

ship of its most illustrious characters (among them De Witt and King William), retired for ever into the bosom of a happy contentment, which he ennobled by his pursuits in it, as much as his abilities and good principles had illustrated his more public and imposing career.

His language on adopting this determination, firm, unaffected, and, from his after conduct, sincere, far removed from petulance, and still farther from mortification, evinces a mind "superior," as Hume observed, "to the tricks of vulgar ambition," certainly to that ambition which we have been investigating. Nor can I do better, in closing this account, than to do it in his own words.

"Therefore, upon the whole, I took that firm resolution in the end of the year 1680, never to charge myself more with any public employments; but, retiring wholly to a private life, in that posture take my fortune with my country, whatever it should prove.

"Besides all these public circumstances, I considered myself in my own humour, temper, and disposition, which a man may disguise to others very hardly, but cannot to himself. I had learned, by living long in courts and public affairs, that I was fit to live no longer in either. I found the arts of a court were contrary to the frankness and openness of my nature, and the constraints of public business too great for the liberty of my humour and my life. I knew very well the arts of a court are, to talk the present language, to serve the present turn, and to follow the

present humour of the prince, whatever it is. Of all this I found myself so incapable, that I could not talk a language I did not mean, nor serve a turn I did not like. Besides, I have had, in twenty years' experience, enough of the uncertainty of princes, the caprices of Fortune, the corruption of ministers, the violence of factions, the unsteadiness of counsels, and the infidelity of friends; nor do I think the rest of my life enough to make any new experiments.

"And so I take my leave of all those airy visions which have so long busied my head about mending the world, and at the same time of all those shining toys or follies that employ the thoughts of busy men; and shall turn mine wholly to mend myself, and, as far as consists with a private condition, still pursuing that old and excellent counsel of Pythagoras: 'That we are, with all the cares and endeavours of our lives, to avoid diseases in the body, perturbations in the mind, luxury in diet, factions in the house, and seditions in the state.'"

All these rules and axioms, whether of Pythagoras or himself, are golden; and with these he closes his justification for retiring from public life. To this we will add, in proof of his sincerity, that he never breathed a wish to return, but betook himself to the exercise of his delightful mind on subjects more congenial to his taste, and more conducive to his happiness. The proof of this appears in the consequences that attended his retreat; for it was to the leisure and freedom from constraint which this procured for him we owe some of the most admired of his works;

eminently those on "Heroic Virtue," "Long Life," and the "Gardens of Epicurus;" * full of classic lore, full of philosophy, full of all that which makes the reader happier, better, and wiser, for every perusal which his own retirement may enable him to give them. Nor can we close this whole subject more fitly than with his own honest account of himself in the new path he had chosen; for, though in danger of being thought prolix, the good it does both to our hearts and minds to contemplate this wise and good man living for himself, after having so long and usefully lived for the world, will be our sufficient apology.

"I may, perhaps, be allowed to know something of this trade (*gardening*), since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do; or enjoy their gardens *without often looking abroad to see how other matters play, what motions in the state, and what invitations they may hope for into other scenes.*

"For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say, that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any one of them, but often endeavoured to escape from them into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way, and his own pace, in the common paths or circles of life.

* Written in the first years after his retirement.

"The measure of choosing well is, whether a man likes what he has chosen, which, I thank God, has befallen me; and though among the follies of my life building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own, yet they have been fully recompensed by *the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat*, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever going once to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humour to make so small a remove; for, when I am in this corner, I can truly say with Horace,—

'Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quid sentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari?
Sit mihi quod nunc est, etiam minus; et mihi vivam
Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Di.'"*

With this wish of the sage and the Christian we close this (I trust not useless) account of one of the brightest ornaments of our history. Well did he deserve the motto from Pliny's account of the death of Virginius Rufus, who had refused the empire, and which Swift affixed to the last of his Memoirs, justifying his retirement from public affairs: "Et ille quidem plenus annis abiit, plenus honoribus, illis etiam

* "As often as Digentia, that cool stream, refreshes me,
What does my friend think are my feelings, what my prayer?
That I may only continue to possess my present fortune, or even less,
So that I may live the rest of my life, should the gods permit it to be prolonged—to myself."

quos recusavit."* May we not then say that he was one of the few, the very few, who,

> "Too wise for pride; too good for pow'r,
> Enjoy'd the glory to be great no more?"†

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* Epist. lib. ii. 1.

† It will here, perhaps, be not amiss if we record what seems said of his character as well as his style, in a critique on the latter by a pleasing author. "No writer whatever has stamped upon his style a more lively impression of his own character. In reading his works we seem engaged in conversation with him. We become thoroughly acquainted with him, not merely as an author, but as a man, and *contract a friendship* for him. He may be classed as standing in the middle between a negligent simplicity and the highest degree of ornament."—*Blair's Lectures*, ii. 26.

No. VIII.

LORD TOWNSHEND.

"Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made."

SHAKSPEARE: *Coriolanus.*

ANOTHER example of the sound ambition, above all low selfishness and vulgar attachment to place for its own sake, is presented by Lord Townshend, long one of the most considerable ministers of George I.; equal indeed to Temple in integrity and independence of mind and of conduct, though inferior to him in mental accomplishments and polite learning.

His character has been drawn with his usual clearness and force by Chesterfield, who does not conceal his defects, which, being chiefly confined to too much impetuosity, and a want of elegance, or rather a coarseness of manner, partook of nothing approaching to a spot on his reputation, though they were sins in the eyes of his Lordship, and rendered him disagreeable to Queen Caroline. On the other hand, Lord Chesterfield bears warm testimony to the kindness of his nature, as a husband, father, and master, and to his integrity and knowledge of business, observing that never minister had cleaner hands. He retired, therefore, because not of a temper to act a second part under George II., after having acted a first under George I. But, though he felt forced to

resign the Cabinet from the opposition, if not ill-usage of men (with the exception of Walpole) far his inferiors, and therefore had at least as many provocations to engender spleen as Swift, his mind was (unlike Swift's) too genuinely free from it, to retire under the slightest suspicion of being under its influence. On the contrary, never was office, after so long an enjoyment of it*, laid down with so much dignity, the dignity of principle and self-respect. The account of it by Coxe, though in the biography of his successful rival†, and therefore not likely to be misrepresented in his favour, is gratifying in every point to him who studies human nature in studying history. "Townshend," says the Archdeacon, "retired with a most unsullied character for integrity, honour, and disinterestedness, and gave several striking proofs that he could command the natural warmth of his temper, and rise superior to the malignant influence of party-spirit and disappointed ambition. The Opposition, who had formed sanguine expectations of the consequences of the disunion in the Cabinet, were prepared to receive him with open arms; but he resisted their advances, and firmly persevered in his original determination.‡ Soon after Chesterfield commenced his ardent opposition to Walpole, he went to Rainham, and requested Townshend to attend an important question in the House of Lords. Townshend replied, that he had formed a resolution, which he would not

* With the exception of the not quite four years of the Tory administration, it lasted almost continuously from 1709 to 1730.

† Walpole.

‡ Not to return to party politics.

break, of never again engaging in political contests. "I recollect," he added, "that Lord Cowper, though a staunch Whig, had been betrayed by personal pique and party resentment, in his opposition to the Ministry, to throw himself into the arms of the Tories, and even to support principles which tended to serve the cause of the Jacobites. I know that I am extremely warm, and I am apprehensive, if I should attend the House of Lords, I also may be hurried away by my temper, and by personal resentment, to adopt a line of conduct which in my cooler moments I may regret." Coxe adds: "He maintained this honourable and patriotic resolution, and thus proved himself worthy of the highest eulogium."

"He passed the evening of his days in the pursuit of rural occupations and agricultural experiments; his improvements ameliorated the state of husbandry*, his hospitality endeared him to his neighbours, and the dignity of his character insured respect. Apprehensive of being tempted again to enter into those scenes of active life which he had resolved totally to abandon, he never revisited the capital, but died at Rainham, in 1738, aged sixty-four." Thus far Coxe.† Can we add any thing to such a character, as an example of honourable and well-regulated ambition?

* They did more than ameliorate, they created it anew; for whereas Norfolk was of so light a soil, that, in ridicule, it was said it might be ploughed with a carving-knife and a couple of rabbits, the introduction of the sward and turnip husbandry made it what it now is; and this owed its rise chiefly to this real patriot and truly wise man. How mean, with all their wit, are the selfish Swift and Bolingbroke in comparison!

† Memoirs of Walpole, 4to, 338.

No. IX.

LORD WALDEGRAVE.

"Thou
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it."

SHAKSPEARE: *Macbeth.*

IT is refreshing to a mind occupied with this subject, that there are other characters which, in the true principles of a wise moderation, resemble the last-named excellent person. Of these one somewhat nearer to our own times, and remarkable for the refusal, rather than the enjoyment, of power, was Lord Waldegrave, whose recent "Memoirs," by himself, form a valuable acquisition to the library of either a politician or retired observer of the world. Though on his tomb was engraved, by his beautiful and accomplished widow ("once," as she described herself, "his most happy wife, now the remembrancer of his virtues"), that "ambition visited him not, and contentment filled his hours;" still, in the whole range of the more real votaries of this passion, no man stood so distinguished by the king, or so high in the estimation of all. Indeed, for sense, honour, and vigour, however careless of office, he yielded to none of the nobles of the court, and was far above most of those who actually administered the state. As governor to the prince (afterwards George III.), he had to un-

dergo many disagreeable things, from the wish of the family to disgust him, and place Lord Bute in his room. This his attachment to the king made him long bear, though his high sense of independence resisted it, letting them, as he says, civilly understand that he feared their anger no more than he had deserved it. It, however, in time worked upon his patience so much, that nothing but his duty to his sovereign, who wished him to remain, kept him from resigning; and, from his character, we believe him when he says he could have quitted his Royal Highness, and given up all future hopes of court preferment, without the least regret or uneasiness. When he applied for relief to the Duke of Newcastle, we have an amusing picture of the difference between the men. "The duke," he says, "had not the least conception how my situation could be so very unpleasant, measuring, perhaps, my feelings by his own, and thinking that, from long attendance at court, with four years' practice in the school of politics, I must have lost all sensibility." Having obtained his dismissal by applying to the king himself, the latter, with fair and just liberality, perceiving that he had incurred the displeasure at Leicester House from his attachment to him (the king), ordered the duke to prepare a grant of a pension of 2000*l.* a year for life, as a remuneration for his services. This, no less, we suppose, to the duke's astonishment than his uneasiness in place, he refused, though he afterwards accepted the reversion of a Tellership of the Exchequer, as it would cause no clamour, he says, like a pension, while it would

not diminish the revenue. Previously to the reversion falling in, he was made Warden of the Stannaries, but which, when the Tellership fell, he resigned, telling the king (no doubt again to the surprise of the duke), that the place of Teller alone was as much as any man was entitled to, and as much as he either wanted or wished. But now came temptation, not merely to his ambition, but to his sincere attachment to the king, who complained, and with reason, of the desertion of his servants, who had left him without a friend. The place of prime minister was offered him, and this time, from conscientious insufficiency, declined. The distress, however, increased; the king complained; he besought, he implored, and at last succeeded; and we cannot but love this ingenuous man for the manner in which he relates the event. He told the king that his insufficiency would soon appear, and that any supposed influence drawn from his known independence would vanish in an instant; that prudence and diligence could only be rated among the inferior qualities of a First Lord of the Treasury; and that a minister must expect few followers, who had never cultivated political friendships, and had always abhorred party violence. But these and many other reasons, continues this estimable and honest-minded noble, having not the least effect on the king, who, he says, continued to press me in the strongest and most *affecting* terms, and "partly moved by his distress, partly by his persuasion, or *perhaps fired by some latent spark of pride or ambition*" (observe and respect the honesty

of the relation), "I told his Majesty I would yield up my own judgment and obey his commands." The result is pleasing, as it respects both the king and his friend. "I had scarce uttered my consent, when his Majesty took me by the hand, saying, with great eagerness: 'I heartily thank you; you have now given *your word*, and cannot go back.'" Happily for Lord Waldegrave, with his sober and independent views of things, the projected arrangement did not take effect; he once more felt himself free, without disobliging the king; and his excellent appreciation of the duty and motives of a public man in seeking office are too pointed not to be recorded. He had received the garter as a mark of personal favour from the master who really loved him, and to whom lamenting, from the turn of affairs, that he could not still be one of the ministry, he replied, that "though in promising to accept office he had obeyed his Majesty's command without any show of uneasiness, he had no conception how a reasonable man, not necessitous, could have inducement to undergo the fatigue and anxiety of a ministerial employment, unless he was animated by a probable expectation of rendering his king and country some important service, and of being afterwards rewarded with that general approbation which such services merited. But knowing," said he, "that the first was impracticable, and the latter unattainable, I considered the place of minister as the greatest misfortune that could befall me."

These are excellent and virtuous sentiments; but how often reduced to practice by the worshippers of

power, the page of history scarcely informs us. At any rate, his renunciation of power did not make Lord Waldegrave renounce his merriment. "On the day they (the new Ministry) were all to kiss hands, I went," says he, "to Kensington, to entertain myself with the innocent, perhaps ill-natured, amusement of examining the different countenances." He ends in a more serious and philosophic strain. "I have now finished my relation of all the material transactions wherein I was concerned; and, though I can never forget my obligations to the kindest of masters, I have been too long behind the scenes, and had too near a view of the machinery of a court, to envy any man either the power of a minister, or the favour of a prince."

And with this we would finish our dreams of ambition, agreeing with the maxim,

> "'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;"

and hence most of the examples we have shown are drawn from high nobles and statesmen.

> "But all our praises why should lords engross?
> Rise, honest Muse! and sing the man of Ross."

There is another set of beings, more humble indeed, but more tranquil, if not more amiable, who, from their happiness being totally independent of this exciting passion, afford a lesson upon it which it cannot but do us good to learn. This, however, must be the subject of another dream.

No. X.

POPE.—WHITE OF SELBORNE.—WARTON.

"I was not much afear'd; but, once or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Shines on all alike." SHAKSPEARE: *Winter's Tale.*

How delightful, after having been engaged in the investigation of the great tumultuary passions, as exemplified in the struggles of the world, and these again painted by such writers as Clarendon, or Davila, or De Thou, or De Retz; how soothing to sit down to the quieter pictures of humbler but philosophic life, remote from all temptation, and gratified to content with domestic or intellectual enjoyments! How bewitching the life of some poet, or pious divine, or other lettered and retired man, possessing his own mind, doing good in his station, conversing with his God, or cultivating the muse! The contrast is enchanting. Various are the writers of this description; nor do I know a greater relief to the mind, when tossed with ambition or the pursuit of riches, particularly if likely to fail, but even also if with a prospect of success, than a collection of examples amongst those poets, or moral writers in prose, which prove the charms of golden moderation:

"Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, *tutus* caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula."

The happiness to be found in a life of nature, innocence, and privacy, the independence of such a life, that has no *hankerings* (those baleful enemies of our peace, especially when directed to forbidden objects), is beyond all that ever crowned a statesman, soldier, or even a monarch's felicity.

With a few of these examples I will now refresh the reader, which will pleasingly close the subject, after the harassing anecdotes that have hitherto occupied us. And in beginning with some of the sentiments of Pope, let it not be thought that I quote him as a specimen of the *equanimity* I have been describing, though a great pretender to it. For, of all the *genus irritabile*, he was the most irritable; and, when he professed that the attacks upon him were his amusement, he writhed under them so much, that his self-deception was detected by a mere youth.* But still Pope was a poet of sweetness as well as vigour; approached to sincerity in his professed indifference to courts; and was, as far as he could be, a genuine lover of independence. He was often, indeed, an actor, but as often natural; and, when the eyes of the world were not upon him, his heart might be trusted. Johnson has dealt fairly by him; shown up his many vanities and pretensions, but done justice to many virtues; among them, his prudence in owing every thing to himself. Chesterfield, who drew him as accurately as he did all others whom he painted, allows he was the most irritable of his class; but lays the blame, in

* Young Richardson.

a great measure, on his poor, crazy, deformed body, which, he says, was a mere Pandora's box, containing all the ills that ever afflicted humanity. On the other hand, he compliments him on his charity and filial piety, and gives him credit, after seeing his mind in an undress for a week at a time, for being both agreeable and instructive. We can, therefore, easily believe that such a man, who was always in undress with his friend the Bishop of Rochester, was sincere and natural when he wrote thus to him on his (Pope's) indisposition to public life. "If I could bring myself to fancy what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides, it is a real truth, I have less inclination, if possible, than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but my habit. I began my life where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition. I don't know why it is called so, for it always seemed to me rather stooping than climbing. In my politics, I think no farther than how to preserve the peace of my life in any government under which I live; nor, in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience in any church with which I communicate. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject."* These are the sentiments of a man who desired not power, at least political power, to make him happy. If he had many drawbacks while pursuing the power he *did* seek, namely that to be derived from poetical fame, the fault was his own, for not showing the same

* To Atterbury, 20th Nov. 1717.

moderation in his literary career, as he certainly did in respect to courts and ministers. As to these, we find him as sincere as powerful in what he says of one of the greatest of them, in his privacy:

> "Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
> Of social pleasure, ill exchang'd for power:
> Seen him uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
> Smile without art, and win without a bribe."

Then, as to the felicity of middle life, take what he says of his father:

> "Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
> Nor marrying discord in a noble wife;
> Stranger to civil and religious rage,
> The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
> No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
> Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
> Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
> No language but the language of the heart.
> His life, though long, to sickness past unknown;
> His death was instant, and without a groan.
> Oh! grant me thus to live, and thus to die,
> Who sprang from kings shall know less joy than I."*

In this we may believe him, as well as in the prose account of himself, when telling his friend Blount, on the death of the queen, that he was moved by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking after other men's. "But I thank God," he says, "that, as to myself, I am below all the accidents of state changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man, and universal goodwill to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure these are not to be broken for the sake of any governors or

* Prol. to the Satire.

government." These were the sentiments of his adult age. The following is a still more pleasing picture of earlier years, of which the freshness delights us in every line. It is his boyhood he is talking of. "When I had done with my priests, I took to reading by myself. This I did without any design but of pleasing myself; I followed every where, as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fall in his way. These five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life."* This natural pleasure, so much excelling all that the most successful ambition can give, seems to have been fully shared by a great friend of his, whose stormy life and overbearing mind would not have taught us to expect it. Writing of his former delights, in an autumnal morning, Bishop Warburton says to his friend Hurd: "But I now enjoy little of this, compared to what I formerly had, when I used, with a book in my hand, to traverse the delightful lawns and hedgerows round about Newark, the *unthinking* place of my nativity."†

Pope's friend, Blount, who seems to have resembled him in parts of his mind, consoles both him and himself for being Papists, as *ambition is a vice which their disabilities tend to mortify*. In another letter he says: "It is many years since I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus, and have contrived hitherto to be, like him, of no party, but to be a faithful friend to some of both; and I live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am persuaded, brings a man

* Spencer. † Hurd's Life of Warburton.

more content than all the perquisites of wild ambition." What we have said, however, of Pope applies to his sentiments rather than his practice, since, with all his independence of the rich and great, and all his honesty of purpose, he was, from irritation, too dependent upon opinions he affected to despise to be happy. I would, therefore, rather turn to the life of another far less celebrated, but happier man (in fact, one who was scarcely known beyond his village), but who seems to have realised all the dreams indulged, oftener without than with success, by the lovers of retirement. Persons who are unacquainted with him, or his charming work, may perhaps wonder when I name the author of the " Natural History of Selborne."

And who was he ? and where, and what, is Selborne ? may be asked by some supercilious millionaire, or aristocratic peer, or busy commoner, exalted, but not yet sated, with the applause of listening senates, or popular factions; and he may feel like Gyges, as Cowley liked to tell the story, who exclaimed, when the oracle told him a happier man than himself was Aglaüs, a man unknown to fame, though known and loved by the Gods:—

> " But Gyges cried,
> In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be ?
> We've heard as yet of *no such king* as he."

And so, perhaps, some excited, ardent son of ambition, whom nothing will content, or who, for *a time*, thinks nothing will content him but

> " To read his history in a nation's eyes,"

may in like manner express his wonder.

For these ardent labourers for the public, when guided by reason and supported by virtue, we have the most unfeigned and grateful respect; but meantime we will indulge ourselves in pursuing the, at least, quieter account of the historian of Selborne.

First, then, Selborne is a village in Hampshire, bordering on Sussex, obscure as to name, but teeming with food for the observer and admirer of nature, the lover of gardens, and the worshipper of Him who created their beauty.

Within this happy retreat dwelt Gilbert White. He was a clergyman, a scholar, and a pious man; but what perhaps, after what has been said, the reader may not expect, he was also a man of fortune, a gentleman, and a sportsman. He was educated under the father of the Wartons, and afterwards at Oriel College, Oxford. From education, therefore, or position in society, there was no reason why he should have shunned a career in public life, but the feeling that he could be happier in a private one. He seems, indeed, from his love of nature in the retired, though by no means solitary, life which he led, as if far more fitted, than he who wrote them, to be the author of those bewitching lines which make us, while reading, forget all but his genius in the character of their composer:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but nature more."*

* Childe Harold, canto iv.

But the simplicity of this excellent person's life has been summed up by his biographer with such corresponding simplicity of style, that the reader will probably thank me for copying it literally without further comment.

"Being of an *unambitious* temper, and strongly attached to the charms of rural scenery, he early fixed his residence in his native village, where he spent the greater part of his time in literary occupations, and especially in the study of nature. This he followed with patient assiduity, and a mind ever open to the lessons of piety and benevolence, which such a study is so well calculated to afford. Though several occasions offered of settling on a college living, he could never persuade himself to quit the beloved spot, which was, indeed, a peculiarly happy situation for an observer. He was much esteemed by a select society of worthy and intellectual friends, to whom he paid occasional visits. Thus his days passed, tranquil and serene, with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons, till they closed at a mature age, on June 26th, 1793."

To this I will only add the delight he took in the occupations he had traced out for himself in the natural history of this retired and almost unknown village; its soil and produce; its echoes, antiquities, and superstitions (always most powerful in secluded domiciles); its aptitude for botanical pursuits; but particularly the account of its animals, beast, bird, insect, or reptile, their instincts and habits; and all this in a manner and language so plain and sincere,

and ending in conclusions so satisfactory both to the heart and understanding, that no one can read them without feeling happier and better, from being in better humour with all his kind. In a word, he seems eminently to have made good an observation of Zimmerman upon the advantages frequently experienced, even by exiles, in solitude. "Instead of the world," says he, "from which they are banished, they form in the tranquillity of retirement *a new world for themselves;* forget the fictitious pleasures which they followed in the zenith of greatness; habituate their minds to others of a nobler kind; and invent a variety of innocent felicities which are only thought of at a distance from society." * This, as well as the purity of its sentiment and style, has made the "Natural History of Selborne," spite of its unpresuming title, a classic in the language, pleasing all tastes and characters, but especially those who, jaded with the turmoils of ambition or the anxieties of making money, or, what is worst of all, who, having worn out their hearts in the reckless pursuit of artificial pleasure, gasp for something natural to make them really happy.

And yet, to a common or superficial observer, there is nothing in Selborne particularly remarkable; nothing that does not seem to be met with in almost every village in England. The interest, therefore, that has been shed over its history, is owing entirely to the writer; proving in this, how much things

* Solitude, i. 28.

apparently of no import, may be elevated into notice, and even dignity, by a thinking, well stored, and religious mind. No wonder the hermit was happy. His readers, therefore, while they are pleased at being restored to nature and heartfelt enjoyment, cannot but thank this unambitious and amiable author for being their physician.

In conclusion, let the reader, while reading them, compare his scientific inquiries, his unaffected simplicity and calm mental pleasures, with the odious hypocrisy and insolence of Swift, or the equally hypocritical pretensions of Bolingbroke, and say *which* of them he would choose to resemble.

Since writing the above, I have met with a passage in Jesse's "Country Life," conveying so pleasing and deserved a tribute to the memory of Gilbert, that I cannot help transcribing it. "Happy man! thought I; in this sequestered spot, undisturbed by ambition or the tumults of the world, you passed your life contributing to the happiness of the poor, and the recreations of the young. Your kindly feelings were rewarded by the love of those around you, who seem to have joined in your favourite and innocent pursuits for the mere pleasure of adding to your gratification. The weary labourer watched for the arrival of your favourite bird, while the little urchins hastened to you with the tidings of a nest among the fern, or brought some offering of Nature's creation. Here, in the shades of Selborne, 'so lovely and so sweet,' you wrote those charming volumes which have delighted thousands, and will continue to delight thou-

sands yet unborn. Who would not envy such a life?" *

Mr. Jesse of course means, who of those whose ambition is ill regulated?

In the above account we mentioned Warton, the father of the two pleasing authors of that name, as having had Mr. White under his tuition. Nor can I help thinking that there was a community of genius and temper between them; and that, if Warton did not inspire the historian of Selborne with that love of retired habits and studies which possessed him, he nursed and cherished it, so as to contribute to bring it to perfection. At least I gather his congenial taste, and disposition for privacy, though by no means insensible to elegant grandeur, from the following sonnet on returning home after a visit to Windsor; a poetical effusion quite equal, I think, to any of his sons':

"From beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,
To my low cot, from iv'ry beds of state,
Pleas'd I return, unenvious of the great.†
So the bee ranges o'er the varied scenes
Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens;
Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,
Or murmurs to the meadow's murm'ring rill.
Now haunts old hallow'd oaks' deserted cells,
Now seeks the low vale lily's silver bells;
Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bow'rs,
And tastes the myrtle and the citron flow'rs:

* P. 192.

† Observe, he is only unenvious. He does not call them scoundrels, like Swift; or think it meanness to wish to be like them, like Cowley.

At length, returning to the wonted comb,
Prefers to all his little straw-built home."

This last line we particularly recommend to the victims of disappointed ambition, the Hollands and Swifts we have been discussing; victims, however, only because they knew not themselves when they started in the race. With such poetic powers we are not surprised that the author was the parent of two such sons as divided his mantle between them. Nor will it, I think, be unwelcome, if, being on the very same subject, we by way of comparison record the concern and consolation of his son Thomas, on quitting the classic riches of Wilton House, and returning to what he calls his own humble cell. Of the poetry the reader must judge for himself. I confess my preference, on account of its greater simplicity, of the sonnet of the father.

"From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart,
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous towr's?
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours?
Vain the complaint; for Fancy can impart
(To fate superior, and to fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately, storied hall;
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall;
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom,
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall."

Were this a dream of poetry, instead of ambition, it were easy to point out the reasons which lead to a preference of the father's sonnet to the son's, drawn

from its being less artificial, less what may be called manufactured, and more from the heart. Neither is the versification of the junior and more practised poet so correct as his father's; neither is it so original, being, in fact, rather an *imitation* of his, than standing on its own basis; and the last line is particularly feeble in comparison with the close of the other. But, exclusive of this, the moral, that is, the consolation for an humbler lot, is not so good; for fancy, the equivalent in the one, is but a doubtful possession; and, besides, is not a gift to every one; whereas the spirit of contentedness, which

"Prefers to all his little straw-built home,"

not only implies more comfort as well as resignation, but is in every one's power that pleases. Indeed, I have always thought there was more moral wisdom, because more rational contentedness, in this one little line, than a whole volume of the deepest research.

Both sonnets, however, are pleasing; both consoling to disappointed ambition; and, as such, I present them to the reader. With this, though much might be added, were it desired or desirable, I would bid adieu to the subject, which, though interesting to all ranks, may already have been thought too long; but that a passage from a journal of our own times seems so appropriate to what we have been considering, that we think we cannot close it better than by transcribing it. In reviewing the Rt. Honourable Peregrine Courtenay's "Life of Sir W. Temple," the "Edinburgh Re-

view" with evident complacency adverts to a discovery the author has made, of "the superiority of literature to politics for developing the kindlier feelings, and conducing to an agreeable life." This prompts the following energetic tribute to the superiority of the pleasures of private over those of public occupations, and in so far falls in with the tenor of this last part of our lucubration. "We are truly glad that Mr. Courtenay is so well satisfied with his new employment, and we heartily congratulate him on having been driven by events to make an exchange, which, advantageous as it is, few people make while they can avoid it. He has little reason, in our opinion, to envy any of those who are still engaged in a pursuit from which, at most, they can only expect that, by relinquishing liberal studies and social pleasures, by passing nights without sleep, and summers without one glimpse of the beauty of nature, they may attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely watched slavery which is mocked with the name of power."*

* Edinburgh Review, 1838, vol. lxviii. p. 114.

No. XI.

MORDAUNT:

OR THE GARDEN PICTURE OF AN ELEGANT MIND, EQUAL TO HIGH EMPLOYMENT, BUT FREE FROM AMBITION, AND PREFERRING PRIVACY.

"When Epicurus to the world had taught
That pleasure was the chiefest good,
And was, perhaps, i' the right, if rightly understood;
His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a garden's shade that sov'reign pleasure sought."
COWLEY.

THOUGH in my last dream I seemed to take my leave of the general subject of ambition, closing with the account of that which is rational and happy; yet, in revolving the matter, I find it escaped me to notice the case of a man, a friend of my own, fitted by abilities and powers for the business of the world, and already advancing to its honours, yet from too much sensibility and fineness of mind renouncing advantages already achieved, and all the brilliancy of prospective success. In fact, a man who, after earning and when on the eve of reaping its rewards, was pleased, like Warton's bee, to return to "the little straw-built home," and throw ambition behind him. I, therefore, advert to this with a satisfaction which, from the pleasurable topics it will afford, I hope will not be unwelcome to the reader, particularly as in the course of it, though not immediately, we shall have much to say of the seducing subject of gardens and a country

life. Indeed, the philosophy, if I may so call it, of a garden, is so allied to the topics of our last dream, and contributes so much to the superiority of moderate wishes over eager struggles in the chances of procuring happiness, that it seems but pursuing the track we have begun to make it the subject of our next lucubrations.

Bacon, who understood a garden, as he did every thing else, with a wisdom that was consummate, observes that God Almighty first planted it, and that it is the *purest* of human pleasures, as well as *the greatest refreshment to human spirits.* How much, how very much is said in those few words; and how do we agree with him! Moreover, we incline to think, with the person who gives his name to this essay, that whoever takes a real delight in his garden can never be a wicked man. If we are asked the reason, it is because our Maker, Ruler, and Judge seems so close to us, so visibly present in all its changes, operations, and concerns, that we dare not swerve from innocence if we would. In this, the love of a garden has the advantage of music, which, although it soothes, yet also at the same time can melt to licentiousness, or excite passions even the most ferocious. Hence a man who is not without music in his soul may be fit for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils;" for observe, the master, in the famous passage wherein this sentiment appears, in saying that he who has it not is fit for these cruelties, does not say that he who has it may not be fit for them also. Hence many a profligate in morals (as is proved nightly by the operas in all the capitals

of Europe), many a tyrant and even murderer, may be a devotee of music, and yet persist in the perpetration of crime. It is not so with gardening, for which we have already given the reason, that its pleasure must be founded in innocence, and the consciousness that it is the work of the Creator himself. His operations we seem to see as visibly before our eyes, as we feel its results; whereas, in the production of the finest harmony of sounds, we seem only to feel the effort of man.

The innocence, therefore, of our sensations, which is the invariable accompaniment of the enjoyment of a garden, is its first and greatest advantage. All its other enjoyments (and they are many) spring from taste and sense, but these are mental, and must have virtue and religious thankfulness for their foundation.

This characteristic of the art has been noticed by all the best writers upon the subject. Thus the poet we have so often quoted says, in the same tone of reasoning, after observing upon the universal power of the Creator,

> "But well he knew what place would best agree
> With innocence, and with felicity;
> And we elsewhere may seek for them in vain;
> God the first garden made, and the first city Cain."*

So also a very sweet French poet, singing of gardens, designates his subject as

> "L'art *innocent* et doux, que célèbrent mes vers,
> Remonte aux premiers jours de l'antique univers."†

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* Cowley, The Garden.

† De Lisle, chant i.

The same opinion is expressed by other considerable names, who have delighted us with their pleasing mention of this pleasing taste. Virgil among the ancients, who tells you that the cultivator of the ground "regum æquabat opes animis," equalled the wealth of kings in the content and freedom of his mind. Sir William Temple withdrew from the greatest employments, to find his greatest happiness in the ease of his garden; and Cowley, Evelyn, Addison, Hervey and Cowper, Pope and Shenstone, are always most eloquent and attractive when indulging most in its praises. With regard to Cowley, I cannot refrain from inserting his picture of Diocletian (drawn with unction) refusing, after abdicating, to resume his throne, and the reasons for it.

"Methinks I see great Diocletian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made;
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
To entice him to his throne again.
If I, my friends, said he, should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away.
And trust me not, my friends, if ev'ry day
I walk not here with more delight
Than ever after the most happy fight
In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought myself almost a god."*

This at once contains the pith of what I would impress, of the happy and soothing effects of this delightful occupation, which never failed him whose mind (for mind has far more to do with its pleasures

* Cowley, The Garden.

than body) was prepared for it by habits of contemplation of the Author of nature, and feelings of gratitude for his bounty. These notions, which some perhaps may think too theoretical, have all lately been practically and pleasingly confirmed to me in a visit which I have just been making to Mr. Mordaunt, who, though for some time retired from the eye of the world, was formerly much before it, and, from the strong bent of a determined nature in whatever he undertakes, is no common character. He was bred to the bar, for which, in many respects, he was eminently qualified, having a very logical mind and a very eloquent tongue, and moreover, from his sense that it was seriously demanded of him, a most untiring perseverance. This was still more promoted by the necessity of seeking a diversion from one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a sensible heart, the loss, by death, of a lovely and amiable person to whom he was betrothed. His exertions, therefore, were only heightened by this blow. Every body thought him rising to eminence, and prognosticated farther success. He was a favourite in society, mixed not a little in politics, and parliamentary visions began to open before him, when of a sudden the succession to an estate of a very few hundreds a year, and an old religious house and garden which had long been in his family, altered the whole state of things, though not his natural disposition. For, while in the world, he was any thing but worldly, and ambition had not even yet got hold of him. He had embraced his profession from necessity rather

than choice; and was, in temper and taste, more like the historian of Selborne, than an Erskine or a Scott.

In the very pretty poem of one little known as a poet, though immortalised as a commentator on law, the "Farewell to his Muse," by Sir William Blackstone, my friend agreed far better with the lament at separating from Parnassus, than the welcome given to Westminster Hall:

"Shakspeare no more thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heav'n-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self, must please.
Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The *visage wan*, the purblind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!"

Mordaunt certainly also met with disgusts which he was too sensitive not frequently to feel, and the chief of which arose from the *pert dispute* noticed above. This often produced altercations which he could little bear, and once a quarrel of a serious kind. His opponent, who had nothing to recommend him but a most dauntless effrontery, had been so exposed by the acumen of Mordaunt, that, unable to bear it, he in his anger insinuated that he had obtained a piece of professional preferment, which he had just received, by unworthy means. Mordaunt thundered in reply; and, being universally esteemed, his defence not only acquitted him at once of the imputation, but so lowered the reputation of his antagonist, that it

even affected his practice, which from that time fell off to his great detriment. Strange as it may appear, this operated essentially upon Mordaunt's too morbid delicacy, and completed a disgust which the professional quarrels and rivalries he had too often witnessed had begun to create, so that he was prepared for the first opportunity that offered to quit a life which had never been to his taste. Nor did politics offer him any consolation. For, though he had conciliated many powerful friends, he had witnessed, with still more pain, the gross malignity of party, exhibited in such virulent libels and perversions of truth, that he thought no man of feeling, no one whose heart was not callous to abuse, or did not itself delight in it, could possibly be at ease in such a pursuit.

It must be owned that, however able my friend was from the endowments of his mind, with this diseased sensibility he was totally unfitted for the life he had chosen, and from which, in fact, he had long sighed to be delivered, when the death of his uncle, and the succession I have mentioned, determined him at once. He therefore, *multo lubens*, quitted what necessity (which to him was duty) had alone made him undertake, and continue so long. Many of his friends, and among them I for one, opposed this design. For though, if ever I had any, I had long parted with worldly ambition myself, I entertained it for my friends, and particularly for *him*, who had so many of the qualifications for success, though perhaps not the most necessary one, the

power to splash with indifference through thick and thin. But his resolution was taken. He said he knew himself; and, instead of answering all my fine reasons, which, he said, applied to others, not him, he read to me with seemingly peculiar pleasure, some of those delicious passages in Horace and Virgil which made him and Sir William Temple such amiable moral philosophers, and wound up with the sentiment of Sir William: "A man ought to choose his course of life rather by his own humour and temper, than by common accidents, *or the advice of friends.*"

Silenced by these arguments and authorities, I had nothing farther to allege against my friend's determination, except the scantiness of the income on which he was prepared to retire. This, after the large expense at which he had lived, and having saved nothing hitherto from his professional income, I thought would make him repent; but this fortune, such as it was, and although, as I have intimated, not above a few hundreds a year, he said, with his usual decision, he would *force* to supply him with all he wanted. "At any rate," continued he, "it is better than Swift's *summum bonum;* for while the six hundred pounds a year he wished for, the house to lodge a friend, and the river, and the wood, are all mine, they are also what he in vain wished his to be when he wrote

> 'I can't but think 't would sound more clever,
> To me and to my heirs for ever.'

But," added poor Mordaunt with a sigh, "you will also

consider that I am now left alone in the world, with no one to provide for but myself; and, from remembrance of that dear person who has been torn from me, little likely to form any other engagement." With these words he pressed my hand, and leaping into the carriage that waited for him, in a few moments disappeared.

No. XII.

THE RETREAT.

"This is some priory; — In, or we are spoil'd."
SHAKSPEARE: *Com. of Errors.*

WE have said that Mordaunt's retreat was the remains of an old religious house. It was called Saint Julian's, and situated in the Vale of Llangollen, in North Wales, whose romantic character is too well known to need description. Here he had been born, and during the great part of his early youth, at least in the vacations from school or college, he had passed much of his time with his uncle, and, from various pleasing reminiscences of study and sport, as well as of some of the neighbouring inhabitants, although it was many years since he had visited it from his uncle having removed to town, he had always thought of it with unabated interest. My knowledge of this made me the more impatiently wait the performance of a promise he had given, to inform me faithfully of all the impressions made upon him by this important change. Yet, I confess, my expectation was not sanguine; and, in truth, I thought that, like many others of the same nature, the plan would be a failure. I had the fate of Cowley himself before my eyes; and, though not so real, yet of those fully as instructive

personages, Euphanor* and Columella†, all of whom had joyfully left busy society for what they expected would be happy hermitages, but which proved any thing but a refuge from the evils which they imagined had tormented them.

It was full a month before his expected communication came; and though the interest which it expressed argued tolerably for his success in his experiment, yet, as it was only the commencement of it, allowing for the effects of a new pursuit, I felt doubtful what to decide, and I therefore think it best to let the reader judge for himself.

* See an admirable paper on the disappointments of retirement, No. 37. in the "Mirror," by Mr. Craig.

† Or the "Distressed Anchorite;" the clever and interesting old novel of the Rev. Richard Graves.

No. XIII.

THE LETTER OF MORDAUNT.

"Hail, old patrician trees! so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And, for their quiet nests and plenteous food,
Pay with their grateful voice." COWLEY.

. . "ALTHOUGH, spite of the deference which was prompted by your arguments, I did not yield to their efficacy, I assure you they occupied me during the whole of my long and solitary journey. Let me tell you, too, you had no mean ally in the gloomy weather that accompanied me all the way. Had there been sun, I should perhaps not have attended with half the respect I did to your representations. Nor was my arrival at St. Julian's at all more propitious. For though it was twenty years since I had been in the neighbourhood, yet knowing the way of old, I proceeded on a hired horse from Llangollen, to reconnoitre my new domain, totally uncertain of its state, and how far it would assist me in my vision of retreat.

"When I arrived, I found the house the palace of silence, and much dismantled on the outside, though there seemed a promise of a fair habitation within; and had not the weather enlisted, as I said, on your side,

I might have felt gayer than I own I did. In fact, it is that sort of rambling old house which shocks a modern architect; nor do I say, if I were to build a new one, I would *exactly* copy such a model, built when labour and materials were cheap. But there is much independence and convenience in these fabrics which new ones want. The Priory, I remembered, had at least seven or eight staircases (some of them taking you to single rooms), and long passages that led to nothing; yet I never thought the indoor space too large, and I particularly enjoyed a gallery (if its narrowness deserved so dignified a name), for the ample space its length gave me for walking exercise, so necessary to the hard student I then was, in the intervals of reading or meditation. Immense casements also suited my taste for domestic objects, for they all looked upon a sunny orchard, which, when in bloom, as I expected it now to be, was superb. It was surrounded by a crenated wall of old stone, so much disjointed with age, that the ivy alone, with which it was covered, kept it from falling. But what had delighted me most, young as I was, in the room I inhabited, was to sit at its window in reverie, watching a flock of pigeons, or tame doves, which coursed gaily, in a thousand rings, round the ancient dovecote that rose at a distance; and beyond, near enough to delight one who, like myself, loved their hoarse music, and too far off to be in the least annoying, there lay scattered a rookery as old as the Conquest. These sights and sounds, I recollected, had turned the room into a palace of dreams, which I never failed to enjoy,

and made me a moral and natural philosopher, though a lazy one, for I never stirred from my armchair. How often had I, when looking from that sunny window upon the outdoor scene, though then but twenty years old, and proprietor only in expectancy, exclaimed, with Alexander Selkirk,

'I am monarch of all I survey;'

Or, with that other Alexander, Iden,

'This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and 's worth a monarchy.'

Has the world, for being known, altered these sentiments? You know the answer.

"Well, though I arrived in the rain, my heart beat high with these reminiscences; yet I own the wet morning, and the moaning of the wind, rendered still more melancholy by the total abandonment which appeared, at least without, gave me a sort of gloom which I did not like. It took me full a quarter of an hour to make myself heard, when there appeared an old menial, who, to my London eyes, by no means made the *locale* of which she was the guardian appear more comfortable. She unlocked the gates of a courtyard, which I had known gay and peopled, but which was now empty and overrun with docks and nettles; and though there was a large dog-kennel, where once dwelt a noble and great favourite of mine, the chain alone remained, with no animal attached to it. It is remarkable how much these circumstances touched me; and you may be sure I inquired of my Sibyl after my four-footed friend, and found he had died the year my uncle left the place; and, as the old lady added, 'it was

thought by all the folk he died of *ankering* after his master, for he never looked up after.' What trifles often influence our feelings! Do you know that this, and the interest she seemed to take in this good brute, suddenly changed her in my eyes, so that from thinking her a harridan, I almost thought her comely.

"At length I followed the dame into the house, before which movement, had not my design been long pondered, or had I been ignorant of the comforts of the place when in my youth I so delighted in it, I perhaps might have returned immediately, and given you the triumph of converting me. But I had not resolved so rashly. Rain and wind, I felt, prevailed among inhabited as well as uninhabited houses; and the gardens of Kew or Richmond, if abandoned, might not excel St. Julian's left without its master.

"So I took courage to encounter all the disadvantages of my new possession, whatever they might be, and, as I advanced into the house, I was gradually and agreeably consoled. The hall, which had been the refectory of the friars, though perhaps too large for my fortune, was not so for my taste, especially when I recollected the blazing of its fire in winter, and the sort of gymnasium it afforded to my childhood both in winter and summer, when its whole space was left to my will and pleasure by my indulgent uncle. Nor was my pleasure lessened by seeing my grandfather's arms, in almost original freshness, hung up over the fireplace, according to the good old custom, at the close of a shrievalty in the county.

"I presently got familiar with a number of old

acquaintances in the different rooms; pictures and pieces of furniture, which, to do my good housekeeper justice, were kept in clean order; and, though the reverse of modern taste as to lightness and convenience, made up for it in respectability and the pleasure of old remembrances. This pleasure increased as I mounted the principal staircase to explore the room and casement I have described; and I was pleased to find my old oak chair, and its crimson cushion of Genoa velvet, exactly in the same place and condition as when I left them to seek advancement and (as I was told) happiness in Lincoln's Inn. In truth, they seemed to greet me as old friends, who were so glad of my return, that they forgave my having abandoned them. The casement let in the same prospect which had so charmed me in my youth; and the same birds, as I thought, were still circling in airy mazes round the orchard. At this window, therefore (could I help it?), I became a fixture for many minutes, and rambled back through many a year, forgetting all that had intervened of business and struggle since then, and wholly unconscious of the noiseless foot of time. But the rain had now quite ceased, the sun had succeeded, and the garden looked so inviting, that I hurried out of doors, and found pleasures of the same sort fully equal to those within. A long green walk was still as smooth and shaven, and as inviting to contemplation, as when I used to pace it, after losing myself in Clarendon, and blessing myself that I did not live amid the horrors of civil war. The garden, however, I must reserve

for another letter, though I cannot help telling you in this, my pleasure in renewing my acquaintance with another old friend, in the shape of an antiquated sun-dial, as old as the Priory itself, and which, in child-hood, I thought a conjurer for telling us what it was o'clock. A gate near this let me into a meadow, bounded by that sudden mountain scenery which so beautifully characterises this lovely valley; and on one of the heights, the well-known house of Lord W. seemed to beckon me as of old to visit it. The evening, therefore, being still before me, I resolved to climb up to it once more, in order to enjoy the grand view, which I knew it would give me, of my native land. Nor was I the less tempted from remembering it was famous for the resort of nightingales, to whose notes I had long been a stranger. My only wonder was that Lord W. never visited it himself. But this sub-sided when I recollected that Lord W. was never happy any where but in Parliament. However, my visit did not disappoint me; for, though the house and grounds showed all the signs of uninhabitancy, not only did I enjoy the glorious view of mountain and valley, so exciting in Welsh scenery, but the *ramage* I sought seemed more varied and sweeter than ever. This, together with the empty halls, brought to mind some lines of Coleridge, which you will think appropriate:

> 'I know a grove
> Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
> Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
> This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
> And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,

Thin grass, and kingcups grow within the paths.
But never in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the dusky grove,
They answer, and provoke each other's song
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical, and swift *jug, jug*,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all.'

"This made my little excursion delicious, and the consequence of all this imagery, both of the past and present, I must consider as happy; for all doubt as to my plan, had there been any, was now dispelled; my resolution was confirmed. But I will not go on, though I have still much to say. Meantime I have given you enough for a dozen dreams; so adieu."

"P.S. Upon second thoughts I will write no more; for if I satisfy your curiosity to the full, I know your indolence so well, that you will never perform your promise of coming to see me. If you wish, therefore, to know more, put yourself into the Ellesmere coach, and in a few miles more you may find the lay prior of St. Julian's in the midst of his glory, the glory of being able to do what he pleases with himself and his time."

No. XIV.

THE PRIORY.

"This sacred shade and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone."
YOUNG.

"Ah! yet, ere I descend into the grave,
May I a small house and large garden have."
COWLEY.

I AM almost ashamed to proceed with my story of Mordaunt; for, except to give me commissions for what he wanted in London, he kept his word in not writing to me; and the indolence to which he adverted on my part grew to such a height by indulgence, that it was full five years before I mustered up exertion enough to visit St. Julian's. As to the subject of his flight from London, we both seemed to have forgotten it. At last a letter arrived, so full of kindness, and at the same time of reproach for not performing my promise, that it made my blood tingle, so that, conscience-struck, I travelled all night and all day till I got to Llangollen. Thence I proceeded with a guide to St. Julian's, where I arrived at not quite three hours and a half *post meridiem*. What makes me thus particular was the situation in which I found my friend. A fresh-coloured, active, middle-aged servant in a groom's fustian jacket took my horse to the stable,

after showing me the way to the garden, where he said I should be certain of finding master, rain or sunshine. And here I did find him, carefully inspecting the gnomon of that antiquated dial, of which in his letter he made such honourable mention, and whose shadow denoted the exact time I have stated.

As I had announced my visit, there was more pleasure than surprise at our meeting, a pleasure as mutual as it was great. The first salutes over, I scanned somewhat curiously the appearance of my hermit, in which, notwithstanding a plainness as to dress, and a sort of old-fashioned manner, the growth of his country life and estrangement from the higher circles to which he had been accustomed, I could see nothing on the score of health and content upon which I was not ready heartily to congratulate him. The "visage wan and purblind sight," welcomed by Blackstone, and accepted, though not welcomed, by Mordaunt, had totally left him; and in their stead a rubicund cheek and a brighter eye than ever I knew in him (the cheek a little embrowned) glowed and sparkled so as to leave no doubt, could I have entertained one, of the sincerity both of the satisfaction which, he said, my visit gave him, and of that which he had derived from his retreat. In short, his hale and healthy countenance, elastic tread, and a sort of airy cheerfulness, instead of the gravity of gait and manner I had known in him, all showed him a gainer from his change. His clothes, indeed, were of the plainest and most unexpensive kind; a Duffield coat; linen coarse, but of the whitest; stockings of thread, but well gartered;

and shoes of an enormous thickness, but highly blacked; in short, all of the neatest, and not a speck but that occasioned by what he called the clean dirt of the garden. When I expressed my satisfaction, and rather a compliment upon this, "What!" he cried, "you expected to find such a distressed anchorite as in the book you lent me to read, distressed at having made a false step, and nothing to do. I trust you will soon know better. Look around, and see if I have been idle." I obeyed, and beheld most beautiful results of industry, certainly, in fruits, shrubs, and flowers, but by whom performed did not appear, and so I told him.

"You are resolved, I see," said he, "to give me no credit as the man of nature I professed myself to be, when I took my leave of you sons of art. Otherwise, as you of course know that the first man was the first gardener, and acted up to his nature in being so, you might have so far thought me in earnest as to believe it possible that I have in some little degree imitated him. However, to dissipate incredulity, I must beg leave to tell you, that the health and rubicundity you have been admiring are owing to my having wielded with my own hands the spade which produced many at least (for I do not deny assistance) of those beds, whether of flowers or culinary herbs. As to the latter, I shall expect your highest praises when you see proofs of their excellence on the dinner table."

A bell, very like and in fact a real old convent bell, had now been sounding some time, though not

four o'clock. Mordaunt asked me if I could possibly dine at that hour. "It is the hour of nature," said he, "for those who rise at six and breakfast at seven, and I therefore have not altered it; but you are the master here, and I will obey." I assured him I had no wish but his in this and every other respect; and indeed, as I particularly desired to study him throughout this experiment on himself (for such I considered it still to be), I was even anxious to inspect it to the letter.

"And you call this still an experiment," said he, "although I have now persisted in it for five years, the exact period which made Sir William Temple feel so sure of himself when he turned his back on the humours of others in order to enjoy his own. However, I thank you for the license you give me, which I will promise you not to abuse, unless having the appetite of an ogre, the effect of three hours' labour this morning, may make you doubt me.

"But come; it still wants a quarter of an hour to our repast, and whatever I may have boasted or written of my garden, you must not suppose that I wholly live in it. Let me introduce you, therefore, to the interior of the Priory of St. Julian. Though you will not be feasted by the lay prior as you would have been by the jolly priest, had he still presided there, the heartiness of the welcome must make up for the wants you will find in the banquet." At this we embraced again, and he conducted me through a labyrinth of herbs and flowers, breathing and blooming with health and sweetness, to what he called his indoor

den. It was a cheerful room, notwithstanding its oak panels, almost black with age, and made still darker by the physiognomies and vestments of some eight or ten of the old masters of the place. But a very white cloth, and two covers in bright silver, spread upon a small table, gave pleasant note of preparation. The room was lighted by but one, but an exceeding wide, window, casemated, but illumined by several panes of crosiers and mitres in superb painted glass, and opening with a full view of the river which watered the foot of the range of hills on which the castle of Lord W * * * (mentioned in his letter) rose proudly, but melancholy, in the distance. The whole was gilded and burnished by the southern sun. This was his *refectory*, as he said (for he was fond of using the ancient language of the place), but he also, from its beautiful view, made it his sitting and reception room. Upon my looking rather inquiringly at this last expression, he observed, "I see I shall have many mistakes to clear up. Why, I told you I was no anchorite; and though I have abandoned ambition, I have not quarrelled with society, as I trust this very room will ere long prove to you, especially when the ladies come to take their coffee in it; and admire and long for those tapestry curtains, which they are in vain endeavouring to rob me of." This rousing my curiosity still farther, I found he alluded to two very romantic noble ladies from the sister isle*, who had fled from their homes in early life to

* Lady Elinor Butler and Miss Ponsonby.

enjoy their friendship the better in the delicious retreats of Llangollen. Here, however, they had made their elegant domicile any thing but a retreat; for, from the charm of their manners, their taste, and cultivation, they had become the centre of attraction to an extensive and high neighbourhood, and particularly to numerous visitors and travellers, who were eager to pay them their homage. For such persons the accomplished, though retired and now plain, Mordaunt seemed expressly fitted as a companion, and they for him; so that an intimacy between them was not less natural than agreeable. It was still more fostered (though that might not always follow) by a similarity of taste for the antique, which was shown, as I afterwards found, by the abundance of their acquisitions in old carved work, tapestry, glass, and marbles, by which the cottage of these ladies was tastefully decorated; yet, as Mordaunt said, they envied him the superior originality and brilliancy of his old Priory curtains, which they in vain endeavoured to persuade him to part with.

But all farther conversation was now suspended by the entry of some very savoury dishes, which might have provoked appetite, even without the labour which the lay prior (as he liked to call himself) said had earned it. Nor was I myself behindhand, though I had leisure to remark the neatness of the set-out, and that we were served by the groom who had taken my horse at the gate, but had now exchanged his stable-jacket for a footman's coat. In fact, as I afterwards found, with the exception of the gardener, he

was my friend's only man-servant. The cookery, as well as the fare, was excellent: trout from his own stream, a barn-door fowl from his own farmyard, eggs not an hour old, and small mutton from Snowdon, where he had a sheep-walk. Then, again, there were mushrooms absolutely *piquante*, and cauliflowers like marrow, both the production of his own spade; home-cured bacon; and home-brewed ale, the produce of his own barley, operated upon by the skill of the aforesaid domestic, who seemed alike meritorious in all his capacities. In short, the dinner was formed, as Mordaunt said, upon those pleasant maxims of Horace in favour of moderation in the art of living, beginning with

"Quæ virtus, et quanta boni sit vivere parvo;"*

which maxims, with their pregnant illustrations, he said, had become his favourite as well as *necessary* code, ever since he had retired on his limited fortune. "And yet," added he, "you see how much a limited fortune may be aided by having so many things within one's self, while the little cares and labours they occasion keep one in excellent health and spirits, never suffering, even though books may fail, a single hour to languish for want of interest or employment. Hence my whole life, if only exemplified in the production of this dinner, makes me recall with unction that exquisite description in the

* Thus adopted by Pope, in one of his imitations:

"What, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart!"

'Georgics,' which other poets have in vain attempted to imitate, or even translate:

> 'O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
> Agricolas! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
> Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus.'

This, as you well know," continued Mordaunt, "is thus incorrectly translated by Dryden:

> 'O happy, if he knew his happy state,
> The swain who, free from *business* and *debate*,
> Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
> And just returns of cultivated land.'

This is, what I have called it, sadly incorrect; for the farmer is any thing but free from business, and there is nothing about business or debate in the original; while of what he *is* said to be free from, namely, discordant arms, not a word is mentioned."

I was charmed with this classical seasoning to his repast, upon which I could not help complimenting him in all particulars, not excluding his able servant, whom he called David, and of whom he gave me the following account.

"He is, in truth, all you think him, and my excellent *factotum* in doors and out. Out of doors, as you have seen, he is an attentive groom, and does not disdain a hoe or a rake when hands are wanting and the season requires it. But in doors is his sphere. Here he is butler, valet, brewer, and master of the household; he is also an excellent upholsterer, and no mean librarian, assisting me intelligently in the arrangement of my books. Add to all, that he is not a bad apothecary, owing to his having kept a drug-shop in Llangollen; and, from sheer

natural disposition to observe it, bestowed great attention to the phenomenon of the pulse."

"A Welshman, no doubt," said I.

"O yes; and, like most Welshmen, sufficiently proud of it. In fact, but for a sort of family attachment, he would not be here, for he was doing very well in his shop at Llangollen. But, like myself, he was born in this house, though he will not allow that I am a Welshman, often twitting me, though never forgetting his respect, with not being of such pure Welsh blood as his own family, the Ap Griffiths. Yet, however this may be, his grandfather condescended to take service under mine; his father under my uncle; and as for himself, having, from being four years older than I, been intrusted with a share in my education, that is, teaching me fly-fishing and to ride my pony, he conceived an affection for me which was not forgotten during twenty years' absence. Hence, though well to do, as he said, as a shopkeeper in Llangollen, the moment I came back I found him urgently entreating to return to the family in his native home. You may suppose that I gladly yielded, and more certain it is that neither of us has repented."

This account made me conceive the highest opinion of the descendant of the Ap Griffiths, while it increased that of my friend's kindness of heart; and I complimented him upon this accession to his happiness, for such it was, particularly as he did not contest David's opinion of the superiority of his Welsh blood. "Still," said I, "my wonder is, that you could

take the step you did, and persevere in it with such constancy at the time you did, your life not half over, nay, almost in the heyday of your blood. I attributed much of this to the poets, and own I thought you would find yourself mistaken."

"All this," said he, "depends upon one's natural bent when so decided as mine, and which nothing but necessity could alter. My uncle's apparently sound health made it necessary for me to choose a profession, though what I did choose I never liked, notwithstanding its temptations. I allow the poets did much in nursing, though not in inspiring, this disposition of mine. When most occupied, as was supposed, with ambition, I was under their influence getting less and less ambitious; and, like Hume, I might say of myself, when it was thought I was poring over Voet and Vinius, Cicero and Virgil were the authors I was devouring.* Virgil and Horace, in fact, became my enchiridion, not a little aided by Cowley, Evelyn, and Beaumont and Fletcher; and, though still a votary, I am almost ashamed to say how much in my youth I was struck by the latter in the following passage, repeated too often to be forgotten:

'This is a beautiful life now, privacy,
The sweetness and the benefit of essence.
I see there's no man but may make his paradise;
And it is nothing but his love and dotage
Upon the world's joys keeps him out on't.
For he that lives retir'd in mind and spirit
Is still in paradise, and has his innocence
Partly allowed for his companion too.'"†

* Hume's own Life.

† The Nice Valour; or, the Passionate Madman, act v. sc. 2.

"And yet," said I, "I always thought Cowley was your model."

"That," replied he, "must be taken with a very large grain of salt. For though delightful in bringing his various and pleasant stores to bear upon the subject, till I wished, like him, to possess a life of my own, I was not blind to his exaggerations, and therefore disappointments, and, above all, to his *affected* hatred and contempt of his fellow-men. For my part, whether in retreat or in the world, I love my species; and, though my taste leads me to comparative solitude, it is only comparative, and from no sort of disgust. Hence its permanency."

"He seems, however," observed I, "to have given you some excellent lessons, which you have obeyed."

"He certainly has," rejoined Mordaunt; who then read from the book, which was close at hand, the superior pleasures of moderation, so much more easy to manage than those of an overgrown fortune, attended with care, disquiets, slavery, temptation, and often with guilt. "'The extraordinary disadvantage of great riches,' says the author, 'is, that while the greatest will not content the possessors, who always want a little and a little more to be perfectly happy, it is only when they have recourse to the simplest and cheapest pleasures that they are so.'"

Here my friend paused again to remember Horace, who, he said, was his favourite master in this sort of philosophy, and wound up with an emphasis which marked his sincerity:

"Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices,
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
Cœnæ, sine aulæis et ostro,
Solicitam explicuere frontem."*

"But, to return to Cowley," continued Mordaunt: "add sweet liberty; freedom from the interruption of fools or commonplace characters, though grandees; the sovereignty over yourself; and, above all, the greater chances of innocence of life; with these I am quite prepared to agree with the author, that a low fortune is at least 'better guarded and attended than a high one,' and I gladly close the subject with asking, as our philosophical poet did: If this is so,

'Cur valle permutem Sabinâ
Divitias operosiores?'"†

The sincerity of Mordaunt's countenance and manner in uttering these sentiments, convinced me that his change of life had not been lightly adopted, and that there was no fear of his repenting it. Indeed, such an air of contentment shone in and around him; the view of the garden was so splendid, lit up by the evening sun; and the breath of pinks and roses was so exquisitely improved by a gentle shower, that filled the whole air with perfume, that I could not help saying, "You almost persuade me to become a hermit too."

"You certainly might dream," returned he laughingly, "much more at your ease; that is, with fewer

* Horat. Od. lib. iii. 29. "Change is frequently agreeable to the rich, and a neat repast in a poor man's cottage has smoothed an anxious brow without the help of tapestry or purple."

† Od. lib. iii. 1. "Why should I change my Sabine valley for more burdensome riches?"

restraints from visitors and spectators, which you have always professed to dislike, though you live among them."

"You speak, however, only of yourself," said I.

"Of course," returned he; "nor can there be a general rule where every independent man must make one for himself, according to his bent. Kings, generals, statesmen, orators, may delight in filling the public eye, while the man of philosophical research into the nature of morals, apparently in obscurity, is equally pleased to dive into his own heart, with a view to confirm or recover his virtue; and the lover of woods and fields, and, above all, of gardens, loves them for the lessons of piety and gratitude, as well as of knowledge, which they give. In this, I own, I paint myself, I trust after a sufficient experiment; and this freedom from ambition, this love of shade, had the same effect of driving me from the bar, as the love of poetry had upon the bard we are so fond of quoting, because, as Pope says of him,

'He, without method, talks us into sense.'

He says, you know,

'Me gelidum nemus,
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori,
SECERNUNT POPULO.'" *

"I see," said I, "you are classical, whatever the subject, and it only proves that your old predilections have never abandoned you."

* Horat. Od. lib. i. 1. "Me, the love of the cool groves, and the light dances of the Nymphs and Satyrs, separate from the common people."

"There we agree," said he; "but, even before I had thrown off the slavery of pursuits for which I was not fit, I found more consolation from the charm of these predilections than in the prospect of reward from more painful studies." Then, bursting into enthusiasm, he exclaimed: "O divine *literæ humaniores!* what do we not owe you! The lawyer, the divine, the merchant, the soldier, the minister of state, the sovereign himself, how many hours of care in all of them have you not softened! how many wrinkled fronts not smoothed! How often have you restored us to ourselves when sunk in a sea of folly, or tortured with the thorns of ambition! On the other hand, how do they not enhance the value of the solitary hour (particularly if in the garden), elevate humble life to an equality with the proudest, and change sensual pursuits into the refinements of mind!"

I was about to express my pleasure in this animated apostrophe, when he continued, warming with the subject: "In fine, ye are like

> 'Woman! lovely woman! form'd to temper man;
> We had been brutes without you.'

Here the Priory clock struck, and Mordaunt, changing his note, said, "I ask pardon, for I see it is the hour when the hamlet reposes, past six o'clock.

> 'Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
> Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.'

Anglice: the smoke of the distant chimneys in the village thatches shows that the good folks are returned from work, and are preparing their supper.

I own this is my usual signal for a walk; but you are the master here. Say, how shall we pass the evening?"

"In your own manner," said I; "it cannot be better."

"To the garden, then," cried he; "and see what it will do for us."

No. XV.

THE GARDEN.

"Fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild." MILTON.

THE weather indeed, as we sallied forth, appeared to be bespoke, so quiet, so mild, so hallowed it seemed; and Mordaunt's conversation had filled me with such kindly impressions of the nature of his life, as made me almost as much a votary to his garden as he was himself.

"You see," said he, as we entered it, "the rain has made every thing delicious, and it is a sin to stay within."

"It is thoroughly old-fashioned," said I.

"Yes," he replied; "and I verily believe has scarce changed its form since the time of the old friars who cultivated it. I have, therefore, often been quizzed for not destroying those quaint topiaria and straight walks. My advisers, however, are like Old Sterling, who was for none of your straight lines; but all for taste, you know, zigzag and crinkum-crankum.* But I do believe I would as soon commit treason as cut down that clipped hedge, alter its long right line, or destroy those peacocks in yew. As for a straight walk, not merely as an open terrace, but in the most

* Clandestine Marriage.

retired part of the inclosure, it is in the essence of my notion of a garden to retain it."

"In a terrace, if you please," said I; "but not in a shrubbery, or to have so many straight lines as I see here." He paused a little, and then said: "Perhaps you are right as to the number; yet I have a reason for it, though it may be peculiar to myself." We were then advancing into that long green turf-walk which he mentioned in his letter, and which was embellished all the way with flowers, and kept with the nicest care, under his own superintendence; and upon my asking what his reason was, he replied: "Why, I love a day-dream almost as well as yourself, and a garden is a great day-dream. It is my book of moral philosophy, my hymn-book, my code of divinity. I do not, perhaps, believe with Cowley, that, during the great civil war, no husbandman ever was a rebel to his king; but this I will hazard, that no real lover or cultivator of a garden can pass his days in observing the wonderful processes of Nature, and be a rebel to his God. The intimate knowledge which it promotes of that Nature, pouring her bounties forth with such a full and unwithdrawing hand, covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks, no one can feel this, and be such a rebel. The thoughts that this kindles are sublime, and so absorbing as to require abstraction; and I need not say that abstraction requires us not to be in danger every moment of knocking our heads against a tree, or kept on the watch for fear of Mr. Sterling's zigzag. Hence I love walks, for the most part, to be straight; they

should also be level and smooth, as you see these are; for we would not run the risk of breaking not only our reverie but our noses too by being tripped up by a molehill."

I could not help owning he was right, especially as I knew of old how abstracted, even to absence, he often was. "Why, yes," he replied; "I agree with the Frenchman, 'Ces plaisirs si doux, si passifs, si *bêtes*, sont précisément ceux qui me conviennent le mieux.' But another Frenchman represents still better the independence of a man who has thrown away ambition for a contented life in retirement:

> 'J'y goute avec plaisir
> Les charmes peu connus d'un innocent loisir,
> Toujours occupé sans avoir rien à faire.'*

But these," continued he, "though tranquil, are only the pleasures of sense, that is, of quiet nerves; those of the mind and heart are incalculably higher."

At this I had begun to reverence his doctrines so deeply, that I could not help being excited with expectation when I asked him to particularise his meaning. Nor was I disappointed. "You know it," said he, "as well as I do. In a word, as a restorative when in want of refreshment, whether of mind or body, a garden, even a homely one of mere potherbs, but much more if mingled with flowers, is to me like Nepenthe,

> 'That Nepenthe, which the wife of Thone
> In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena.'

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* Destouches.

So says Milton. If you want a more minute description of it, take it from Spenser:

> 'Nepenthe is a drink of sovereign grace,
> Devised by the gods, for to assuage
> Heart's grief, and bitter gall away to chase,
> Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage;
> Instead thereof, sweet peace and quiet age
> *It doth establish in the troubled mind.*'"*

I was delighted, but could say nothing, and he went on. "This, potent as it was, when administered by Canace, to assuage the tumultuous rage of two combatants bent upon blood, was not of more power than a garden's sedatives are to the troubled mind. Hence, whenever I enter mine, even if vexed with some worldly care, every feeling becomes tranquil amid the outward aspect of peace. The heart expands with feelings of good-will, and is only alive to the attractions of Nature in her most pleasing and softest attire. Had I, therefore, envy or malice, or resentment against any of my fellow-creatures, I could not maintain them in a garden. Hence, no doubt, the ancient fictions of Elysium placed it always in gardens and groves, as the emblem of the purest pleasure and the abode of the good.

> 'Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
> Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.'

In fact, so sacred are such places, when properly considered, that the heart in them is still more moved than the eye. Hence the sentiment inspired by a rich vegetation is participated in by no animal but man; and hence that beautiful burst of Addison on

* Faery Queen, iv. 3. 43.

the effects of the cheerfulness of Nature on a good mind. Hence too, as I have said, even the most obtuse in faculties can never be an atheist, or doubter of Providence, if he possess a garden; for one walk, one little walk in it, if ever he swerved, would restore him to God.

"I felt this effect," continued Mordaunt, "the moment I returned here; for my garden occupations instantly restored the feelings of kindliness, I may say the innocence, of my childhood. Wonder not, therefore, at my saying that I would not exchange the freedom, the elegance, the beauty, and perfume, but, above all, the soothing of these walks for all the advantages that ambition could confer.

> 'Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem
> Fronde super viridi: sunt nobis mitia poma,
> Castaneæ molles, et pressi copia lactis.'" *

Our evening repast in truth, with only the addition of some cold chicken and a better bed, seemed to realise the supposed entertainment given by Tityrus to his friend Melibœus.

I could not help congratulating my friend on the seemingly complete success of his experiment on himself, which all the incidents I had witnessed appeared to indicate, and which I owned I at first had doubted, from not being aware, from the tenor of his public life, of the number of qualifications which he possessed for a private one.

* "Here, however, you may with me repose for the night, upon a bed of green leaves; and I have mellow apples, soft chestnuts, and plenty of curds and milk" [*for supper*].

"And yet," said he, "they are very simple, and in the power of any man that pleases, provided he has nothing on his conscience, and is free from the stings of ambition, the excitements of vanity, or the anxious pursuit of riches. You, for example, though you live in observation of the world, have most of the qualifications we talked of for living out of it."

"I am at least unconscious of them," said I.

"You do yourself injustice," replied he; "you possess two of the first of them, moderation and content of mind. There are others, however, which, notwithstanding their simplicity, are far from being in every body's power. 'For,' to return once more to our friend in retirement (Cowley), 'neither he who is a fop *in* the world is a fit man to be alone, nor he who has set his heart *upon* the world, though he has never so much understanding; so that solitude can be well fitted and set right upon but very few persons. They must have knowledge of the world enough to see its vanity, and enough virtue to despise all vanity whatever.'

"'As for the want of employment,'" he still read from Cowley, "'the first minister of state has not so much business in public as a wise man in private. If the one have little business to be alone, the other hath less to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of a nation, the other *all the works of* GOD.'

"So far," continued Mordaunt, "this (at least) theoretical philosopher; and it is therefore obvious, that the tedium you fear cannot happen, except when the ground is not properly laid by innocence of life, or

where the resolution to retire has been rashly taken. Where this is so, far from being contented in what has been called the *tomb* of a man not properly cured of ambition, or a lover of the world, but only retiring in a pet at some particular vexation, he will be like Plato's ghosts,

> 'Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
> Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
> As loth to leave the body that it loved.'

Such a man will never prosper in retreat, but will either return to the world, or hang himself."

But now the old clock again struck, and Mordaunt concluded by saying, "We are reminded, however, that we have prosed long enough for one day, and must not forget that one of the most wholesome rules of a retired life is, 'early to bed;' so, if you have no objection, the descendant of the Ap Griffiths shall light you to your chamber."

With this proposal, my journey alone would have inclined me to a compliance, while the tumult I had undergone from my visit prepared me the more for repose, by no means the less from the day having been, on every account, one of the most interesting and exciting, as well as the most agreeable, I had ever passed.

No. XVI.

THE EFFECTS OF DIFFERENT DISPOSITIONS UPON OLD AGE.

"Great lords! wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms."
SHAKSPEARE: 1 *Hen. VI.*

IT was said by David Hume of himself, that he was "ever more disposed to see the favourable, than the unfavourable side of things; a turn of mind," he adds, "which it is more happy to possess, than to be born to an estate of ten thousand pounds a year."*

This influence of the disposition we are born with is more powerful, and therefore of more consequence, than all the gifts of fortune, and even all the acquisitions of education. Insomuch, that if we were in the days of the fairies, and on the birth of a child I were offered the gift which I thought would most conduce to his happiness, it would be Hume's disposition to the favourable side of things. This I would prefer to riches, to honours, to fame, to talents, or to beauty, and I had almost said to health itself. The reason is plain. None of the above advantages, with the exception perhaps of the last, constitute happiness in themselves, but only the means of it.

It would swell into a work of no mean consequence, to contemplate the numerous failures, and the causes

* Own Life.

of them, which have attended the gifts above mentioned, in the production of the object proposed; and it would be proportionably interesting to examine by what common though valuable means (the means of good-humour, hope, and contentedness) the possession of this happiness hangs. It is simply what we have named, the disposition to view things with a cheerful vision. A man of this character always remembers the sunshine, and forgets the gloom of his life. When he thinks of his early (say his school) days, he remembers only his play fields and forest walks, and the first impressions of Virgil; and quite passes over the little mortifications of his boyhood, never even recollecting such a thing as a master's frown, or a rainy day.

Yet, by how many individuals is this sort of vision repudiated, and the contrary pursued! How many see every thing in the blackest colours, set themselves against the belief of all good motives, question all merit, deny all usefulness, and never open their mouths except to depreciate, defame, and condemn! That such persons should never reach the goal of happiness, but pass their lives like bats, uncheered by the light of day, can neither surprise nor afflict us. But there are others of a far better nature (indeed devoid of all malignity), who are quite as unfortunate; and, from the want of nerve, or too great delicacy of feelings, seem to possess as little of the sun of cheerfulness, and, as age presses on, are any thing but happy. To such dispositions a dream of past pleasure is misery, because pleasure no

longer; the future has nothing in prospect, and the memory of the past is depressed with complaints of lost happiness. Of this class, a statesman who has survived his power, but not his wish for it; a woman who has survived her beauty, but not her love of admiration; an author his reputation; or a sensualist his faculties, are mournful examples.

The radical cause of this, exclusive of the unfortunate disposition from nature which has been glanced at, is weakness of character; and it is the more deplorable, because, being too late for improvement, recovery is impossible. Hence the misery of old people of this temperament, often even those of fine minds and the best education. But where they have not these to fall back upon, when their regrets, though loud, deep, and incessant, are undignified and petulant (proceeding, in fact, more from the loss of sensual than any thing like refined or liberal gratifications), desolate indeed is the lot of age. Under sensual gratifications, I include the companionship of those who have contributed to our convenience, and have been so far necessary to us. I include even many arts and amusements which, from the decay of our faculties, we can no longer enjoy; such are music and the drama. I also include our sensibility to the power of beauty, female grace and elegance, which, for the same reason, must naturally wear out. When this shipwreck of our means of enjoyment has been suffered, unless a vivid memory and imagination can supply their places, or (what is most important of all) religious aspirations elevate us above this life, I know

not where the superannuated old man can fly for relief. Hence the value of that sunshine we set out with praising; a disposition to the favourable side of things, which will not abandon us to our dying day. It is in this decline of years, fully as much if not even more than in the energies of youth, that the buoyancy praised by Hume is found to be of most advantage. Reposed in his chair, or even on his bed, but still more, if able to recline in shade and meditation, breathe the incense of flowers and worship the sun, to think over the days that are gone, so far from extinguishing, revives the enjoyment of the cheerful man. Memory is to him a treat, not a distress: and the scenes of exertion he has gone through; the friendships he has achieved; the good he has been able to do; the services, public or private, to perform; and even the excitements that have attended the career of his ambition, or his pleasures, far from saddening his recollection, live there still as if in a vivid dream. To be sure, from this dream he must awaken, and be conscious that it is unreal. But will this prevent its impression while it lasts, or its renewal at a future time? If so, what becomes of the whole range of the pleasures of illusion; in other words, of imagination? If so, where will the most romantic youth look for the delight of his love tales; or find that elasticity of mind which conducts him, as if it were real, through the fields of Shrewsbury or Agincourt, the pageants of Kenilworth, or the fascinations of Di Vernon?

All this sunshine belongs to age as well as to youth;

and strange and pity it is that such recollections, which renovate the soul of one human creature, should plunge another into affliction.

And yet I have recently seen this contrast in such strongly marked colours, that I cannot help describing it in illustration of these observations. For I have lately visited two of my oldest friends, both very old men, whose dispositions (as opposite as light and darkness) exhibit abundant proofs of the truth of this reasoning. One of them, whom from his melancholy temper I will designate by the name of Sombroso, is certainly past the full age of man, and on this account he says he has already closed his life; though, to look at him, several years seem yet to remain to him, for his

> "Age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly."

He has no secret grief, and as little, perhaps, any secret sin. Yet he has long fled the world, from the persuasion that he has survived all its interests; and memory, so far from consoling him, only adds to his griefs. I found him, therefore, in a most mournful state of querulousness, and though looking still with a degree of freshness, preparing himself, and wishing, as he said, to die.

He is fond of the writings of Sir William Temple, but says, "what he best remembers, and what is most fit to be remembered, is Sir William's opinion, that when he considered how many noble, how many estimable men, and how many lovely and agreeable women he had outlived, among his friends, he thought

it looked impertinent in him to be alive." In reading to me this melancholy effusion, SOMBROSO sighed from the bottom of his heart, and said: "That is exactly my case; already in the tomb from the total deprivation of all that can make life interesting, the sooner I close this rapid existence, and the less I think of its former aspect, the better."

When I combated this, and told him how much former usefulness ought to console him, and the memory of former pleasures refresh him, he observed with a still deeper sigh, "Remembered only to show more forcibly that we are pushed from our stools by more favoured competitors:" and then, in the language of the sinking king, he burst out with —

> "'Let me not live
> After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
> Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
> All but new things disdain.'

"No!

> 'I wish too,
> Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
> I quickly were dissolved from the hive.'"

In answer to this I observed, that it was true in old age men should change their objects, and consent to renounce pleasures for which, by Nature's decree, they had become unfit; yet that change was not extinction, and that other pleasures remained to those who did not disdain to enjoy them; that even a good dinner and easy chair were not despicable to some who yet called themselves philosophers; that the contemplation of the works of Nature were an unfailing resource; that he was still alive, if he

pleased, to the pleasures of the liberal arts, music and painting; and that, even if the perception of these last were weakened by the weakening of his senses, the remembrance of his former delight in them might still afford a rich mental treat. But, superior to these, I reminded him of the still higher and never changing satisfaction he must feel in works of benevolence, for which his fortune sufficed, in looking back upon a useful and well-spent life, and in the many powerful friendships his public services had achieved. Finally, and chief of all, I urged the fair hopes of a hereafter, where disappointment never comes.

To all this he replied, that "the pleasures of mere ease of body, or of the table, were too sensual to be valued by a man of mind; that, as to a well spent life, all consciousness of it was lost in the reflection of how many opportunities he had missed of doing better; that his growing infirmities took away all power to contemplate the works of Nature; his fear for his eyesight, all the pleasures of reading. Then, as to succouring distress, what was it but to encourage idleness, and hold out a premium for ingratitude; and, as to powerful friendships, nothing could be so miscalled, for the services that created them being at an end, so were the friendships; thus all was mockery. Last, and worst of all, the cheerfulness of the hope of a hereafter was destroyed by its fears, and at best by the doubt which everywhere poisoned it. I have, therefore," concluded he, while he absolutely groaned, "nothing left but the privilege of thinking everything vanity and vexation of spirit,

and of seeking some decent corner in which to lie down and die."

Shocked and mortified at this failure of my endeavour to bring SOMBROSO to a better state of mind, and perceiving the inutility of continuing the discourse, I took my leave in sorrow; nor, though there was no immediate danger to his health, did I recover my tranquillity until after a visit I afterwards paid to my happier friend HILARIO. This gentleman is even two or three years older than SOMBROSO, and by no means in such enjoyable health, being subject to the gout. He carries it off, however, by congratulating himself that it is not the stone; and, though his looks bespeak him more of an invalid than SOMBROSO, they show far more internal happiness. This is entirely owing to that constitutional temperament so praised by Hume, of which he is fully aware, for he makes no pretence to philosophy, least of all to stoicism.

He too, like SOMBROSO, has been distinguished in public life; from which also, like him, he has retired with reputation; but feels not, like him, that he is undervalued, or his services forgotten, because, in the struggles in which he owns he is no longer fit to mix, and from which, therefore, he himself retired, he cannot be treated as the partisan he was. "To know when and how to retire," he says, "is one of the great secrets of life; and, when no longer useful, not to expect the same treatment as if you were still so, another. A faded beauty, still seeking the admiration of a ball-room, is not more deservedly ridiculous," he says, "than a worn-out worldly politician still seeking

high place. But this superannuation deprives you not either of the respect or the rewards you have earned; and the enjoyment of these you will not the less value, because they are the consequence of services already performed, not what are expected." His difference of feeling on this point with SOMBROSO is remarkable. The cause of SOMBROSO'S unhappiness on this subject he knows full well, and says it proceeds entirely from a mistake of his own in thinking a partnership in a political struggle the same thing as private friendship. This it is not, unless accompanied by all those qualities and that intercourse which combine to establish the reciprocity of private regard. The other is a mere partnership for a particular object, which being obtained, or laid aside, the partnership is at an end.

All this is good sense, without requiring more than common equanimity to steer us without harm through the changes of life. But where this constitutional equanimity is wanting, and the unfavourable is the preferred side of things, as with SOMBROSO, the morning as well as the evening of life is overcast, and our approaching departure from the world loses all those consolations, which a different constitution, such as HILARIO'S, might present. I have said, that the visit I paid him made amends for that to SOMBROSO. His cheerfulness was most exhilarating; his unaffected content, whether he looked backward or forward, put one in good-humour with one's self and with the world; but, above all, his remembrance of things, which to SOMBROSO was a black cloud, was to

him a bright sun. The same contrast seemed every where to exist between them. Thus, far from thinking the indulgence of the banquet too sensual for a man of mind, he hailed it as one of the comforts and rights of age, and the promoter of that good-fellowship which age was meant and entitled to enjoy; besides which, especially if partaken with old companions, it revived past pleasures in bringing them back to remembrance. Hence, as his fortune permitted it, he did not suffer either the number or the *recherché* of his dinners to stagnate, and his repasts included among those that partook of them the most celebrated characters of the time, for present or former consequence in fashion, literature, or political reputation. In these meetings, too, his age, for the most part, did not prevent his shining in conversation with the advantage which his cheerfulness and recollections of the eminent people he had lived with always gave him. Hence, as may be supposed, he by no means concurred with SOMBROSO in partaking of Sir William Temple's melancholy feeling. On the contrary, one of the traits that most struck me in him was the vivid pleasure, while paying the full tribute of sorrow for their loss, with which he remembered all the high merits of his former male friends, and all the elegance and beauty which made so many females attractive.

They had smoothed and enlivened his path, he said, through the society he loved, and he beheld them all still in his mind's eye. He, indeed, did justice to their virtues and attractions, with almost the same admiration and the same warmth as when alive. This

extended itself not merely to friends and companions, but to those who by their talents had rendered the fine arts instructive as well as amusing. He talked warmly of the Kembles and other leaders of the stage, as well as of the most distinguished in the elegant sciences, but particularly music, whether performers or composers. With respect to these last, his enthusiasm was the more remarkable, because it must have been kept up by a most brilliant memory. For the chief and almost only infirmity of HILARIO'S age was deafness, as his most deep-felt passion had formerly been music. Yet, though long utterly cut off from enjoying its reality, remembrance of it alone gave him, as will be presently seen, the most exquisite pleasure.

The account of this, together with other interests of his youth, he gave me in the visit I am commemorating in language I shall not soon forget. For when I told him of SOMBROSO'S incredulousness of his gratification in remembering past pleasures, if only for the intensity in which he (SOMBROSO) knew he had enjoyed them, he replied with a kind of solemnity which made what he said more impressive. "My old friend says but true, that memory, whether waking or sleeping (for my dreams are full of them), tells me how much I once enjoyed the pleasurable elegancies of life. But he is not correct in supposing that, on account of former enjoyment, I am unhappy at their loss; a loss which memory, instead of aggravating, alleviates. For I have still pleasure in fancying I see and hear those sights and sounds which used to fill

me with delight in the days of youth. The ornaments of the age in which I lived, and the scenes in which I moved; and all those sounds, whether of voice or instrument, which brought me, as it were, to heaven, have never quitted their hold of my senses. I fasten upon them still in many a reverie. I think over those accomplished friends of another time, who once had such power to delight me; and I still think I listen to those conversations of the eminent in rank, power, and sense, who then presided in the world, and gave so much elevation to those whom they distinguished by their acquaintance. Nor, strange as it may seem in one who has lost all power of hearing, does memory refuse still to melt to those sounds which once had the power of exciting every tumultuous passion and every softer feeling; the thunder of Handel, the vortices of Haydn, the awfulness of Jomelli, the sensibility of Mozart, and the dreamy enchantment of Glück. No! however tottering or mechanical you now see me, none of these wonders, or their effects, are forgotten, but all are remembered with a keenness not exceeded in my youth. Old too, as I am, the impressions of female beauty and gracefulness still seem to lighten upon my charmed sight, and make imagination buoyant; and yet the loss of their reality does not make me unhappy, much less the vapid deadened creature I am supposed to be by some of those my fellows formerly in the feelings I have described, but now miserable because they can feel no longer. For if their youth is remembered, it seems it is only so to increase the misery of having lost it.

Your picture of my friend SOMBROSO, who is younger than myself, shocks me; and not the less because it is only his own fault to be consumed by such unavailing regrets, and so lost to the hope which comes to all (if they please, and are unstained with crime) — the hope of heaven."

With this he pressed my hand, and we parted; I, all the better for the visit, which left me in a state of mind of which I have ever since felt the benefit, and hope never to lose.*

* In winding up this subject, can I do better, though in a note, than transcribe Pope's imitation of Martial's epigram on Antonius Primus, which the venerable and cultivated Sir William Trumbull (to whom it might with equal justice be applied) applies with so much unction to a friend on his birthday?

"At length my friend, while Time with still career
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year,
Sees his past days safe out of Fortune's power,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life; and in the strict survey
Finds not one moment he could wish away,
Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.
Such, such a man *extends* his life's short space,
And from the goal again renews the race;
For *he* lives twice who can at once employ
The present well, and e'en the past enjoy."

THE END.

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